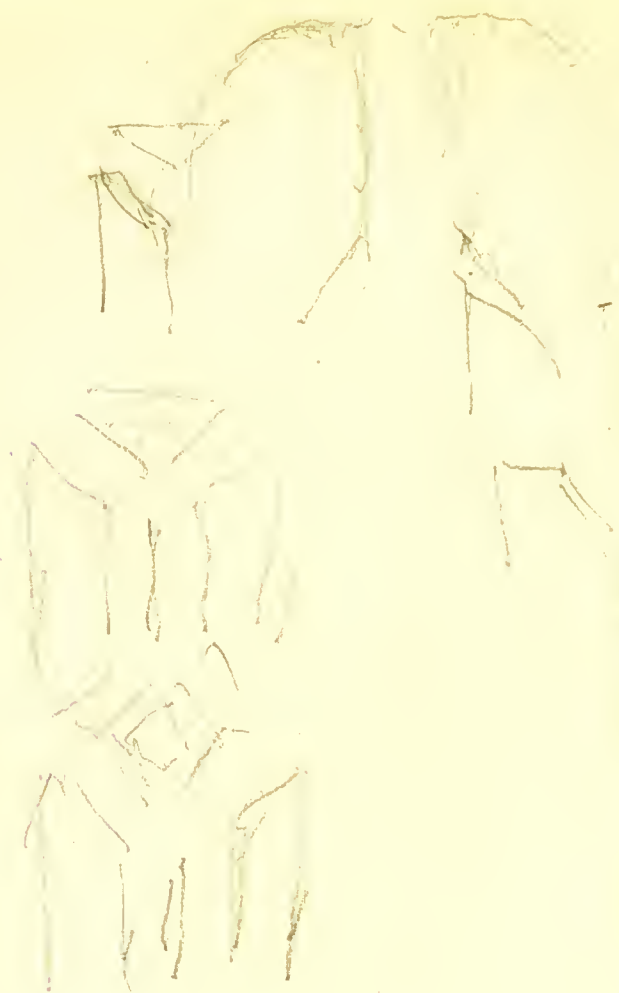


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RAMBLES ABOUT BATH.

BATH :
John and James Keene, Printers,
7, Kingsmead-street.



SAINT CATHERINE'S CHURCH.

R A M B L E S

About Bath,

AND ITS NEIGHBOURHOOD.

BY

JAMES TUNSTALL, M.D.

SECOND EDITION,

WITH MAP AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

LONDON: SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, AND CO.;
AND J. H. PARKER, 377, STRAND, AND OXFORD.
BATH: M. POCOCK; AND ALL BOOKSELLERS.

1848.



TO ADMIRAL, THE MOST NOBLE

JAMES, MARQUIS OF THOMOND, G. C. H.,

PRESIDENT OF THE BATH HOSPITAL, OR INFIRMARY,

&c., &c., &c.,

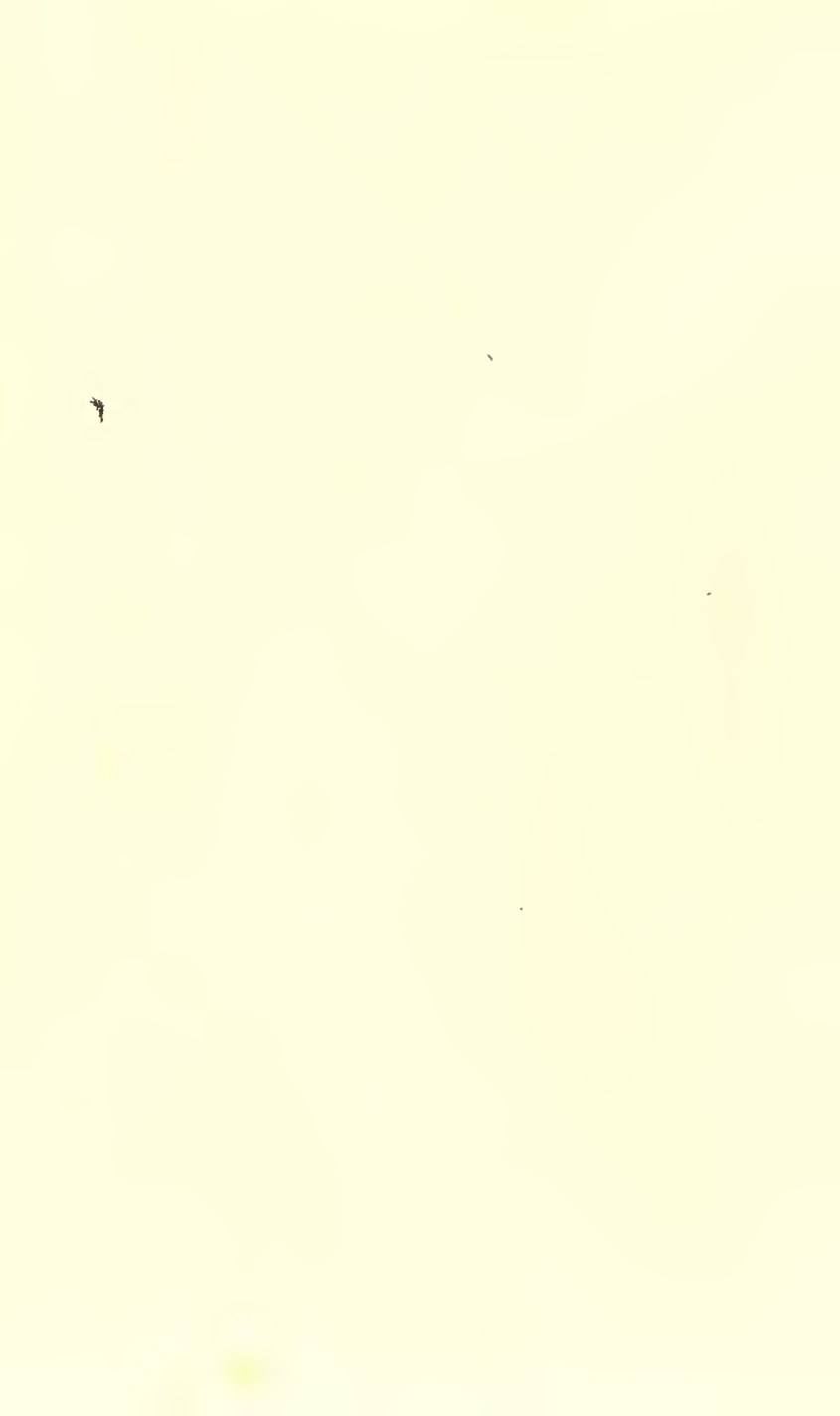
THIS WORK IS DEDICATED,

BY KIND PERMISSION,

IN GRATITUDE FOR MANY FAVOURS,

BY HIS LORDSHIP'S OBEDIENT SERVANT,

JAMES TUNSTALL.



PREFACE.

THAT a large edition of the following work should have been sold immediately upon its publication, is a circumstance peculiarly gratifying. I rejoice at its success. In my rural strolls, I have often had the pleasure of seeing it in the hands of many a stranger in many a lovely spot; and if there is a pride in the consciousness of having done well, this feeling is enhanced by the appreciation of our labours.

Wishing that it should become the standard local work, I have most carefully revised and

corrected it. By the kindness of Mr. HOBSON and Mr. ALFRED KEENE, I have added fourteen illustrations. The map, also, presented by Messrs. COTTERELL and SON, has again been revised under their inspection.

BATH HOSPITAL; February 1st, 1848.

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MAP OF THE ENVIRONS OF BATH AT THE END OF THE VOLUME.

Ramble about Old Bath.

GENTLE READER,

I Have been a wanderer—one of poor Goldsmith's philosophic vagabonds; and though I have not earned pence on the high roads of Europe by flute-playing, yet have I visited many lands, trudging weary miles in search of those beauties of Nature and Art which none but he who walks amongst them can e'er enjoy. Yet, to me, none possess such charms as the ruins and romantic scenery of my native land; the simplest vestiges of these time-honoured memorials of a former age cause me to gather, amidst their groves, those flowers of imagination which are sacred to almost forgotten associations; and to people again, on memory's stage, scenes o'er which history has thrown the mantle of antiquity, and fiction, in its noblest form, has sported in its wild day dream!

Thy city, like that of Romulus, has its legend, as true, no doubt, as the *Æneid* of Virgil. What a fuss would it create were we to throw cold water on the

founder of the hot baths of AIKMAN CHESTER, as the Saxons called it! By the Britons it was called CAER PALLIDUR, but not until after its Roman oocupaney; for the goddess *Pallas* was unknown to the ancient Britons, who called the vale of Bath **Caer Badon**. If Bladud's pigs rushed down from Swineswick into the healing mud, the leper prince did right to follow, or, mayhap, they, in their excessive fondness for the hot water, would all have perished. In ancient times, the valley of the Avon was a favourite pasture ground. How beautiful, even now, are its hanging hills, its downs, and well-clothed pastures, where the humble daisy causes each verdant mead to seem as though it were a galaxy of earth-born stars! Its busy crowd can never spoil these beauties of its landscape; and though Mount-beacon, with Beechen-cliff and Bathwick-hill, be studded with the dwellings of its citizens, it has, and ever will have, that endless variety of rural beauties which makes it, as a whole, the most favoured city in the world.

Let us pause to contrast its present state with its appearance to the weary Roman soldier, who, leaving the ancient fosse-way, is tracking his course to join the camp, which, with its walled enclosure, formed the infant city, the unfortunate CARACTACUS having fled before the legions of CLAUDIUS CÆSAR. He would look down from Mons Badouca, which now we call Beacon-hill; on the spot where the Abbey—the “lanthorn of England,” as it has been aptly named, from its lightness and beauty—now stands, he would behold the temple

of Minerva, of which such interesting memorials are still preserved; thence, stretching southwards to the river, the parallel streets of the camp, its walls, and arching gateways; beyond the stream, Beechen-eliff, a name which readily recalls its ancient aspect; then Widecombe, and Lynecombe with its shining brook; far on, Coombe-down, with Claverton and Farleigh; westward, the cone-shaped barrow of Englisheombe, with ranges rising one behind the other, until the view is lost in distant verdure; the river winding through the vale, below the pine-clad eminence on which he stands, sparkling as with a thousand diamonds beneath the brightness of the noon-day sun!

What mist is that which rises near Minerva's temple? whence comes it? From those healing springs which gave to Bath its Roman name of the

City of the Waters of the Sun.

Let us walk round the Roman city, of which many interesting remains have been, from time to time, discovered. When the foundations of the Bath hospital were dug, in 1738, the Prætorium, or General's house, was laid bare, with mosaie pavements and an altar. Near it were found grains of wheat, the remains of the market, always held near the Prætorium of the Roman camp; and, in 1796, the Roman walls were laid bare, opposite this building. They were composed of square blocks of stone, laid in cement, the inner cavity being filled with smaller stones, strongly cemented together by liquid mortar.

The Roman baths were discovered when the Duke of Kingston pulled down the priory, in 1757. In clearing the foundations, stone coffins, with various bones of animals used in sacrifices, were found at a considerable depth below that building. When the workmen exposed the Roman sewers, the mineral waters flowed in, and interrupted the work. These baths are now known under the name of the Kingston, or old Roman baths, Kingston-buildings occupying a portion of the site of the priory.

The Principia of the Romans, afterwards called St. Mary's Rampier, and now the Upper Borough-walls, passed due east and west; the principal street, now Union and Stall streets, at right angles, directly south. "The name of Stall," says Wood, "arose from the stables of the Roman cavalry being situated there." This is a manifest error. Its name is derived from a church, long since destroyed, that stood at the corner of Cheap-street, which, being dedicated to St. Mary at Bethlehem, was called St. Mary de Stall. The continuation of this street from south gate to St. Lawrence's, now the Old bridge, was, until lately, called Horse-street, in consequence of its leading to the bath for horses. At the bottom of Stall-street, we turn round the Lower Borough-walls, through Westgate-buildings, to Gaseoyne-place, where formerly stood the tower of that name, looking over the King's mead, now covered with houses; then along the Upper Borough-walls, to the back of the Market. In a lane below, leading to the slaughter houses, the east gate is still seen, together

with a large portion of the ancient wall. Passing through the Grove to St. James's church, we encompass the ancient city.

Of the CITY GATES, three are destroyed, and the remaining one promises to be, ere long, consigned to oblivion. These will occupy our first attention.

Leland, the antiquary, visited the city in 1530, entering it through a "*great stone arch*," which stood "on the centre of the bridge of five fair stone arches, between which and south gate he marked fair meadows on each hand."

South gate, which stood at the bottom of Stall-street, was the handsomest of the city gates. It was rebuilt in 1362, eleven feet wide, and fifteen feet high. Its south side was ornamented with an enthroned statue of king Edward III., having, on the one side, the figure of the bishop Ralf de Salopia, and on the other, prior John de Waleot. It was destroyed in 1755.

Leland calls the north gate the "*town gate*," in consequence of the queen receiving there the formality of the presentation of the keys. He, with all succeeding historians, describes it as surmounted with a tower. This, as appears from Dr. Jones's Map, published in 1572, was the tower of St. Mary's church. The principal aperture, ten feet wide, by fifteen high, was surmounted by a grotesque painted figure of king Bladud. Its posterns could not escape the builders; and Wood bitterly laments the encroachment on the footways. It was pulled down in 1776.

West gate, also pulled down in that year, was rebuilt

in 1572, and made commodious enough to lodge the royal family on their visits to Bath. This gate was granted, in 1553, to the Grammar school; since then it was enlarged into a mansion, that made a palace for king James II. in 1687, for the princess Amelia in 1728, and the prince of Orange in 1734.

At the south side of the Market below, and beneath a flag-stone forming the entrance of a butcher's shop, is the east gate. Through it Lot-laue leads to the Monk's mill, and Fish Cross-lane to the river.

This city the Romans held from A.D. 45 to A.D. 444, when, withdrawing altogether from England, they left it adorned with baths and temples in a perfect state; the principal of which were, that of Minerva, on the site of the Abbey; Apollo, in Stall-street; and Diana, in Westgate-street.

The Britons held it from this period until 577, when the Saxons ravaged it with fire and sword. In 676, Osric, king of Northumbria, founded the monastery, which Offa, king of Mereia, restored in 775.

In 907, the city was first governed by a sheriff, and afterwards by a provost, or bailiff. The sheriff still retains the name of bailiff. Its ancient charters were confirmed by Edward III., Richard II., Henry V. and VI.

King Edgar was crowned in the ancient church of St. Peter in 973; and from this time Bath began to take its position as an important city. Leland says that "King Eadgar was crowned with much joy and honor at St. Peter's, in Bath, whereupon he bare a great zeale

to the towne, and gave very great fraunchises and privileges onto it; in knowlege whereof, they pray in al there ceremonies for the soule of king Eadgar. And at Whitsunday-tide, at which tyme menne say Eadgar was crounid, ther is a king elected in Bath, every yere, of the townes menne, in the joyfulle remembrance of king Eadgar, and the privileges gyven to the towne by hym. This king is fested and his adherentes by the richest menne of the towne.”*

In the reign of Alfred the Great, the city, within the walls, consisted of three parishes—St. Peter’s, St. James’s, and St. Michael’s. The latter no longer exists. Its church stood near the Cross bath; its name is perpetuated in the passage leading from Westgate-street to St. John’s hospital, whose chapel is dedicated to St. Michael. The present parish of St. Michael was then called St. Michael Outwich, and is situated without the old north gate.

In Edward the Confessor’s time, the city was divided into three portions:—That bounded by Cheap and Stall streets belonged to the monks; the opposite, between Westgate and Stall streets, to the barons; while thence, northward to the Upper Borough-walls, was held by the king’s burgesses.

At the Norman conquest, out of 178 burgesses, sixty-four held under the king, ninety of the barons, and twenty-four were tenants to the monastery. Its population was then 570 souls.

* It was in consequence of this custom that Beau Nash was called the “King of Bath.”

"The king," says Domesday Book, "holds **Badr.** In the time of king Edward, it was held by queen Edith, and gelded for twenty hides, when the county of Somerset was assessed. The king has there LXIV burgesses, rendering four pounds; and there are four score and ten burgesses of other men paying yearly to the borough LX shillings. The king has there six unoccupied houses.

"This borough, with **Bestone** (now Batheaston) renders sixty pounds by tale, and one mark of gold. Besides this, a mint yields one hundred shillings. Edward accounts eleven pounds for the third penny of this borough.

"From the same borough, one house is taken away. Hugh, the interpreter, holds it, and it is worth 2s.

"The church of Saint Peter, in Bade, has, in that borough, 24 burgesses who pay twenty shillings."

In William Rufus's time, the city was totally destroyed by fire during Odo's rebellion. In his reign, a native of France, named John of Tours, or John de Pillula,* who then practised physic in Bath, purchased the bishopric of Wells, and determined to unite that see to the Abbey of Bath. The King, being mindful

* When these papers first appeared, we were much criticised for calling him John de Pillula, his name having, we believe, in all previous works, been spelled John de Villula. His proper name was (from his birth-place) John of Tours; and, as a nickname, he received the other appellation in consequence of his skill in physic; it being always to be remembered that the Saxon P. V. and W. are represented by very similar characters, as the coins of William the Conqueror and manuscripts of the period plainly show.

of his soul's health, and in consideration of the sum of five hundred marks to him in hand paid, granted the diocese to the abbey of St. Peter's, together with the whole city of Bath, with its mint, baths, tolls, markets, and other privileges, for ever in perpetuity, for a yearly rent of twenty pounds, payable to the king.

In the reign of Edward I., A.D. 1297, the city sent its first two members to parliament.

The city walls, which had been strongly rebuilt in 1090, on their old foundations, were repaired in 1369, in obedience to a precept from king Edward III.

In 1412, John Savage's name occurs as the first mayor on record.

In 1447, king Henry VI. granted a charter, enabling the mayor to affix the assize of bread and beer.

In 1590, queen Elizabeth, who had previously visited the city, gave it a new charter, enlarging its boundaries, with jurisdiction over the priory lands, baths, and suburbs, extending from Walcot church on the one side, to the end of the present Park on the Weston-road, and to the river on the other, which formed its eastern and southern boundaries.

In 1640, king Charles I. fortified the city, at an expense of £7,000 ; it nevertheless opened its gates to the Parliamentarians on the 29th of July, 1645, when Sir William Waller fixed his head-quarters in the city, then considered the most important stronghold in the county. During the civil wars, it was, in turn, held by both parties, its position in the valley rendering it a useless tenure to either.

In 1673, Capt. Henry Chapman, who was then mayor of Bath, tells us that the city and suburbs occupied about fifty acres, and that it paid but £30 poor's rates.

To those who would wish to read the monkish fable which early historians have woven round the origin of this ancient city, we recommend a perusal of the certificate, intended by Mr. Wood to have been signed by the citizens in 1741, recording the undoubted authenticity of his history of Bladud and his swine, or his life and marvellous adventures, in Wood's own veritable history—a work as interesting to the patient antiquary as a fairy tale to a youthful maiden.

Bath Abbey.

AMIDST the many records of the ancient monastery, it is extremely difficult to select such an account of it, as shall be of sufficient interest to the general reader, without encumbering it with extraneous matter; for, although these are particularly rich in relation to its ancient charters, they afford but little information in reference to the building set apart for the dwelling of the monks.

The Abbey of Bath was originally consecrated as a nunnery by king Osrie, in 676, he giving Bertona, an abbess, one hundred of his tenants, to erect a dwelling for herself and sisterhood, “for the salvation of his

soul, and satisfaction of his sins." No doubt this pious lady employed all who could work in the erection of the building, selling the others, with their wives, families, and possessions, to purchase building materials. In those days the "*Manentes*" belonged absolutely to the king and nobility; mere tillers of the earth, they and theirs were slaves to all intents and purposes.

The Danish incursions soon laid waste the city, and the nuns were driven from their peaceful abode. King Offa, in 775, finding their house in ruins, and the church destroyed, re-edified it, and converted it into a college for secular priests. To this foundation the Danish kings were great benefactors; and Athelstan, in 931, and Edwy, in 956, endowed it with various lands in the adjacent county.

In 970, king Edgar, urged by St. Dunstan, archbishop of Canterbury, a zealous monk, expelled the secular clergy, whose great fault seems to have been, that, being allowed to marry, they brought their wives and families into the convents, and employed themselves in works unconnected with religion. From this period we date the strife between the regular and secular priests, which continued until the Reformation; aggravated, during the reigns of the Norman, Plantagenet, and Tudor kings, by the promotion of foreign monks to English benefices, to the exclusion of the native clergy—a rule so irksome to the lower orders, that they frequently rebelled against it; which led to two great evils—the introduction of an unknown language (the Latin) into both public and private devotion, and the

establishment of monkery, or vows of eelibacy, from the clergy. Of this latter, the reformed religion possesses one relie in its colleges, the fellows of which are compelled to resign on marriage.

To return from our digression. Edgar, having expelled the priests, founded a college, or monastery, for an abbot and twenty monks of the Benedictine order.

The Parker Collection of Manuscripts, relating to Bath, preserved in Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, contains the following memoranda of redemption from slavery, which, from their curiosity, we translate:—

“In this page of the book of Christ, Leofnoth, a peasant, attached to the glebe of Corston, the son of Egelnoth, has, with five oxen and twelve sheep, purchased himself and family from Elfsig, the abbot, and all the monks of Bath. Witness, KEASKILL, the bailiff, and all the citizens.”

“In this book of Christ it is written that Edric, of Ford, has purchased his daughter, Sæfrig, from Elfsig, the abbot, and convent of Bath, in perpetual liberty, and all her progeny.”

“It is written, &c., that Elfric and Egilric Scot are free, for the perpetual liberty of the soul of Elfsig, the abbot; by the testimony of the whole convent.”

These manumissions occur during the reign of William the Conqueror. In his time, as appears from Domesday Book, the lands of the Abbey were valued at eighty pounds yearly. They extended not only over a third part of the city, but included no less than seventeen adjacent villages, with their manorial rights

and privileges. In 1106, John of Tours, its most bountiful benefactor, having laboured, and at length effected, "with all decent authority," as he himself declares, "so that the head and mother church of Somerset shall be in the city of Bath," restored to the monks all that he had appropriated to himself, together with the lands he had purchased of Hugo cum Barbâ, which consisted of five manors, devoting all his revenues from the city itself to the perfecting of the building of the church and monastery. He also erected a stately palace for himself and successors. From this time to the Reformation the Abbey increased in riches, by the gifts, not only of the kings, but also of the nobility and pious individuals.

It possessed great privileges, as the following curious letter of king Henry I. will shew; the original is in Latin :—

"HENRY, King of England, to Walter, of Gloucester, and Waren, Viscount of Somerset, and their officers, greeting. I command that the whole lands, and men of the monks of Bath, shall be in peace and quiet from all decrees and complaints in your shires and hundreds, and in other things, murder and theft excepted, when they shall be in my hand. Witness, NIGEL DE ALBIN, at Gloucester."

King John was a great patron of the monks. He annexed a priory at Cork, and another at Waterford, to the monastery, and gave them his royal farm of Barton, with a separate jurisdiction, and the privileges of execution and ordeal, exempting both themselves

and tenants from suit and service, assizes and juries, as well as from toll at Bristol.

In 1223, the prior rented the city during king Henry III.'s pleasure, at a yearly rental of £30. In 1304, king Edward gave him the toll of the two fairs then established. In 1330, the monks introduced the woollen manufacture to Bath, and its fabrie became celebrated throughout England. About this time the prior had to pay a fine to the king for infringing the statute of Mortmain, passed in 1279, to restrain the cupidity of the church, which threatened even then to absorb all the lands in the kingdom. The succeeding century found them a small body, rich, luxurious, and extravagant; too indolent, even, to keep their own houses in repair; so that when Oliver King became bishop, in 1495, he was compelled to pension the monks, and devote their income to the rebuilding of the church and monastery.

Leland informs us that, in 1530, the buildings erected by John of Tours were then in ruins, and that they consisted of a "*faire toure*," with buildings to the south-west of the church. This tower is represented, in Dr. Jones's Map, as rising above the covered passage extending from the prior's house to the church, shutting up (as appears from Wood) the first window on the south side, together with the prior's entrance to the nave. The priory had a southern aspect, protected from the public gaze by a wall. Its gardens extended as far as the present vestry-room; and a gate led to the Abbey-green, which formed its first court. Below this

was the orchard; and St. James's-street occupies the site of the ancient Lear lands, so called from their being the place where poor strangers were entertained without the gate of the priory. Its lands extended along the east side of Stall-street, from which it was approached by an elegant arch, called the Abbey gate. Its walls went along the present Galloway-buildings to the city wall, with a narrow entrance to the Grove through St. Peter's gate. Immediately adjoining it were two baths, in the Church yard,—one for the monks, and one for the poor; and next to these was a tennis-court. The Orange-grove was divided into two portions: the one running eastward from the north side of the church belonged to the monks, and was called the *Abbey-litten*, while the other portion was called *Mitre-green*. These, in Beau Nash's time, were planted with three rows of trees, and called the Orange-grove, in consequence of the erection of the column, in 1734, recording the cure of the prince of Orange; and it then formed the most delightful promenade within the walls. In addition to this, the monks possessed all the land, including the Mill, to the east and south of the city, the Ham-barton, and the Ambrey-mead. This property, with Prior-park, the mansion at Combe, and other tenements at Bridgwater, Dunster, and Walcot, king Henry VIII. sold to Colles for £962 17s. 4d.

The parish of St. Peter and St. Paul, commonly called the Abbey, was endowed at the dissolution of the monastery. Its church has been frequently rebuilt. The first was a Roman temple, dedicated to Minerva,

a portion of which, it is said, may still be seen under the eastern buttresses ; but these remains have the character of early Norman. This was consecrated to christianity by St. David, in 596. Osrie founded the monastery in 676. This building was totally destroyed by the Danes in 678 ; restored by Offa in 775 ; and its constitution reformed by Edgar in 970. This church was rebuilt in 1010 ; burned in 1137 ; and again restored. To this edifice the present noble structure succeeded, which, although commenced in 1499, was not completed until 1606. Elphage, a learned monk of Glastonbury, a native of Weston, near Bath, subsequently archbishop of Canterbury, was the first abbot appointed by king Edgar. He was scarcely dead when John of Tours annexed the Abbey to the bishop's see ; and from this period to the Reformation it was governed by priors ; among whom we find John de Tellisford, a monk of Dunster (then a cell belonging to the Bath Abbey), elected in 1411, who had a fierce quarrel with the mayor, relative to the ringing of the city bells, quelled only by a decree from the bishop, forbidding any bells to ring before the prior's in the morning, or after his at night. John de Cantlow, elected in 1489, deserves our notice and respect. He not only repaired the Abbey, but restored St. Catherine's church, and the chapel of St. Mary Magdalen's hospital, in Holloway. To him, in 1499, succeeded prior Wm. Birde, Oliver King being then bishop. The church, notwithstanding its recent reparations, was then in a ruinous condition. These good men devoted them-

selves to the task of rebuilding it—a work neither lived to complete. The prior died poor, in consequence of devoting the major part of his income to the building, and erecting the beautiful chapel, which bears his name, near the altar.

William Holway, otherwise Gibbs, succeeded Prior Birde in 1525. He continued the building, which was scarcely completed when the monastery was suppressed, its church, lands, and revenues, being granted, by letters patent, to Humphrey Colles, who sold them to the family of Colthurst. They, having entirely despoiled the church of every thing that could be turned into use, or converted into money, gave the roofless shell of the building to the citizens for a parish church. Sir John Harington, of Kelston, first drew public attention to the propriety of re-edifying it, in a poetical epistle to bishop Montague. One day, during a shower of rain, he was conversing with the bishop near the church, and asked his lordship to step in for shelter; special care being taken to convey the prelate into the north aisle, nearly roofless, and despoiled of its lead. This situation not sheltering his lordship, he remonstrated with Sir John. “Doth it rain, my lord? Then let me see your bounty towards covering our poor church; for if it keep us not safe from the waters above the earth, how shall it ever save others from the fire beneath?” The bishop generously gave £1,000, and applied himself sedulously to the task; and private charity alone prevented this noble building from sharing the fate of other monastic edifices, reduced to ruins by the cupi-

dity of those to whom the king had granted or sold them. In 1606, Thomas Bellot (founder of the hospital which bears his name, situated in a street formerly designated by the very ancient name of Beltree-lane, now Beau-street) ably seconded him, with many other generous benefactors.

The rector, John Pelling, entered warmly into the work, so much so, that his life bore testimony to the truth of his motto, *Non mihi, sed ecclesiæ*—"not for me, but the church."

The church is remarkable for its many punning devices, a conceit then common with the learned. Thus prior Birde's mark is a bird in a W. Bellot, giving the glass in the great east window, must needs perpetuate his name by causing it to be glazed in very small pieces, inserted, as the heralds call it, "bellot-wise." Malet, of Enmore, also glazed a window, ornamenting it with his coat of arms and motto, *Malet meliora*—"he would wish to do better." Biss, of Spargrove, ornamented a window with his arms and motto, *Bis fecit; sis felix bis*—"Biss did this; do thou twice as much."

The west front is ornamented with the representation of the vision of bishop King, wherein he saw angels ascending and descending a ladder, and calling on him to rebuild the church. Near these are mutilated statues of the twelve apostles, and some almost obliterated inscriptions. His name being Oliver King, his mark was an olive tree crowned, with the motto *De sursum est*—"it is from above." Here, also, are the arms of king Henry VII., with the united red and

white rose, surmounted by a crown, and a crowned portcullis. The west door is beautifully carved with the arms of the bishopric impaling Montague. On either side are stone statues of the bishop and prior, which their ecclesiastical robes plainly indicate; and not of St. Peter and St. Paul, as former writers have asserted. Over the north door of the west front is a small statue of king Edgar, with a roll representing the charter; above him the inscription "*Domus mœa*;" while one of king Osric ornaments the south door, representing him bearing a purse of money, alluding to the wealth with which he endowed the original foundation. Above this figure is a scroll, bearing the inscription, "*Domus orationis*," finishing the sublime inscription, "My house is the house of prayer." On the eastern buttress of the south transept is an almost obliterated date of 1557, marking the repairs then completed by Mr. Peter Chapman. Francis Allen, in 1616, gave a sum of money to make the buttresses of the north side of the east end uniform with the southern, as appears by a date stone, recently recut.

The interior of the Bath Abbey has employed the able pens, not only of the scientific, who came hither to study the noble principles of Gothic architecture in their fullest development, but also those of the moralist and divine;—men whose works bear that silent inspiration of the heart, and elevation of the noble principles implanted in the breast of the virtuous and good, which such visits foster and strengthen. "When," says Samuel Taylor Coleridge, "I enter a Greek church,

my eye is charmed, and my mind elated; I feel exalted and proud that I am a man. But the Gothic art is sublime. On entering a cathedral I am filled with devotion and awe; I am lost in the actualities that surround me, and my whole being expands into the infinite; earth, and air, and nature, and art, all swell up into eternity, and the only sensible impression left is that I am nothing."

In walking alone through the elaborately beautiful aisles of such a building as the Bath Abbey, when the mind, leaving its wordly thoughts, feels the calming influence of the place itself, and hardly conscious of the echo of the solitary footfall from groined arch to fretted roof, looks around on the memorials of mortality which strew both walls and floor with Death's victorious emblems, there are, indeed, melancholy, yet pleasurable emotions, awakening within us pure and holy sentiments of love to God, and to our fellow-mortals true benevolence.

Entering by the door which conduits to the south aisle, near the great east window, peculiar in being arched within and square without the building, the first object which arrests our attention is that Gothic gem, prior Birde's chapel, or oratory. The following description of it we abstract from the beautiful work of its restorer, Mr. Edward Davis, architect of this city, entitled "Gothic Ornaments, illustrative of Prior Birde's Oratory in the Abbey Church of Bath:—"

"This oratory is almost coeval with the Abbey in which it stands. The first stone was laid about 1515,

by prior Wm. Birde, under whom the design was, for some time, diligently prosecuted. When, however, nearly completed, its progress was interrupted (probably from the ecclesiastical reforms of that period), and the structure still affords unquestionable evidence of the abruptness with which the work was abandoned. Part of the front next the choir is left unfinished, and portions, intended to be decorated, remain still as they were prepared for the carver. Hence we learn the method of executing carved work at that period; the stone was first shaped as required, a black coat of water-colour was laid on, and the drawing being pricked through, the outline was obtained on the stone by the application of a white pounce. For this information, as well as for the very perfect state of much of the carved work, we are indebted to the coatings of lime-wash, beneath which it was, until lately, concealed.

“Its subsequent history is soon told. Remarkable alike for its purity and richness of decoration, it was fated to experience the same neglect to which all architecture of a Gothic character was so long exposed. For three centuries it was left to the mercy of parish officers; its fronts defaced by monuments, the lower compartments of its windows blocked up, while those parts permitted to remain exposed were washed and rewashed with coats of different hues, until all the sharpness of the carved work was lost, and much of the delicate tracery obliterated.”

Thus it remained until the year 1833, when a subscription was entered into for its renovation, which Mr.

Davis completed in strict conformity with its pristine condition, restoring a portion of the entablature which had been cut away for the erection of a gallery. Its fascia is sculptured with running vine branches in bold relief; the south side consists longitudinally of two divisions, rising from a basement ornamented with quatrefoils in panels, separated by octangular buttresses, which Mr. Davis considers were carried higher than the present straight line, and that they supported grotesque figures bearing bannerets; their object being to break the monotony of the entablature, they were, in all probability, removed to make room for the old gallery. These buttresses were divided into four compartments of small pannelled arches, their capitals uniting with the entablature. The divisions between the buttresses are composed of two flattened arches, with three mullions and tracery, having a plinth of several mouldings, and a dado of enriched radiated quatrefoils in panels, with an open rosette in the centre of each; the spandrels are enriched with finely-wrought foliage, among which the *bird* is frequently repeated. At the north-west angle are two niches, one above the other, having duplex canopies crowned with pinnales; at the exterior angle of the north-west corner is a double panel, crowned with an ogee arch moulding, with crockets, from which springs one of the angular groins.

Britton, in his history of the Bath Abbey, says, "Both externally and internally the whole was adorned with panneling, roses, niches, pedestals, and varied sculpture. It consisted of a stone screen, filling up

the space between two columnar piers on the south side of the choir, and was formerly provided with an altar and piscina. The tracery of the roof consists of four compartments of the fan shape, diverging from the sides, and spreading over the surface, at the eastern end are five panels, charged with lozenge-shaped tracery, with a shield in the centre panel charged with the prior's arms, surmounted by a mitre."

Nor was prior Birde's oratory the only portion of the edifice reduced to unsightliness by what Mr. Clarke, in his "Epitome of the History of the Bath Abbey Church," properly calls the "Vandalism of successive churchwardens and erectors of monuments." Prior to 1834, every pier in the church was surrounded with monumental tablets, placed in the most incongruous manner. These were all transferred to the walls. The irregular pews were removed, and the present more appropriate ones substituted; the old galleries, with their boarded backs and glazed doors, were condemned; the inappropriate organ-loft was replaced by an elegant screen, designed by Mr. Blore, after the model of prior Birde's oratory; the Roman fittings up, behind the communion table, with Marshal Wade's unsuitable altar-piece, were removed; and the whole choir now looks as it ought to do, strictly appropriate to the original style of the building. The episcopal throne is placed in prior Birde's chapel.

With regard to the exterior, the first work done was the removal of the clock from the tower to the north transept. The north and south aisles, which had been

covered by Peter Chapman, in 1558, with a heavy parapet wall, and stone and wood roof, which, leaning over the windows, caused those in the choir to be deprived of glass to the extent of five feet, were removed, the whole of the windows glazed, and the roof restored to the grooves, which the original one occupied when Matthew Colthurst stripped off its lead.

The roofs of the transepts and choir, which disfigured the appearance of the tower, were restored to the original grooves made by bishop Montague. The whole roof of the church, in fact, was restored, covered with lead, and decorated with a rich parapet running round the building; and the whole fabric exposed to view by the removal of the unsightly houses which had so long disfigured its august walls. One subject afforded much discussion among the citizens and men of taste—these were the pinnacles. Upon this point the Corporation consulted Mr. Garbett, of Winchester, who reported them to be strictly in accordance with the plan originally contemplated. For our own part, we hazard the opinion that the tower would have looked better without them, however appropriate elsewhere.

The old corporation deserve the thanks of their fellow-citizens for this their last work as a body corporate. Nobly did they repair the errors of their predecessors : earning the gratitude of all who delight in the restoration of the “lanthorn of England.”

The alterations and improvements reflect the greatest credit on Mr. Manners, the city architect, from whose plans they were completed.

Let us proceed round the church, and note its more remarkable epitaphs.

In the vestry-room (which building, singular to relate, projects into the adjoining parish of St. James) there is an interesting painted wooden tablet, to the memory of Captain Peter Chapman, the son of the Chapman mentioned by Leland, as one of the three clothiers by whose industry the city was supported after the monks were expelled. In reference to this ancient and honorable Bath family, we cannot do better than quote Wood, who says:—"The royal grants that were made to this city between 1552 and 1590, were obtained by the interest of the above-named Peter Chapman, who was born in 1506. Entering the army of king Henry the Eighth, he was of the reinforcement which that monarch sent to Calais in 1540. He served at the siege of Boulogne in 1544, remaining in the army until 1600. During the reign of Elizabeth, he served under the Earl of Leicester, at Tilbury, when the queen was guarding against the Spanish armada. To this camp, as major of brigade, he, in his 82nd year, led eight hundred veteran soldiers; "yet," says our author, "his military achievements gained him little but an addition to his coat of arms, of a canton of the second, with an armed hand holding a broken lance, with a wreath upon it, for a crest; and with this he was satisfied, since his public services had procured his native city such advantages as must transmit his name to the latest posterity."

He had one son, William. Richard, his brother,

died in 1572, and was buried in the north aisle of the choir; "from which circumstance," says Wood, "it received the name of *Chapman's aisle*." William survived until 1586. He left two sons: William, who died in 1647; and George, who died in 1644, leaving also two sons, Simon, a captain of horse, and the celebrated alderman Robert Chapman, apothecary to king James II., and thrice mayor of Bath. He preserved the family papers from which Wood says he obtained a great part of the history of Bath from the end of the fourteenth century to his own time.

Henry Chapman, the author of *Thermæ Redivivæ*, was mayor in 1664 and in 1672, during which latter term he published his work avowedly for the purpose of attracting company to Bath; and from that period to the year 1800, the name occurs seventeen times in the list of mayors of the city.*

Returning to the south side of the choir, we see the tablet, erected by subscription, to perpetuate the memory of the descendant of another illustrious family—the Haringtons, of Kelston.

Dr. Henry Harington died in this city at the advanced age of 89, on the 15th Jan., 1816. He was a man of

* Capt. J. J. Chapman, of the Royal Artillery, a descendant of this family, has been for years collecting drawings, engravings, and works bearing upon the history of Bath. These he has deposited in the Royal Institution of this city for the public use; and I regret that I cannot publish his letter, in which he kindly volunteered his assistance in my present undertaking, of which I have availed myself in many instances.

the highest order of human intellect—an accomplished physician, a learned writer on sacred subjects, a first-rate classic, mathematician, and musician. He shed the lustre of his talents over every thing he undertook, for he added the taste and feeling of a poet to the learning of the man of science; and, as the mere companion, his urbanity and mildness, added to his rich fund of humour, both instructed and delighted his associates. The science of medicine was not his forte, his fame resting on his musical productions. A tract, published in 1806, in which he attempts to explain, typically, the doctrine of the Trinity by the natural indivisible trinity of simultaneous sounds, is among the curiosities of literature. As a poet, he wrote many pieces; among which may be mentioned the *Witch of Wookey*, and the beautiful imitation of Spencer, which bears the signature of “Edgar,” displayed, for the benefit of the Bath hospital, of which he was physician, in the Pump-room. In music nothing came amiss to him, the light catch, or song, or sublime sacred chorus. His most celebrated composition is the “*Eloi*,” arranged for three voices. Wherever he could assist in a good and charitable action, his purse was open; and few have died so sincerely lamented as the subject of this brief sketch. He was the founder of the Bath Harmonic Society, an institution which, fostering native talent wherever it is to be found, has done more for musical science than any institution of a similar nature.

Near prior Birde’s chapel, is a fine monument, by Chantrey, erected to the memory of Mr. Hoare, the celebrated artist.

The south transept contains a font, by no means of a character suitable to the church, bearing date 1710, inscribed with the 19th verse of the 28th chapter of St. Matthew's gospel, surmounted by a canopy, finished by three grotesque wooden figures.

Lady Waller's monument, in this transept, is a good specimen of the style adopted during the seventeenth century. A warrior, in armour, raised on his right arm, mourns over his lady. At their feet a young daughter is seated, with a son at the head. The epitaph describes her as a "right virtuous and worthy lady." Sir William Waller, his sister, Lady Booth, and friend, Mr. Sturridge (a name since corrupted into Sturge), gave, in 1646, the sum of £300, the interest of which was to be devoted to the repairs of the Abbey church. This has ever since been faithfully laid out by the churchwardens for the time being. Sir William fought the battles of Lansdown and Roundaway, and was governor of Bath while in the possession of the Parliamentarians. His effigy is, with the exception of bishop Montague's, the most remarkable monument within the walls. It is said that James II. hacked off the warrior's nose in passing through the church with friar Huddleston—a miserable spite, yet indicative of the character of him who dared to introduce a Romish priest to celebrate mass in the presence of the bishop himself. But Ken was no common prelate; he boldly stood forth, and king and priest shunk out abashed; the former (however erroneous, we firmly believe for conscience sake, and the besetting sin of his race—a too

high notion of the divine right of kings), becoming, in less than two years, an outcast and a beggar.

Opposite to this, we have a beautiful representation of the "good Samaritan," on the tomb of Jacob Bosanquet, who died in 1767.

The first monument in the south aisle was erected to the memory of Beau Nash, several years after his decease. The subscriptions, which amounted to £13 13s., did not realize the whole cost, which was but £18 18s. Dr. Harington is said to have originated the idea, and the beautiful classic epitaph was written by him. In announcing the completion of the tablet, the following sentence occurs in the advertisement, thanking the Rev. Dr. Phillott for remitting the fees:—"N. B. Should the remembrance of *fifty years publick service* to this city ever occasion the *budget of gratitude* to exceed the above expenditure, the *surplus of surprise* shall be duly announced to the public."

It would be foreign to our purpose to note all the memorials of distinguished naval and military officers which adorn the walls; but we must pause to notice the mural tablet of Admiral Sir William Hargood, who died Dec. 12, 1839. He was one of the companions in arms of our late king, William IV., a lieutenant in Lord Rodney's action of the 12th of April, 1782, and captain of his majesty's ship "*Belleisle*," in the memorable action of Trafalgar. Having served his country faithfully for seventy years, he died in this city at an advanced age.

Near this is the monument of Quin, the actor, who

retired hither in his latter days. His epitaph, which has been often quoted, is from the pen of the celebrated David Garriek.

Then Sir William Draper's pompous and inflated epitaph. Little did he think that, in a few years, his fame would depend on the attacks he received from his antagonist, "*Junius*."

General Sir William and Lady Coekburn's tomb arrests us, and we pause to admire it.

Proceeding onward, there is one monument which, as a delighted student of true medical philosophy, I cannot pass unnoticed, for it records the resting-place of one to whom the science of medicine owes one of the most interesting works of the present century, "*The Elements of Pathology and Therapeutics*." Caleb Hillier Parry was descended from an ancient Pembroke-shire family, and was born on the 21st of October, 1755. In 1773, he went to Edinburgh. Visiting London in 1775, he placed himself, for two years, under the celebrated Dr. Denman, father of the present lord chief justice. Returning to Edinburgh in 1777, he took his degree. During his studies there, he was president, and took an active part in procuring the charter of the Royal Medical Society, a body which can boast among its members many of the most distinguished professors of the healing art. In 1778, he married Miss Rigby, a friend of Mrs. Barbauld; and after improving his mind by foreign travel, he settled in this city in 1779. He soon took that commanding position among his contemporaries which his talents

and acquirements justly warranted. He was a good musician, poet, and painter; an esteemed correspondent of Burke and Wyndham, on political subjects; and in various publications, he distinguished himself by his practical knowledge of agriculture; corresponding with Sir Joseph Banks, Sir William Herschell, and Dr. Jenner, shewing an intimate acquaintance with their peculiar objects of study. An indefatigable reader, a subtle mathematician, he sought knowledge for its own sake, and communicated its rich treasures with so playful a manner, that those who thought only on amusement derived instruction; indeed, so greatly was he respected, that, on his death, he was followed to the grave by his friends and fellow-practitioners, who erected this tablet to his memory. His valuable library was presented by his son, the present Dr. Parry, to the Bath United hospital.

Near this is the monument of W. Bingham, a senator of the United States of America, by Flaxman, on which two female figures, bearing civic crowns, are admirably sculptured.

We now come to the beautiful group of monumental tablets near the west door. That of Herman Katencamp (British consul in Spain, who died in 1807), by the younger Bacon, presents to us a beautiful female figure decorating an urn with a garland; while, opposite, Colonel Champion's, by Nollekins, has Fame with her trumpet surrounded by trophies, supporting a medallion portrait.

Above this is the monument erected, by the Bath

knot of friendly brothers, to the memory of Gen. Sir Henry Johnson, bart., who died in 1833, with others of a chaste and simple character.

Near the north-west door a tablet, upon which is inscribed the following epitaph, shows how little contemporaries sometimes judge of literary merit. The verse is by the celebrated Dr. Hoadley :—

“ In this city lived and died Sarah, second daughter of Henry Fielding, by his first wife, daughter of Judge Gould; whose writings will be known as incentives to virtue and honor to her sex when this marble shall be dust. Born 1714, died 1768.

Her unaffected manners, candid mind,
Her heart benevolent, and soul resign'd,
Were more her praise than all she knew or thought,
Though Athens' wisdom to her sex she taught.” *

We then come to the tomb of a man whose writings, perhaps, have caused more controversy than those of any other philosopher of modern times. It is plain and neat; the epitaph, though laudatory, implies too much, and is altogether unsatisfactory. A portion of it we transcribe :—

“ Sacred to the memory of the Rev. Thomas Robert Malthus, long known to the lettered world by his admirable writings on the social branches of political economy, particularly by his *Essay on Population*. Born Feb. 14, 1766, died Dec. 29, 1834.”

Near this we have a very beautiful and spirited representation of a female figure on the monument of alderman Jonathan Henshaw, who died in 1764; and

* She was the sister of the author of *Tom Jones*; and translated Xenophon's *Memoirs* from the original Greek.

a neat and appropriate tablet to the memory of Capt. William Clarke Jervoise, R.N., by Westmacott.

As a contrast, we notice the monument of C. M., representing a very fat infant sprawling on a grave, surrounded by various emblems of mortality. Mr. Markland, in his beautiful work, "Remarks on English Churches," aptly describes this monument as of almost unrivalled ugliness.

Near which is a plain mural tablet to the memory of Dr. William Oliver, one of the benefactors of the city. He was the first physician appointed to the Bath General hospital, and is represented, in Mr. Hoare's celebrated picture, in the committee-room of that institution, examining patients, with his colleague, Mr. Jerry Peirce. He practised thirty-four years in Bath; wrote, in addition to other works, "A Practical Treatise on the Bath Waters in Gouty Cases;" and his name is still perpetuated in the "Oliver biscuits," for which this city is famous.

The next which claims our notice is that of Walsh Porter, who died in 1809. It is of the allegorical class, and represents an altar dedicated to Taste and Genius, on which is a lamp, the flame of which, as it were expiring, is seen to ascend.

We are now arrested by the elaborate altar-tomb of the good bishop Montague, on which he is represented, in full episcopal habit, reclining, his hands folded in an attitude of prayer. This tomb occupies the space between two columns which divide the nave from the north aisle. He was born at Boughton, in Northamp-

tonshire, the present seat of the duke of Buccleugh, in 1568. Educated at Cambridge, he became master of Sidney Sussex college, in 1598; and, in 1604, dean of Worcester. In 1608, he was consecrated to this diocese; and, in 1616, became bishop of Winchester. In that city he died in 1618; and, still loving the church to which he had so largely contributed, he desired to be buried therein, and this monument was erected to his memory by his brothers. A long and useful career was open to him, but he died at the comparatively early age of fifty, most deeply lamented.

We pass on to the north transept. Against the organ gallery is a monument of an allegorical character, a woman warding off Death from a seated figure, having a dog at his feet, while Time displays his hour-glass with the sand run out. Above is a memorial to Mrs. Grieve.

The first on the eastern aspect of this transept is that of Fletcher Partis, where we see a representation of the "good Samaritan," and right well did he deserve it, for he was the founder of Partis college, near this city, for the reception of decayed gentlewomen.

Here, also, is a beautiful specimen of Chantrey's skill, in the monument of Sir Richard Hussey Bickerton, bart.

Next to this is Flaxman's very chaste memorial of Dr. Sibthorp, the celebrated botanist. Then a monument to Granville Pyper, of the later or debased style of the 17th century. Then Mary Frampton's, with the bust of Charles II.'s time, and an epitaph by Dryden; and the mustachioed cavalier, Sir Philip Frowde, colonel of foot in king Charles's army.

Entering the choir by the centre door, under the organ gallery, we have the simple record of an extinct family, represented by a broken column on Colonel Walsh's tomb; and a Gothic arched tomb, by Reeves, of Bath, to the memory of Joseph Sill, on which are represented two weeping female figures. The design is good, the execution elaborate, and it is altogether appropriate.

Nor ought I to omit the plain memorial of one of the most honoured of my predecessors, Mr. Farnell, who, after having devoted forty-four years to the duties of his office, died, full of years and of honour, in 1829, at the advanced age of 80, bequeathing to that establishment, which he had served so long and so faithfully, a large portion of his savings.

The touching memorial of the Rev. Charles Crook, rector of Bath, who died, at the age of 50, in Dec., 1837, and of his wife, who, at the age of 44, followed him in the February of the next year, arrests our attention as we walk beneath the north gallery.

On the wall near the north gallery is the tablet of Thomas Haweis, LL.D. and M.D., the founder of the London Missionary Society. He was born at Truro, in 1734, and was apprenticed to a surgeon in that town. He afterwards went to Cambridge, and took the degree of LL.B. in 1772. When ordained he was appointed assistant chaplain to the Lock hospital, and became chaplain to the celebrated Countess of Huntingdon, who entrusted him with the distribution of her charities, and appointed him her principal trustee. He not

only officiated as a minister of religion, but took the degree of M.D., that he might be the more useful to his poorer brethren. He died in the 86th year of his age, at his house in Beaufort-buildings, Bath, on the 11th of February, 1820.

There are two near the communion table. The mural monument of Bartholomew Barnes, of black and white marble, supported by two gilt Corinthian columns, with the figures of a man and woman kneeling at a desk; under the man a son, with a swathed infant, below the woman five daughters praying—a good specimen of the early period of the 17th century. Opposite this is the beautiful statuary marble monument of the celebrated Lady Miller, of Batheaston villa, who died in 1781, by the elder Bacon.

I might multiply this list of monuments, but wish merely to direct attention to those distinguished by artistic beauty or local interest. Britton, in his history of Bath Abbey Church, gives a list of 120 distinguished persons interred in the Abbey, with memoirs of forty.

The *Bath Journal* of July 6th, 1752, contains an account of the funeral of John Bacon, who desired that he should be buried in his best wig, a ruffled shirt with sleeve buttons, a ring on his finger, velvet breeches, a new pair of pumps, with buckles, and white stockings, and that he should be carried by his servants in full dress liveries.

In the year 1813 was proved the will of Thomas Nash, who bequeathed £50 annually to the ringers, that they should ring doleful peals on the anniversaries

of his marriage, and joyful ones on those of his death, to continue from eight in the morning to the same hour at night, in joyful remembrance of his happy release from domestic misery and wretchedness. The terms of this extraordinary will are not now complied with.

There are ten bells in the tower, all cast by Rushall, in 1700, with the exception of two, added in 1774. The first is inscribed

“ All you who hear this joyful sound,
Thank Lady Hopton’s hundred pound.”

The second and third bear the names of the minister and churchwardens. The fourth, “ Peace, and good neighbourhood.” Fifth,

“ Pray ring us true,
We will praise you.”

Sixth, “ Prosperity to all our benefactors.” Seventh, “ God prosper the church of England.” Eighth,

“ When me you ring,
I sweetly sing.”

The register of this parish commences in 1569, and contains several licences to eat flesh on fast days, as required by statute; for queen Elizabeth and her immediate successors commanded abstinence from flesh meats on Friday, not from any superstitious notions, but avowedly to encourage the consumption of *fish*, and to give employment to poor mariners on the British coasts, the fisheries having languished at the Reformation.

In 1653, several marriages, solemnized by the mayor, are registered. In 1658, there are certificates of the publication of banns in the Market-place.

Old Churches and Other Buildings.

THE church of *Saint Mary de Stall*, which was the parish church of that portion of the city which now forms the parish of St. Peter and St. Paul, occupied a portion of the plot of ground extending from the end of the Pump-room portico, at the north corner of Stall-street, round Cheap-street to the passage leading through to the Abbey-yard, and back again to Stall-street. Antiquaries have erroneously described it as standing on the site of the temple of Minerva; but the head of Apollo (now standing on the mantel-piece of the lecture-room in the Royal institution), found in its neighbourhood in 1727, proves this to have been the temple of Apollo (or the Sun), destroyed by St. David, in 596, when the first christian church was built. The vicarage of Stall, with Widecombe attached, was given to the convent of Bath by bishop Button, in 1236. In 1322, an ordinance was made requiring the vicar constantly to reside in the parish, a house and glebe-lands being given him in Parsonage-lane. He was also compelled to provide a curate for the church of Widecombe; for this service he received the tithes of Lynecombe, Widecombe, and Berewyke, paying the yearly sum of fifty shillings and fourpence to the prior. It is by this ordinance that the rector of Bath still holds the vicarage of Widecombe, it having been confirmed by archbishop Grindal, in 1573, under letters patent from queen Elizabeth.

A portion of this ancient building may still be seen. In October, 1845, while Messrs. Arnold, the present tenants of one of the houses, were at work in their cellars, they found that the pavement gave a hollow sound. A mason cut through a three-inch pennant stone, and discovered beneath it an ancient crypt of well-built masonry. This cellar is of ancient workmanship, having numerous apertures built up, no doubt forming a portion of the ancient church.

The will of alderman John Chapman was proved in this church in 1544, as appears in the registry of Wells. "In 1584, the mayor and corporation," says Warner, "gave Sir Richard Meredith the consolidated rectory. He, in return, presented them with all the church property, with the exception of the parsonage-house, on a lease for fifty years, at a rental of £62. This opportunity for erecting buildings was not lost; the sites of the ancient churches were destroyed, and the Abbey church polluted, disgraced, and spoiled by the mean residences and shops which were attached to its august walls." In 1819 the Corporation resolved not to renew the leases; in 1823, two houses were taken down; and all were removed in 1834, when the building underwent a thorough repair.

At the dissolution, Stall's church paid the monastery £8 15s. per annum.

The church of *Saint Michael, intra muros*, formerly a temple dedicated to Diana (or the Moon), was situate in Westgate-street, at the corner of Cross Bath-lane, immediately opposite the lane where the

armourers' shops were, called, from that circumstance, Spurrier's-lane, a name afterwards changed to Bridewell, in consequence of an ancient prison occupying the site of the present charity schools. This church was a large building, with tower, nave, and side aisles, built originally at the same time as Stall's church. In 1180, it was thoroughly repaired by bishop Fitzjocelyne, who attached the hospital of St. John the Baptist to its living. In 1590 it was destroyed.

The church of **Saint Mary**, *intra muros*, (called by Sir Thomas Speke, in his certificate to king Edward, in 1553, the "paryshe of our ladye within the gate of Bathe,") was thoroughly repaired by Fitzjocelyne in 1180. Godwin, "*De presulibus Angliæ*," declares it to have been of great antiquity. We find that so late as 1541 rectors were appointed to it. It joined the north gate, and its tower formed the tolbooth, or city prison, from 1590 to 1770. In Emanuel Bowen's Map it is called the Free school.

Of the church of **Saint Mary**, *extra muros*, further than that it stood on the banks of the river eastward, no record can be obtained. It is supposed to have been at the bottom of Al'vord, afterwards Boat-stall, and now Slippery-lane, where formerly existed a ferry to Bathwick.

The chapel of **Saint James** was situate on the south-east rampart; while another, dedicated to **Saint Helena**, the mother of Constantine the Great, stood between the north gate and Walcot, in Ladymead.

There was a chapel, dedicated to **Saint Lawrence**,

on the Old bridge, giving its name to that structure, built in 1362. Previously the only passage was by ford or ferry. Before the erection of the dams at Twerton the river was easily fordable.

The **Sanctuary Chapel**, dedicated to St. Wæreburgh, who died in 699, as well as to St. John the Evangelist, and to St. Catherine, the patroness of the city of Bath, was founded by Nicholas, bishop of Llandaff, in 1170, at the request of the prior and monks. In the Commissioners' Accounts, filed in the Augmentation office, London, in 1553, it is called "Wayborough chapel,"—an erroneous orthography, arising from an error in transcribing the ancient manuscript. The diphthong æ was anciently a c, in separate letters, while the r resembled the modern y, or written g. "Lada" and "wære" are synonymous, both meaning "sanetuary." This chapel, which occupied the site of the present Fountain-buildings, was completely dilapidated at the Reformation, when king Edward gave it to the Grammar school. Its yearly rental was, *for the church*, sixpence; for the garden, one shilling; and six shillings for Lady or St. Wæreburgh's mead. Now, if the plot of ground, extending from the corner to Hay-hill, paid one shilling and sixpence, the mead, paying six shillings, must have been of considerable extent. In 1670, this property, without the mead, was leased by the Corporation for ninety-nine years, at a yearly rental of eightpence. In 1749, Wood describes Broad-street as extending as far northward as Wæreburgh church, then an alehouse over the cistern which supplied the conduits in the upper part of the old city.

In 1766, another lease was granted for building to various parties, at a rental (as appears from the report of the Charity Commissioners) amounting in all to £36. It was then denominated Fountain-buildings, from their occupying the site of the cistern.

Saint Winifred's was a small chapel, near a spring on the High common, below Somersct-place.

Among the religious buildings which have been destroyed, two deserve our notice. In Frog-lane (now New Bond-street) stood the PRESBYTERIAN MEETING-HOUSE, which, after having been used for a variety of purposes, was converted into an equestrian circus, where Ducrow, in 1805, performed as a boy. This building was pulled down in 1810. The old QUAKERS' MEETING-HOUSE stood at the west end of Marchant's-court (now Northumberland-place), and was removed in 1806, when Union-street was laid out.

Public Conduits.

WHILE the ecclesiastics provided for the spiritual welfare of the city, they were mindful of the health and cleanliness of the inhabitants. To effect this, they, at various periods, erected stately conduits—no mean specimens of architectural skill—and well supplied with pure water.

Wood describes them as all situated in open and exposed situations. The first he mentions is Carn well, of which the remains now exist opposite the Bladud's

Head inn, Walcot-street. From the back of an alcove, surmounted by a tower, the water issued into a basin for public use. It was destroyed about 1740.

Broad-street had a stone conduit in its centre.

St Michael's stood in the open space in front of the ancient church. It was a handsome structure ; its base formed a perfect cube, having a dome-shaped tower of considerable height, bearing a square pedestal, with coats of arms, and surmounted by an hour-glass of stone ; each front was ornamented with a niche, from which the water issued.

Below this, and immediately within the north gate, was a most elegant building, called St. Mary's conduit. It was quadrangular, surmounted by a domed roof, with a globe above pierced by a pinnacle ; smaller globes ornamented each of the corners, four streams constantly issuing.

The Market-place was adorned with the High Cross conduit, which stood between the ancient Guildhall and the Abbey ; Stall's conduit, between Cheap and Westgate streets ; with another at the bottom of Stall-street, opposite St. James's church, from which it derived its name.

These conduits appear to have been bountifully supplied with water from St. Swithin's well, on the slope of Beacon-hill. Wood describes this as a remarkable spring. "Persons," says he, "from great distances, come to fill their bottles and pitchers at Carn well. Its water is of singular efficacy in weak eyes."

In Sir Thomas Speke's report to king Edward (to

which we have already referred) it is called Waleot's water, returning, in 1553, a rental of sixteen pence. It was given by that amiable monarch to the Grammar school, having, previously to the Reformation, been rented by the priory of Bath for the supply of their conduits, at a variable rental payable in bread to the poor of Waleot parish.

Leland, in 1530, describes Holloway as a "rocky hill, full of fair springs of water;" and Henry Chapman, in 1673, commences his description of Bath by informing us of the bountiful supply of pure water, "especially in the village adjoining it southwards, where," says he, "there are fifty, if not more, habitations, where scarce one house makes use of the water that served another, each one enjoying a particular spring to itself. From two of its hills the city, by pipes of lead, is not only plentifully served into common conduits, but also not a few of the private houses are supplied within doors at such easy rates that few places enjoy the like; and this, being carried through streets, lanes, and byeways, is not only for indoor occasions, but, in case of fire, is very ready to be made use of."

Wood informs us, in 1739, that most of the conduits had become useless, some of them being replaced by single taps fixed against a house; they were all removed when the various streets were widened and improved, and no care was taken for a public gratuitous supply.

In the year 1835, the Report of the Corporation Reform Commissioners was published, with notes, in Bath, and from it we learn that the Corporation pos-

sessed the springs of Beacon-hill and Beechen-cliff, and that the Sham-castle springs were vested in them by Act of Parliament in 1769 ; but that every great landed proprietor continued to supply his own tenants. In 1791, a public company was formed for the supply of St. James's-square and the neighbourhood, which it did for seven years, when the Corporation purchased the plant. In 1816, this body modified the water rents, and expended, in 1832, £3,000 in increasing the supply and laying down new pipes.

When Dr. Parry built Summer-hill house on Sion-hill, in 1790, the lane, now forming the road by Cavendish-place, was a clayey swampy ditch, without any hedge or railing between it and the Common. This, which was anciently called Mud brook, formed the western boundary of the city, and still flows in an uninterrupted and tolerably large stream into the Avon, near Dredge's Suspension bridge.

Another brook forms the western boundary of St. Michael's parish. It runs behind Milsom-street, from a pool of water which, prior to the improvements of the city, was open at the east end of George-street, below Edgar-buildings, erected, in 1768, on a close of land then called Town acre. This stream ran into the city ditch, escaping at the south gate, under the name of Bun ditch. It discharges itself into the Avon above the Old bridge.

In 1845, the Report on the Sanatory Condition of Bath, drawn up by Sir Henry de la Beche, was published by authority of Parliament. He says there are

seven independent water companies for the supply of various private properties, independent of the Corporation. Unprotected by parliamentary sanction, no competition can take place. Much of the water is wasted; Mr. Little stating in his evidence, that the surplus water of the Circus company is sufficient for the supply of the densely-populated Avon and Milk streets, (the poorest portion of the city), for seven months in the year, requiring no further outlay than the laying down of pipes. He also states that he knows but of three stand pipes for the supply of the poor, and these only supplied for certain hours in the morning, "the others get their supply how they can;" and that there are no arrangements against fire beyond the supplies obtained from the pipes.

An act was passed in 1846 for bringing the water, arising from the springs at Bathampton and Batheaston, into Bath, by which means a plentiful supply of this indispensable blessing will now be secured to the city.

The Bathes of Bathc Aydc.*

PROCEEDING to the Baths and Pump-rooms, let us, while admiring their grandeur and convenience, take a cursory view of their rise and progress to their present state of perfection. We will not pause

* By this name Dr. Jones, the first author who wrote on the use of the Bath Waters, describes the mineral springs in 1572.

to inquire whether the hot springs led the Romans to form a settlement here ; or whether, attracted by the beauty and salubrity of the vale, so well protected by its verdant hills, they selected it as an important military station, for both appear to have had their influence. Inhabitants of a more genial clime, they loved spots sheltered from the bleak north winds, and were accustomed to look on baths as daily necessities.

The Roman baths were, for ages, lost ; for the monks, unaware of their existence, built the monastery on their site, erecting baths adjoining Stall's churchyard, where the Great Pump-room stands.

Their remains were discovered in 1755. The foundations were twenty feet from the surface ; the walls of wrought stone, eight feet high. The semi-circular bath was fifteen feet in diameter, floored with smooth flag-stones, having a stone seat running round, eighteen inches high. The descent was by seven steps. A channel ran along the bottom, at a right angle towards the present King's bath. Near this was a large oblong bath, having a colonnade, on three sides, with pilasters, intended to support the roof. On one side of it were two square sudatories, supported on bricks, and pillars four feet and a half high, about fourteen inches apart, forming a hypocaust, or vault for retaining heat. The walls were set round with tubulated bricks, about eighteen inches long, with an orifice opening inwards to communicate heat to the apartment. The fireplace, a small conical arch, was near the outward wall, on each side of which were two sudatories, with smaller

baths, and rooms used preparatory to entering the bath or sudatory. These rooms communicated with each other, and were paved with small die-stones, of various colours, forming tesserae. The waste water was conveyed to the Avon by a regular set of channels; above these baths several stone coffins, with various reliefs of a later period, were discovered.

It appears strange to us, of modern times, that bishop Beekyngton should threaten with fine and excommunication all who bathed without proper clothing; but, for the preservation of morality, this became necessary in 1449. Nash abolished the custom of both sexes bathing together; but even now, bathers, in the King and Queen's baths, are exposed to the observation of the neighbouring houses.

Dr. Jones gives us an idea of the baths when queen Elizabeth visited them. Many houses near the springs had entrances to them. The inhabitants (like the commissioners of modern continental hotels) beset visitors, each recommending his own bath, a nuisance so intolerable that the Corporation petitioned king James (his consort, queen Ann, having used the bath which Bellot enclosed in 1610, from which circumstance it was called the Queen's bath) to enclose them; but this intention was frustrated by the king's death, and the subsequent civil wars.

In 1624, Sir Francis Stoner gave a sum of money for improving the King's bath.

In 1628, Dr. Venner says, "the baths were so fairly built, that they exceeded all others."

In 1631, Dr. Jordan says, "he is sorry he cannot recommend their internal use," as they could not be procured clear enough for drinking. "The streets," says he, "are dunghills, slaughter-houses, and pig-styes. The butchers dress their meat at their own doors, while pigs wallow in the mire. The baths are bear-gardens, where both sexes bathe promiscuously; while the passers-by pelt them with dead dogs, cats, and pigs."

In 1644, queen Henrietta, the wife of Charles I., came for the benefit of the waters. In 1663, king Charles II. brought queen Catherine to Bath for the same purpose.

The next year, under captain Henry Chapman, the baths, pumps, &c., were renovated.

In 1673, Sir Alexander Frazer, the king's physician, caused drinking pumps to be attached to the springs.

In 1688, Dr. Guidott calls the springs "the metropolitan waters of all England;" and in this year the earl of Melfort erected a cross in the bath used by Mary, the consort of king James II., from which circumstance it is supposed to derive its name; but Leland, in 1538, described it as having a cross in the centre. "There be 2 springes of whote wather in the west-south-west part of the towne, whereof the bigger is caullid the *Crosse bath*, because it hath a cross erectid in the middle of it. This bath is much frequentid, and is temperate and pleasant, having a 11 or 12 arches of stone for menne to stonde under yn tyme of reyne."

Queen Anne, with princee George, her consort, visited

Bath in 1702, when the old Pump-room was erected under the auspices of Beau Nash. This building was enlarged in 1751, and, after several repairs and improvements, was taken down by the Corporation in 1796, and replaced by the present commodious structure. On its pediment is inscribed, in gilt letters, the following line from Pindar :—

“ ΑΡΙΣΤΟΝ ΜΕΝ ΥΔΩΡ.”*

Dr. Sutherland thus describes the baths in 1760 :—
 “ The slips resemble cells for the dead, rather than rooms for the living ; their avenues are dark and narrow, far less conspicuous than the entrances of the

* This motto was placed on the Grand Pump-room, by the advice of Dr. Harington. Pindar, who flourished 480 years before the Christian era, was esteemed by the ancients as the first of lyric poets. “ His precepts,” says Sir William Boyd, in his learned and comprehensive History of Literature, “ are just ; his sentiments pure ; his odes had the aid of musical instruments, and were composed in honour of the victors in the various games. So great was the veneration in which he was held, that the Spartans carefully preserved his house when they destroyed Thebes ; and Alexander the Great paid him the same respect when he reduced that city to ashes.” Sir William gives us the following elegant translation :—

Chief of Nature's works divine,
 Water claims the highest praise ;
 Richest offspring of the mine,
 Gold, like fire, whose flashing rays
 From afar conspicuous gleam
 Through the night's involving cloud,
 First in lustre and esteem,
 Decks the treasure of the proud.

meanest inns. The baths are unseemly ponds, exposed to wind and rain, as well as to the public gaze."

In May, 1788, Leonard Coward, the mayor, laid the foundation of the present private baths in Stall-street, on which was inscribed a Latin inscription, which caused much mirth to the wits of the day; and the next week's *Journal* inserted it, with the following translation, contained in a letter written in the name of the Abbey sexton, in which he expresses himself under considerable obligation to the sons of Esculapius, but doubts the legitimacy of Hygæia, his daughter:—

HYGÆIÆ
ÆSCULAPII FILIÆ
THERMULÆ VOTIVÆ,
A. C. 1788,
SUB
LEONARDO COWARD,
PRÆTORE URBANO.
T. BALDWIN, ERUXIT.

Private Warm Baths,
Devoted to Hygæia,
The daughter of Esculapius,
A. C. 1788,
Provided at the public expense
In the time of Leonard Coward,
Mayor of the city.
T. Baldwin, Architect.

Near the Cross bath is the Hot bath and Pump-room, where the water rises from the earth at a temperature of 117 degrees Fahrenheit. Here, also, are seven private baths, which are considered the finest in the

world, fitted with white marble and glazed white tiles. Each contains more than fourteen hogsheads of water, which flows in in about five minutes. To every bath there is a separate dressing-room. A douche, with reeling, vapour, and shower baths, of a very commodious description, are among the arrangements; and a new tepid swimming bath, sixty-two feet long and twenty-three feet wide, which contains six hundred and seventy hogsheads of water, at a temperature of 88° .

The King's bath is very ancient, for, in 1236, we find the prior disbursing a sum of money for its enclosure. It is sixty feet long, by forty-one feet wide. It is filled daily to the height of four feet seven inches, and contains something more than three hundred and fourteen tons of water.*

* The natural temperature of the Bath waters, as they issue from the earth, at the King's bath, at the rate of 186,000 gallons in twenty-four hours, varies between 117 and 114 degrees Fahrenheit. At the other three springs the temperature is lower. Upon chemical analysis of the Bath waters, they are found to contain in one pint, according to Mr. Walcker:—

	<i>Grains.</i>
Chloride of Sodium.....	1.89031
——— Magnesium	1.66741
Sulphate of Potassa	0.36588
——— Soda	2.42145
——— Lime	10.20303
Carbonate of Lime	1.33339
Protocarbonate of Iron.....	0.03032
Alumina	0.01885
Silica	0.40419
Extractive matter	” ”
Grains.....	18.33486
Carbonic acid gas.....	{ at a temp. }0.05 cub. in.
Atmospheric air	
	{ of 114° }1.74 cub. in.

The Queen's bath adjoins the King's, and is supplied from the same spring. It is twenty-five feet square.

The private baths are also supplied from this spring; each being ten feet long, by six feet wide. They each contain thirteen hogsheads of water.

The diseases which are benefited by the Bath waters are—palsy, gout, rheumatism, nervous derangements, in which the brain is not materially affected, leprosy, chronic diseases of the skin, palsy from lead, poisonous effects of mercury or other minerals; pain, weakness or contraction of limbs, dyspeptic complaints, biliary and visceral obstructions, &c.

Dr. Granville, after remarking upon the efficacy of the waters in the above complaints, adds:—"There is another class of diseases not mentioned in the foregoing enumeration of those benefited by the Bath waters, which ought not to be passed over lightly: I allude to those referable to the female constitution. During nineteen years' practice as an accoucheur in the Metropolis, I can safely aver that I have had reason to be highly satisfied on very many occasions with the Bath waters. Baden-Baden does not afford better results in such cases, although so much vaunted on that score; and Tonbridge Wells water is decidedly inferior to it."

These baths do not relax the body, diminish the strength, or exhaust the spirits, even in persons previously weakened by disease; for, after remaining twenty or thirty minutes, they come out of the bath refreshed, and their spirits lighter and more cheerful. Dr. Lucas

says, "The Bath waters, from the nature of their contents, are found particularly beneficial in a relaxed state of the fibres, by bracing and strengthening the solids."

Sir George Gibbes, Dr. Spry, Dr. Barlow, and other distinguished physicians, bear testimony to the benefit dyspeptic patients derive from their use; and Dr. Falconer observes, that "every medical practitioner at this place has seen instances of people labouring under want of appetite, pain, and spasm of the stomach and bowels, with all the symptoms of depraved digestion, joined to a very great degree of weakness, both of body and spirits, relieved by the use of the Bath waters. The recovery in such cases is particularly remarkable, taking place quickly after the commencement of the remedy. A few days will frequently work such a change as would be scarcely credible were it of less common occurrence."

They warm and comfort the stomach, act as a gentle stimulant and bracer to the relaxed fibres, and promote that natural appetite to which the dyspeptic patient has long been a stranger.

When, however, any of these complaints are accompanied with pain of the chest, cough, or spitting of blood, palpitation of the heart, too great a determination of blood to the head, acute inflammation, or general fever, abscess, suppuration of the joints, or ulcer of any kind, or if epileptic fits have occurred, the waters are injurious.

The whole of the baths and Pump-rooms, with the

exception of the Kingston, were, until lately, under the jurisdiction of the city. They are now tenanted by Messrs. Green and Simms, under the mayor and corporation. These gentlemen, by judicious management, have raised them to the highest degree of luxury and elegance, so that the mineral spa of Bath may challenge pre-eminence with any in the world, whether we regard the completeness of the arrangements for the comfort of the invalid, or the amusements of the visitor of rank and fashion.

The Hospitals.

BATH, says Dr. Gnidott, writing in 1673, "is one great hospital;" and most truly may it be said, that no city, ancient or modern, possesses so many noble charities. Here, indeed, has misery always sought and obtained that relief which no other place can afford. Whether we regard the noble foundations of our forefathers, or the still increasing munificence of our own times, we feel a pride that this city, so bountifully supplied by an all-wise Creator, invites all, rich and poor, alike to partake of the blessings of its healing springs.

In the following sketch we purpose to give such an account of them as may explain the general objects of their foundations.

In 1536, prior Gibbs returned to the king's cou-

missioners the sum of £10 2s. 6d., as paid by him in penes to the lepers and other poor persons who resorted to Bath, under various charters. We have undoubted evidence that, from the earliest periods, provision was made for poor strangers resorting to the springs. The monastery had attached to it an *Ambrey-house*, so called from a Saxon word, signifying a place for keeping provisions. The *Lear lands*, within the south gate, but without the walls of the convent, were appropriated for their lodging; and John of Tours erected a bath for them near his own in the Abbey churchyard.

The oldest charity is the *Lepers' Hospital*, founded by bishop Robert de Lewes. He embroiled himself in state affairs during king Stephen's commotions with the empress Maude. Having taken Geoffrey Talbot, one of her spies, and elapped him in "duranee vile," the Bristol people (warm adherents of the empress) came unexpectedly over to Bath, and took, as the old chronieler has it, "the bishop away with them to Bristol." Both were soon after released.

In 1138, he built a small hospital, near the Hot bath, for the accommodation of seven lepers, appropriating to their use a bath on the spot. In Wood's time it had become a hovel, situated at the corner of "No where"-lane, so called in consequence of Mr. Robert Chapman, who was mayor in 1669, having a servant girl fond of slipping out at the back door, who, when discovered, said she had been "no where;" but being traced to this spot, which had previously no name, it was called "No where"-lane. It was a passage from

the Hot bath to Westgate-buildings, across which the engine-house of the Sun Fire-office is now built.

In 1712, Miss Strode, of Downside, gave £5 yearly to this hospital, directing it to be paid between eleven and twelve o'clock on Lady-day, in the chancel of the Abbey church, that is to say, during morning service. This payment was continued until 1786, when the hospital was destroyed. In 1825, a decree was obtained from the Court of Chancery that this sum, with the arrears, should be paid the president and governors of the Bath hospital, who annually receive it out of the Tadwick estate.

The next in point of antiquity is the hospital of **St. John the Baptist**, founded by bishop Fitzjocelyne in 1174, who endowed it with £22 19s. 6d. yearly. Sir Thomas Speke examined its revenues, in 1553. "There is," says he, in his report to the king, "an hospital called St. John's, having lands, tenements, and hereditaments thereunto belonging, of the clear yearly value of £25 13s. 8d. This hospital was erected, it is said, for the relief of six poor men, and one priest, or master, to serve them, having their continual living upon the same. The hospital is annexed to the parish church of St. Michael, *intra muros*, and the parson is master of the hospital; the residue of the profits is employed and received by the said master. No foundation shown, nor would the master appear."

Now, let us translate the first grants from the Latin originals, preserved in the Harleian Collection of Manuscripts :—

“REGINALD, bishop of Bath, gives to the hospital of St. John the Baptist one bundle of hay, yearly, from every aere of the episeopal lordship of Bath; and the prior and convent give one bundle of hay from each of their houses for ever, a tenth of their eonvent's bread, cheese, and baeon, annually made in the convent kitchen; and we, the bishop, do coneede to the prior and convent that they shall for ever ordain and dispose of the goods in the hospital as of free alms. We wish that the chaplain appointed to minister shall be free from all exaetions, and that he shall answer to no one in anything.”

The prior and monks were well paid for this gift. The bishop gave them four marks of silver from the penec paid by the eity to the arehdeaconry, two portions of firewood, weekly, from his park, a right of pasturage for two horses and two cows, with a run of one hundred sheep on Lansdown, then spelled *Lantesdune*, a Saxon word, signifying an open slope without wood.

Walter Haselshaw, bishop of Bath and Wells, re-voked this grant in 1312, giving the hospital, in lien thereof, one hundred shillings annually.

This eharity survived the Reformation; then (as they all did) becoming vested in the Crown by act of parliament, king Edward VI. dispatched eommissioners throughout the kingdom to discover what were then called “eoneealed lands.” Being suffered to dilapidate, queen Elizabeth granted it a share of the money raised by brief for the restoration of the Abbey in the

year 1573. The Corporation, in whom the patronage had been vested by queen Elizabeth, resolved that the mayor, for the time being, should be master of the hospital, and that they should dispose of its revenues as they pleased. This continued until 1662, when, omitting to present, king Charles II. gave the hospital to his chaplain, John Rustat, who, in 1665, granted his brother Tobias a lease of the property, at a rental of £130. This lease terminating in 1711, Mr. Clement, the master, leased it to his son on the same terms. Dying in 1716, the Rev. John Chapman, who succeeded him, filed a bill, and gained a decree which set this lease aside, directing the rent to be £163 15s. 2d., and the fine not less than £3,922. In 1727, Wood was employed to rebuild the hospital. It was his first work in the city; the design is another's. The leases granted after the decree fell in in 1813, when the fines, amounting to £5,000, were fairly divided between the master and almspeople, he receiving two-thirds, and they one. The master is bound to keep the building in repair, to provide for the regular performance of divine worship, and to pay a nurse. There are six men and six women, who each have a separate apartment, receiving £2 a year for coat and coal money, and five shillings weekly. They are required to be fifty years of age, unmarried, and ten years resident in Bath; members of the Church of England, of good report. The appointment rests with the master. The Charity Commissioners, in 1820, reported that the affairs of this hospital were well managed. Above the hospital, the rooms are let in

tenements; although they were originally erected by the Duke of Chandos, for the accommodation of the nobility and gentry; they are unconnected with the hospital, excepting in so far as they increase the revenue.

St. Catherine's Hospital is stated to have been built by seven sisters, of the name of Bimbury, on some arable land within the town wall, called, by Sir Thomas Speke, in his report, "Bynburye landes," anciently belonging to a family of that name. Wood is in error when he says it derived its name from Catherine, of Arragon, queen Mary's mother. We have already said that St Catherine was patroness of the city of Bath, it being part of the ancient oath that every freeman should keep her day holy, as may be seen in the *Codex Ruber Bathoniæ*, now preserved in the library at Long-leat,—a most interesting manuscript, containing the legend of St. Catherine, written by one of the monks in the 15th century. The following, which Warner gives, we take the liberty to modernize:—

"Sovereigns and friends that be now here,
And that would like your souls to save,
List to a lesson of heart'ly cheer,
With heart'ly cheer ye shall it have,

"So shall a lesson of health be taught,
How that ye shall heaven win;
Have it, and learn it, forget it not,
Of the maid and martyr, St. Katerynne."

It derives its other name, "The Black Alms," from the colour of the gowns worn by the almspeople. It

was included in the grant of lands given to the Corporation for charitable uses by king Edward, in 1552. These consisted of eighty-two tenements, including the White Hart inn, Fountain-buildings, Bladud-buildings, (these two forming the old Wæreburgh mead), the Monks' mill, and many others. "The same spirit," says Warner, "which had been manifested with respect to St. John's, appeared in this case also, so that, in 1735, a decree was obtained from the Court of Chancery for the restoration of lands;" and a long chancery suit has just terminated by the Corporation agreeing to surrender certain property to the charity trustees, for the use of the hospital and the free school founded by king Edward VI.

Wood describes the hospital as a "mean edifice, two stories high, with a frontage of eighty-five feet in Bynburyc-lane." He says, "it receives thirteen poor people, inhabitants of Bath, ten of whom are clothed in sable garments, and receive an allowance of fourteen pence weekly." In 1825, this building was pulled down, to make room for the United hospital, the Corporation erecting another near its site. It is a collegiate building, of the Elizabethan style. The Charity Commissioners, in 1820, report that ten poor women receive 3s. 6d. weekly, with a black gown once in two years; and that the vacancies are filled up by the mayor for the time being. This continued until the corporation reform bill of 1835, since which period the charity property has been vested in the hands of trustees, who require that candidates for vacancies shall

have been housekeepers, except in very urgent cases, and that they shall be recommended by twenty rate-payers at least. They now clothe and maintain the full number of fourteen pensioners.

In the extensive grants of land thus given by king Edward, the **Grammar School** largely participated. He gave them the west gate, in the year 1553, for their school-room. In 1572, it was removed to the body of the desecrated church of St. Mary, by the north gate, where it continued until the present school-house was built by the Corporation, in 1752. The following is a copy of the petition of the citizens for these lands :—

“Memorandum,—That I, the mayor of Bath, with the citizens of the same town, do desire the lands and tenements hereunto annexed, of the king’s majesty’s gift, to us and our successors for ever, to teach a free Grammar school there, and also for the relief of the poor people : in witness, &c., by me, EDWARD LUDWELL.”

King Edward, reciting this petition in his grant, declares it to be a free Grammar school for ever, for the education and instruction of boys and young men.

Prior to the Reformation, the tithes were in the hands of the clergy, but they did not receive them all. One-third was expended on the church itself, enabling them not only to employ the people, but to enrich and adorn the country with splendid specimens of architectural skill ; another third went to the poor ; and the remaining third was the priest’s. The youth were educated by them, and the monasteries formed schools.

Young ladies were received into nunneries, for their education; while religious persons, of both sexes, taught the children of the poor. This system was changed by Henry VIII.; the church lands were sequestered by gift or sale, so that the tithes came into the possession of the laity. In king Edward's reign, therefore, a petition for the poor was to be expected, and many of the church lands were devoted to their service, and to the foundation of free schools. In the reign of queen Elizabeth, compulsory assessments for the relief of the poor became necessary, and were enforced by acts of parliament, which continued until the passing of the poor law, in 1834. The churches, also, dilapidated by time, became ruinous, and king Charles I., a century afterwards, at the request of archbishop Laud, issued a king's letter, calling on parishes to repair the buildings dedicated, by their pious ancestors, to the service of the Most High.

No sooner, however, had the corporations throughout the kingdom got possession of these lands, than fraud and sequestration became apparent, so that an act of parliament was passed, in 1601, "to redress the misemployment of lands, &c., heretofore given for charitable uses." Under this act, king George II. issued a commission, in 1734, to enquire into the state of the Bath Grammar school, and a decree was made by queen Caroline (regent during that king's absence in Hanover) "that, for thirty-five years, the master should instruct, *gratis*, ten sons of freemen, or inhabitants of Bath, during which time he should receive £10

per annum; and that, after the expiration of that term, thy should receive £50 yearly." "In 1811," says Warner, "the master received £80, with the living of Charlecombe, near Bath, annexed to the school by the Rev. W. Robins, who, being master, filed the bill, under which the above decree was granted."

Bellott's Hospital. In the year 1609, Thomas Bellott, steward of the household to queen Elizabeth, having purchased an estate in Wiltshire for £300, endowed an hospital in Beltree-lane, at the corner of the Bynburye lands, for the reception of twelve of the poorest strangers who should come to Bath for the benefit of the waters. Queen Elizabeth, in 1590, having vested the springs in the Corporation, in 1597 an act was passed, giving the poor of the kingdom a right to their free use. This act, continued by others passed in 1603, 1628, and 1642, empowered justices to licence them to travel to Bath; limiting their expenses, it authorized them to demand assistance from the parishes through which they passed. In 1714, these acts became extinct, so that Bath became infested with vagrants at the very time when the rich were beginning to patronize the city. The result was, a scheme for the establishment of that noble charity, the General hospital. For the following particulars we are indebted to Wood, vol. 2, p. 206:—

"For the benefit of the poor, to whom the legislature had given the free use of the baths, Mr. Bellott purchased a piece of the priory land, joining the south side of the King's bath, and made a eistern for them



BELLOTT'S HOSPITAL.

to bathe in temperate water. This cistern received the overflowing of the King's bath ; and, taking the name of the New bath, retained it until the year 1615, when it was joined to the King's bath by means of an aperture, and then it was dignified by the name of the Queen's bath on this remarkable occasion :—As Anne, the queen of James I., was bathing, one day, in the King's bath, there arose from the bottom of the cistern, by her Majesty's side, a flame like a candle, which had no sooner ascended to the top of the water, than it spread itself upon the surface into a large circle of light, and then became extinct. This so frightened the queen that she betook herself to the New bath, and from thence the cistern was called the Queen's bath."

It was then enlarged, and a cross was erected in honour of the queen, with the crown over a globe, and a Latin inscription stating it to be dedicated to her ; the dome supporting which cross now forms the marble basin in the Pump-room, to which it was appropriated by Baldwin, when the present Pump-room was built.

"In order that the poor," continues Wood, "might not be destitute of instructions how to use the water, Elizabeth, Viscountess Scudamore, in 1652, gave £8 annually to a physician, that he might gratuitously advise the poor," which gift was recorded on a brass plate affixed to the common pump, which was removed about 1790. This salary is still paid by the Charity trustees, who nominate the inmates of Bellott's hospital.

It is a common opinion that Bellott acted only as trustee to Lord Oceil, to whom the honour of this

foundation has been assigned ; but the following quotation, from Sir John Harington's poetical address to bishop Montague, unequivocally gives him all the praise:

“ So far has Bellott's star outshin'd,
Whoever has to church been kind,
As doth full moon, in starry night,
Exceed the lesser torch's light.
The church's ornaments, the floor,
The benches, windows, seats, and door
Call Bellott father ; and the bell
Rings Bellott, though it ring a knell.
Hospitals, baths, streets, and highways
Sound out the noble Bellott's praise,
'Cause he was pious, and hath given
Much, whose reward shall be in heaven.
Let bounteous Bellott take the palm,
And after age his name embalm ;
I envy not, but more rejoice,
And give him, too, my thankful voice.”

This hospital, now one of the oldest buildings in our city, is a neat and unpretending structure, redolent of bye-gone days. Its narrow archway, its small quadrangle, surrounded by antiquated chambers, all speak of olden times ; and well do we remember its entrance gate, with its shields, ornaments, and inscriptions, like many other interesting relics, totally obscured by coatings of lime ; but, thanks to Mr. Charles Davis, these were removed in 1845. Over the door we now read the lesson therein conveyed ;—

NE DORMIAT IN THESAVRIS TVIS QVOD
PAVPERI PRODESSE POTEST
DORMIS SECVRVS PAVPERTAS EST TIBI MVTVA.

I conceive that this inscription has a local reference, otherwise it is very obscure. The following free versification of it will convey its meaning :—

Shall that which would relieve the poor
Lie unemployed within thy store ?
Secure you sleep—the poverty
Of him doth fall alike on thee.

It is very strange that no memento of the founder himself should be seen. Above the inscription, the family coat of Lord Exeter, surrounded by the garter, with the motto, *Cor unum, via una*—"one heart, one way," is cut in stone. Above the doorway, the arms of Rustat surmount a marble tablet, which relates that the ground on which the hospital stands, being a portion of the ground belonging to St. John's hospital, was freely granted, without fine, to the mayor, aldermen, and citizens, by Tobias Rustat, brother and lessee to John Rustat, clerk, master of St. John's hospital, to the end that it may be restored and continued to the same use to which it had been applied by Thomas Bellott, gentleman, since his first obtaining the same of the master, co-brethren, and sisters of the said hospital. This tablet bears date March 25, 1672. This being all the record of the charity visible to the public, caused it to be misnamed "Rustat's charity."

The rents, amounting, in 1820, to £76 per annum, are received by the Charity trustees. The hospital is kept open for the reception of patients from Lady-day to Michaelmas. Each has a furnished apartment, a nurse is appointed to attend to them, and they receive a weekly payment of two shillings each.

The ancient Lepers' bath is appropriated not only to their use, but also to that of any poor person, procuring a mayor's order; the different sexes bathing on alternate days.

The Bath Hospital, or Infirmary. In 1714, the acts of parliament, by which poor strangers were authorized to come to Bath, having become extinct, a scheme for the establishment of a general hospital was put forth; but, from a variety of circumstances, was not carried into effect until 1737. Among the foremost of its supporters were Dr. Oliver, Beau Nash, and Ralph Allen, the latter supplying all the stone; while John Wood superintended the erection of the building. An act of parliament, in 1739, was passed for its incorporation and government; it was also allowed to possess freehold property to the extent of £1,000 a year. It opened its doors for the reception of patients on the 21st May, 1742; since which period, to May 1st, 1847, 32,686 patients have been admitted, of whom 25,560 have been either cured or greatly relieved.

In 1830, still further to increase its usefulness, the Bath waters were introduced, by act of parliament, into the interior of the building. Powerful steam machinery was erected, not only for that purpose, but also for ventilation, washing, and cooking; since which period the proportions of cures have greatly increased, while deaths are of such rare occurrence, that a whole year has passed without one. In 1835, the inhabitants of Bath, previously excluded, were admitted to its benefits;

but, lest poor strangers should be injured, only those who were unable to avail themselves of the ordinary privilege of gratuitous bathing.

The objects of this charity require no recommendation but that of poverty, the case being one suitable for the use of the Bath waters. It is open to the United Kingdom, under the following regulations:—

The eligibility of each case is ascertained by a circumstantial report, which must contain—

1. The name, age, and parish of the applicant.
2. A brief history of the disease, comprising its origin, progress, and present symptoms.
3. A correct representation of the state of general health, particularly mentioning the absence of all disorders which render the Bath waters inapplicable, as enumerated at page 54.

When practicable, it should be drawn up by a medical man, and addressed, post-paid, to the Registrar, at the hospital, who will submit it to the Medical board. Accuracy of reports is important; for when, from defective or erroneous statements, cases are found to be improper, they are sent home, to the great inconvenience of patients; and, when from a distance, with considerable expence. If admitted, notice of vacancy is given, accompanied by a blank certificate, relating to the parish settlement, and the inability of the patient to use the waters without charitable assistance, to be signed by the minister, churchwardens, and overseers of the parish to which the patient belongs; and, until this notice arrive, the patient is enjoined to remain at

home. Soldiers may, instead of these, bring certificates from their commanding officers, acknowledging them to belong to their corps, and agreeing to receive them when discharged, in whatever state of health they may be. The same regulation applies to pensioners of Chelsea and Greenwich.

On receipt of the notice of vacancy, the patient should proceed to Bath, bringing the letter of notice, the certificate duly executed, and the caution-money, which is three pounds for those which come from any part of England or Wales, and five pounds for those from Scotland or Ireland. The object of which is, to ensure the means of returning them to their homes, when discharged; or to defray the costs of interment in the event of death. When not required for these purposes, or for supplies of clothing when greatly deficient, the whole is returned to the party providing it. All persons coming to Bath on pretence of seeking admission, without having their cases previously sent and approved, and receiving notice of vacancy, are treated as vagrants, according to the provisions of the act of parliament for regulating the hospital, which, admitting patients from all parts of the kingdom, is continually the means of relieving parishes from expence in the maintenance of paupers, and has an undoubted claim to parochial subscriptions (which are sanctioned by act of parliament) wherever its benefits are extended.

In 1847, out of 571 discharged, no fewer than 458 were cured, or greatly relieved; while 98 were either incurable by the waters, or improper for their use.

It is much to be regretted that an erroneous opinion should prevail that this truly national hospital should be independent of public support ; its average expenses, for the last ten years, were £3,552 yearly, while its permanent income did not exceed £2,387 per annum.

The **United Hospital** is situated in Beau-street, and was erected, at an expense of £7,000, in 1826. It receives its name from uniting the Casualty Hospital, founded, in 1788, by James Norman, esq., a distinguished surgeon, for the reception of accidents, and the Bath City Infirmary and Dispensary, on the Lower Borough-walls. This hospital has accommodation for one hundred patients. It is a handsome building, admirably adapted for its purpose. During the year many thousand out-patients receive attendance and advice.

It is supported by voluntary contributions ; admission being obtained by the recommendation of a subscriber. Accidents are admitted without any form whatever.

Village Rambles.

BATH, pre-eminently distinguished for the variety and beauty of its suburban walks, and surrounded by gently sloping eminences, presents an endless succession of prospects; every hill gives us a new feature, every ramble new views; whilst its sheltered valleys, with their neat cottages clustering around the village churches, have each its peculiar beauty; and although Edinburgh (the modern Athens, so called, not from any vanity of its citizens, but because no two places can more resemble each other in natural features than Edinburgh and Athens) may dispute its claim to grandeur and magnificence, boasting of its sea view, its towering heights and distant mountains, with its picturesque old town and ancient castle, Bath may feel proud of its verdant downs, its noble erecents, and its cultivated coombs—the taste of its citizens in bringing forth the beauties of the landscape, by the

laying out of public walks and noble streets, combining the splendid with the healthful, and all the conveniences of domestic life. In truth, the localities are so distinct in their features, that contrast, and not comparison, is required; so that I, who have rambled into every nook and dell around both cities, must leave them, like rival beauties, blonde and brunette, with admiration, and wonder that they should be

“Both so unlike, yet both so beautiful.”

We purpose, then, to leave the city, excepting a passing notice, as incidental circumstances may require. In order that nothing may escape our notice, with which either reading or research may make us acquainted, we shall start from the Abbey church.

First, let us step into the Athenæum, in the Orange grove, to see poor Osborn's study for the bust in the Park.

Leaving the Orange grove by the site of St. Peter's gate, we come to the Walks, where Beau Nash reigned triumphantly, the monarch of the gay. This portion of the city (erected partly within, and partly beyond, the ancient walls) is full of sad remembrances. In an alley, behind Freemasons' hall, stands Ralph Allen's town house—an unrivalled specimen of Wood's talent in architecture, now, alas! with its magnificent portico and splendidly carved front, let in tenements, and hid from admiration by intervening buildings.

The classic simplicity of the Royal Institution next claims our attention. It was established in the year

1824, on the site of the Lower Assembly rooms, consumed by fire, with the exception of the portico, in 1820. It is a beautiful building of the Doric order, consisting of a library, fifty feet by thirty-five, and a study connected with it, whose shelves are filled with rare manuscripts and valuable books; a lecture-room, fifty feet by thirty-five, the ceiling enriched with paintings formerly at Fonthill; an entrance hall, wherein are the remains of two Roman temples; two rooms occupied for museums, and a lobby containing Roman altars. Below stairs, a phrenological museum and well-arranged laboratory, with various apartments. There is also a garden—the celebrated Bowling-green of the last century—stocked with rare plants.

The museum contains many specimens of natural history and geology, but its most interesting feature is the splendid and unique collection of Roman antiquities deposited by the Corporation, in the year 1827; shortly after which they were described by the Rev. Joseph Hunter, F.S.A., in a valuable manuscript, deposited in the institution, called *Aquæ Calidæ Britannicæ*, “a synopsis of the Roman inscriptions which have been discovered in Bath,” under the following heads:—1st, four relating to edifices; 2nd, eight votive altars; 3rd, eleven sepulchral monuments; and miscellaneous antiquities. Among the latter may be noticed the head of Apollo, the medallion of Pompæia, and the block of Roman lead. There is also a valuable collection of Roman medals and other coins; while scattered about the various apartments are models from the

antique, valuable maps, &c. The reading-room is well supplied with newspapers and periodicals, and a portion of the books are allowed to circulate. The subscription is £2 2s. per annum. Visitors for three months, and minors, £1 1s. Annual subscribers, with their families, pay half the public price to all lectures; and ladies, annual subscribers, have free admission.

Wood commenced his improvements of the city by the erection of the North parade, the first stone of which was laid on the 10th March, 1740. The principal, or north side, was intended to have had the appearance of but one house. From the neighbouring hills it looks like a palace. It was to have been adorned with three hundred columns and pilasters of the Corinthian order; upon the corner of every side there was to have been a tower, and in every front a centre-house and pediment. In the centre square, a superb ball room, in form of an Egyptian hall, ninety feet long, and fifty-two broad, and an assembly-room of the same dimensions, with a garden and bowling-green in front.

Here, during the last century, (when Milsom-street was a field, and the houses on the Upper Borough-walls looked over an uninterrupted country view,) might be seen the pomps and vanities of Bath; the ladies, with their hoops and towering head-dresses, their pert abigails, and pretty lap-dogs, attended each by her powdered beau, reciting vapid rhymes, or the last report of scandal, hastening to the Bowling-green to hear the band, and walk along the margin of the river,

or to cross to Spring-gardens, then a fashionable promenade, but now a timber-yard, at the bottom of the arch leading to Grove-street.

Pierrepont-street, from whose centre house Lord Chesterfield wrote some of his celebrated letters to his son, is classic ground. What a change have a few years produced in this once quiet street ! Previously to the opening of the railroad, grass grew plentifully in its centre ; but now it forms a national highway. Opposite Pierrepont-house, an opening (which Wood called St. James's portico) led to the theatre, since converted into a Roman Catholic chapel.

Thence passing on, we reach the South-parade—the winter's sunny residence of the invalid, whose sheltered situation and delightful views render it so charming. Hence may be seen St. Matthew's church and spire, Widecombe, the Station, Beechen-cliff, the Cemetery, Prior-park, and Bathwick-hill ; while its foreground comprises the old Ham-gardens, where formerly stood the Abbey grange, around whose walls the chapmen congregated to hold the chartered fair of Bath, and where the grape, for the cultivation of which this city was famous, was trained on standards in the foreign manner ; while the railroad, with its trains passing and repassing, adds life and animation to the sick man's view.

Passing through Duke-street, whose air of repose forms a striking contrast to the busy city, we reach the North-parade bridge, and pause thereon to admire the Abbey and St. Michael's church, both beautiful objects

from this spot; beyond the weirs of old Monks' mill we see the circular arches of Pulteney-bridge; Camden-place, with the wooded height of Beacon-hill forming a termination to our prospect.

As we walk along the road, the church of Bathwick, with rising grounds studded with pretty villas, arrests our attention so forcibly that we are surprised to find ourselves at the ingeniously constructed railway bridge, through which a lane leads to the Canal, which, having crossed by an iron bridge, we reach Sydney-buildings, and, ascending through a field to Bathwick-hill, an ornamental gateway conducts us to the Cleveland walk, where seats invite us to repose, while we admire the splendid view which lies beneath our gaze.

This walk takes its name from the noble family whose property it is, and extends from Bathwick-hill to the Claverton-road. It is one of the most agreeable in the vicinity of the city, being sheltered from the east wind by Claverton down, and from the heat of the meridian sun by a row of chestnut trees. Its views embrace the vale of Bath. How musical, in the summer evening, are the Abbey chimes! Look from hence upon that noble building, how magnificently does it stand forth amidst the crescent-shaped mass of buildings extending from Beechen-cliff to Beacon-hill, as though the house of God were sole monarch of the plain, surrounded by attendant spires and clustering streets, while an amphitheatre of hills add Nature's beauty to the scene!

The Sham castle, to which one field or two conducts

us, affords a more extensive, though scarcely more beautiful prospect. This building was originally erected by Ralph Allen, to form a pleasing prospect amidst the monotony of the down from his dwelling on the parade. In his time the down would commence where the railway bridge now spans the Pulteney-road, and such an object, amidst the trees, would form almost as beautiful a prospect as it now does above the intervening buildings. As we proceed, we pass the forsaken terrace of a projected college, now the garden of the cottage just below the castle, where, in 1839, a coin of Marcus Aurelius was dug up. Here a splendid view causes us, ever and anon, to pause in our ascent: around us lie the downs of Bath; while, just visible enough to form a deep blue horizon for our prospect, are seen the Mendip hills and other distant ranges; beneath, the city and the winding vale, through which the Avon tracks its noiseless, and the railroad its noisy, course to Bristol, the situation of which we determine by one reek of smoke between the distant hills.

No one can form a correct idea of the beauty of the environs of Bath who has not sought Sham castle and its down; the view comprises the whole country between Alfred's monument at Stourton, and Beckford's tower on Lansdown. How glorious are the sunsets here! how grandly magnificent do their scenic beauties then beam forth! Englisheombe barrow, standing forth the lone memorial of bye-gone days, catching the last declining ray; while Kelston round-hill, with its grove of pines, forms a striking contrast to the golden back



THE SHAM CASTLE.

ground of the western sky; and, as we descend, the varying hues assume the garb of night, which eastern breezes stealthily put on to clothe the scene in purple majesty!

Looking through the castle arch, we have a singularly beautiful view of rich scenery in descending perspective, as though it were a magnificent picture framed therein.

Hampton Down.

How amply are we repaid when, seeking the pure breeze on a summer afternoon, we cross the gate and wander o'er the down, from whence the full magnificence of Lansdown is revealed, with the beautiful church half way up its summit; Beckford's tower, in solitary grandeur, rising behind the craggy height of Beacon-hill, which, gently undulating, terminates in the vale, to which the church of Grosvenor forms so chaste a foreground! Bailbrook, with its pretty villas, then succeeds; and the valley, winding beneath the old British fortress of Salisbury, with Bathaston farther on, and Banagh down (or holy hill); each footstep revealing new prospects and new beauties, with a splendid view immediately beneath. At length, our path becomes impeded by little rills and mountain streams, which warn us not to stray from the accustomed pathway that crosses a portion of the ancient WANSDYKE—an intrenchment erected by our ancestors as a strong boundary between two warlike nations, whose very names are now but dimly traced in the records of antiquity.

Looking around, desolation seems to stay our wanderings, and, if possible, to enhance the feeling of utter loneliness : we find ourselves descending the rugged path to a quarry, deserted by all living things, save by the feathered songster, and the sheep, which skips about its eraggy heights to browse upon the fragrant herbage.

The views from Hampton rocks, and the opposite down of Monkton Farleigh, were considered by the celebrated painter, Benjamin West, to be unrivalled in the world. From the former we look down upon a portion of the vale of Avon ; and, while we are delighted with the beauties of the spot itself, its rugged eaves, its wild luxuriant trees, its creeping plants, and fragrant flowers, the eye is taken by surprise with the varied and extensive prospect—hills, villages, and country seats, with frowning precipices, seem, as it were, brought together by a mighty hand to shew the beauties of contrasted nature. How calmly silent do the river and canal pursue their courses through the fertile valley ! From another point we obtain a view of the Wiltshire downs, the White Horse of Westbury, and the country below Salisbury plain, containing some of the best cultivated and finely wooded land in the west of England.

Here, indeed, Misanthropy, seeking, amidst the barren, unproductive waste, for that arid solitude which forms its chief delight, may contemplate the harmony of all created things. The landscape, now illumined by the sun, and now by clouds obscured ; the happy note of the blythe warbler, or its sudden cry, lest, while

poised upon the wing, a careless foot may crush its tender young; the busy hum of the bee, whose instinct leads it to seek this spot, where flowers, rarely seen by human eye, put forth their modest blossoms; the caves, where youth and beauty, in their gaiety, unconscious of the troubles of the world, resort in company with those they love, and which, in winter, shelter the shepherd from the storm; the quarry, from which, in days gone by, was dug the stone which formed the prison and the palace, the mansion and the poor man's hut; and when, by contemplation, the mind becomes more sad and happier in its very sadness, then, amidst scenes like these, will it derive that consolation which results from Wisdom in her holiest form.

The stone from this quarry was conveyed to the canal side by a railroad, which ran down the hill, the full waggons, descending, causing the empty ones to ascend. A few years since, I remember a cottage near the level, of which few traces now remain. The railroad is destroyed and covered with turf; while many rare plants will delight the botanist, who will acknowledge that the walk we have thus feebly attempted to describe, presents more varieties of indigenous plants than any other of a similar distance in Great Britain, while its prospects and the general beauty of its landscape render it unequalled.

Although the view is so varied in its magnificence, that we feel, as it were, rooted to the spot, we must not leave the down until we have looked over the site of the old British city of **Caer Badon**, which will

always render this down interesting both to the historian and the antiquary.

The Celtic Britons retained possession of England until they were invaded and conquered by the Belgæ, 350 years before the Christian era. These being subdued and colonized by the Romans under Claudius Cæsar, their country became an integral portion of the Roman empire. From the remotest period the ancient Britons carried on an extensive trade with the Phœnicians, for tin and other mineral productions; indeed, many of their mining implements are still met with both in Cornwall and Somerset. Diodorus Siculus informs us, their tribes were well governed, and skilful in various arts, more particularly in navigation; and that the whole of the southern coast of Britannia was a busy scene of industry, wealth, and civilization. Religious principles, embracing a complete system of morality, honour, and virtue, were inculcated by the Druids, who appealed to their imaginations by various emblems of sacred and beautiful import. They had advanced so much in civilization, that Julius Cæsar was opposed, in his invasion, by 220 well-built ships; he himself, in his *Commentaries*, describing them as a nation carrying on an extensive trade.

The mines of Somerset, possessing rich treasures, were sedulously guarded; every available height was fortified by the Belgic Britons. Many of these fortifications may still be traced in the vicinity of Bath. "These," as Sir Richard Colt Hoare observes, "must not be confounded with Roman camps, which were built

in more convenient localities, and of more regular form, the Britons depending on the strength of their position, the Romans on the courage of their soldiers.”

Caer Badon occupies the bold projecting point of Hampton down, and is situate a mile from Bath. Its entrenchments environ a space of thirty acres ; sloping abruptly northwards, its form is irregular. On the side of the hill, a strong vallum, or earthwork, extends across and connects the two vales, affording additional security to its inhabitants. Its approaches were guarded by outworks of various sizes. Many of these trackways may still be traced, communicating with the distant settlements ; some of them form our present pathways, while others ran along the track of the modern highway. On the north side of the down, two long barrows, or places of sepulture, extend ; while two circular mounds are seen on its southern aspect. The numerous elevations of earth which intersect each other in every direction, preserving a regular form of arrangement, point out the site of the various buildings. Over this site we walk, and seat ourselves upon the crumbling fragment of some Druids’ sacred stone. Around us lie the ruins of their stronghold ; and we feel, as we carelessly knock off portions with our stick, that stone itself grows old and crumbles into dust. Examining it more closely, we discover that each and every particle once had life, until these works of man, the pride of bygone ages, seem but as the fairy creations of a fleeting dream in comparison with the time that has elapsed since the particles of the stones around were as full of

life as the flight of gnats which swarm about us in the evening sunshine !

Few would imagine, when passing through the village churchyard, that the little heaps of turf-elad earth were the remains of a custom adopted to mark a grave in every nation throughout all time, the system of burying under mounds, or barrows, being the most ancient mode of sepulture.

Sir Richard Colt Hoare opened and examined many barrows, and deserves the thanks of all British antiquaries for his indefatigable researches. "From their contents," he says, "the early progress of civilization may be traced. The most ancient, which may reasonably be referred to the Celtic period, contain the stone hammer and flint spear-head of the tenant of the grave, together with clay urns, formed by the hand alone, rudely ornamented with crossed lines, evidently produced by a stick before exposure to heat."

In order to protect the corpse from indignity from the enemy, the Belgic Britons reduced it first to ashes, and these they carefully collected into an urn. A rude square receptacle was formed, of uncemented stones, covered by another of a square form ; over this they raised a pile of earth, varying in size according to the rank of the deceased. In these we find brass weapons, ivory pins, beads, rings, and pottery, formed on a wheel, or lathe, and elaborately ornamented. This custom of burying the weapons and other valuable articles with the deceased continued for some centuries after this period ; many of the coffins of our early kings and

ecclesiastics containing both the vestments and ensigns of authority.

As neither the tiller of the land above, nor the quarryman below, have obliterated its features, Caer Badon may, as far as its outlines and general aspect is concerned, be still traced, and will well repay a visit.

"In 1835," says Mr. Mendenhall, of the Bath Athenæum, in his communication to the Society of Antiquaries, which, from the great attention he has bestowed on British antiquities, I regard as of peculiar interest, "this spot was partially broken into, to procure material for the new Warminster road, which runs along the valley below; but as none offered, it was spared further molestation. A short time afterwards I collected a quantity of ancient pottery, which was thickly strewn about, of various qualities, from the coarse black, or brown, to the more delicate Roman, but of this latter few and small fragments; with them, portions of Roman bricks and burned bones, a boar's tusk, and animals' teeth in abundance; a small piece of double-twisted brass wire, with a curvilinear notched ornament of dress; a small blue bead, of transparent glass, decidedly British. I also found black vegetable mould, totally differing from the neighbouring soil; the portions of stone about in no case resembling the kind found in the vicinity, clearly indicating that they were brought from a considerable distance. I found, also, some rusty nails, of various forms and sizes."

"These various works," says the learned author of the History of Somerset, the Rev. Mr. Phelps, of Bick-

noller, "prove, in connection with the numerous fortifications in this county and the neighbouring one of Wilts, the great skill of the Belgic-British engineers." They are the works, indeed, if not of a great, at least of a civilized people; and they also prove that sincere devotion to their native land has been the characteristic of the Britons in every age. With each succeeding conquest they have formed themselves into a firmer union with those formerly at war with them; and even now, in looking back into the history of troublous times, we may feel a pride that Belgæ, Romans, and Normans amalgamated with, and felt a pleasure in adopting, that nation as their own to which they came in arms to conquer.

Claverton.

It is much to be regretted that the high walls on the city side of Bathwick-hill should hide, from the health-seeking pedestrian, the beautiful prospects which it would otherwise disclose. Indeed, to those who can, without inconvenience, walk up a tolerably steep hill, it forms an agreeable walk, its splendid pavement, continued to its very summit, being dry. Its position shelters it from the cold north-east wind; while the sun, even at the winter solstice, renders it both warm and pleasant. These advantages, with the exception of the pavement, it shares with the Claverton-road, which far exceeds it in the beautiful view, embracing the back of Beechen-cliff, with the new Widecombe church, and

the prettily wooded and undulating valley of Smallcombe, so called to distinguish it from its neighbour, Widecombe, or Widcombe. A road, diverging to the left, conducts us to the romantic village of CLAVERTON. The first portion runs along the down, where fir plantations and pleasant hedgerows relieve what would, after the beautiful prospects we have just left, appear monotonous; but this, as we advance, becomes dispelled; and when we arrive at the beautiful Italian lodge of Claverton-house, our walk, as we skirt the park wall, is enlivened by another view, more sylvan in its character, more romantic in its features, and yet possessing all the harmonious colouring for which the views around the city are so celebrated. In this portion of the valley of the Avon, the river pursues its placid willow-shaded course; while the Canal runs along its artificial bed, and adds the force of contrast to the beauty of the vale. Above them, modestly peeping forth from the foliage of the hill side, appears the picturesque village of Conkwell, with its heath-elad down, from which abrupt and rocky crags stand boldly forth, harmonizing with the verdure of the undulating pastures and the rich hue of the corn fields, while trees of stately growth complete the picture.

Here, in early spring, Flora puts forth all her gems—a variety of flowers but rarely met with in less favoured spots, luxuriating in the sheltered copse woods:—anemones, orchides, hyacinths, with the more humble, but not less fragrant, violet and primrose; while the veronica clings to the wall itself, borrowing from the

sky its heavenly blue to clothe it with dame Nature's tapestry.

Here, indeed, may all tastes, however varied, be gratified. The moralist and man of letters will, amidst its noble scenery, pause to contemplate the characters and actions of those whose names are inseparably interwoven with its records and traditions:—bishop Warburton, Ralph Allen, Pope, Shenstone, and Graves, who, for sixty years, held this living without one month's absence from his ministerial duties—the author of many works, his fame rests on the “*Spiritual Quixote*,” replete with elegance and true wit, and still commanding admiration; and if there be one spot in the kingdom more likely than another to subdue worldly feelings, and call forth the kindlier and more elevated attributes of the human heart, it is this. Happy the man who can thus content himself in his humble village cure! and such, in every sense of the word, was GRAVES.

Here the botanist may pursue his study with advantage, the stately growth of the bay and laurel indicate the salubrity of the air; while the historian and antiquary will readily recall the part it played in the civil wars. All will be pleased with its situation and its antique Elizabethan farms, their pretty gardens presenting, with the surrounding scenery, charms which neither pen nor pencil can convey.

The name of Claverton (spelled Clafterton in Domesday Book) has given rise to many rather fanciful ideas with respect to its derivation. Wood says, that it is “compounded of the Roman *clavis*—a key, and the

Saxon *tun*—a town;” Collinson, that it is “derived, no doubt, from some Saxon owner.” The Saxon word, clæfter, or claver, signifying eleft-grass, or elover, a reference to William the Conqueror’s survey gives us a very good reason for its name: it then contained no less than twelve furlongs of pasture, and was called “The Village of the Clover Down.”

At the conquest, this manor was worth £7, and William bestowed it on his interpreter, Hugoline. Reverting to the crown, it was given to Hugo eum Barbâ, who sold it to John of Tours, and he gave it to the Abbey of Bath, and shortly after annexed it to the bishopric. In 1257, bishop Button obtained a charter of free warren from king Henry III., and a grant that it, with Hampton, should be a liberty exempt from the jurisdiction of the hundred of Bathforum. In 1548, it was alienated from the see by bishop Barlowe, who exchanged it with king Edward VI. for other lands. The king granted it to Matthew Colthurst, whose son sold it, in 1588, to Edward Haugerford, from whose family it passed into the possession of that of Esteourt. In 1609, Sir Thomas Esteourt sold it to the Bassets. In 1701, Robert Holder became the purchaser, whose son disposed of it, in 1714, to William Skrine. In 1758, it was purchased by Ralph Allen, who bequeathed it at his death, in 1764, to his niece, the wife of bishop Warburton, who afterwards married the Rev. Martin Stafford Smith. At her death, it came into the possession of the late John Vivian, esq., by purchase, whose son is the present owner.

In the centre of the village, a gateway, almost unobserved from the thickness of the foliage, conduets us through the narrow pathway to the church—a neat and unpretending Gothic structure, of the fifteenth century, consisting of a nave, chancel, and north aisle. It has a porch, a tower thirty feet high, in which are three bells, and two windows of stained glass, with various emblems, portraits, and coats of arms, and some good open carved work around the manor pew.

Its monuments are interesting. On the north wall of the chancel is an alabaster one of the early period of the seventeenth century, representing a male and female, with an infant, swathed, at the feet of the lady. He is in armour, without his helmet; she in long sleeves, tied close at the elbow, with the Elizabethan ruff and farthingale. Tempted by the extreme beauty and sublimity of the epitaph, I translate it from the Latin:—

“In the hope of a blessed resurrection, here the body (formerly the abode of a most holy mind) of a young wife shall return to dust, Mary, the wife of Moses Tryon, of Harringworth, in the county of Northampton, the eldest daughter of William Basset, esq. While she lived, a dear wife; having brought forth one infant, she returned her soul to her Creator calmly, and with great faith in Christ. This lasting monument of his grief, and in memory of his love for her precious dust, her husband has erected.

“The mother went before, May 13 } 1628.
The infant followed, May 23 }

“*Ye shall hasten to heaven together.*”

The male figure represents her father, whose epitaph occupies another tablet. The following, in Latin, is below:—

*"Hear, traveller, thou shalt die—
I shall rise—Christ judgeth both."*

Near this is the monument of Graves, who died in 1804, at the advanced age of ninety years, with memorials of his family.

The south wall is embellished with the monument of John Clutterbuck, of Widecombe, who died in 1766. It represents a beautiful female figure reclining gracefully in a mourning attitude on an urn.

The family of Skrine, and others, have monuments here of a pure and classic character.

Humphrey Chambers, one of the divines appointed by Parliament to sit at Westminster, was rector during the civil wars, and died here in 1646. The parish register contains the following memorandum, written by him:—

"Mem.—That I, Humphrey Chambers, parson of Claverton, did grant a licence to eat flesh this day to William Basset, esq., of Claverton, by reason of his notorious sickness; which sickness of his still continuing, I do now continue his said licence, according to the statute; and have, according to the law, here registered the same. In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand, HUMPHREY CHAMBERS."

The churchyard is the great attraction. Here the mind feels subdued, its more earthly feelings are raised to the serious and sublime. Beneath the leafy shadows of its forest trees, and amidst its fragrant flowers and pretty shrubs, so congenial to the scene, higher hopes and more enduring aspirations fill the soul.

Here would we rest, beneath the verdant spray
Of noble trees, while roses bud and bloom,
Their leaflets shedding, fragrant in decay,
To add new beauty to the grass-grown tomb.

Like these, may fragrance, such as virtues give
From man's best works, be shed around our grave,
That friends who love us while on earth we live,
May seek our tomb to shed the tears we crave !

Here Pope, the true poet of the human heart, sought solitude for contemplation. Fielding, too, the delineator of human mind and human feeling, would here refine the grosser portions of those splendid sketches of character which still delight the old man and the youth. Here Shenstone sought his inspiration ; while Graves, pursuing the even tenor of his way, lived to bury generations of his parishioners, teaching all the way to heaven.

For he, God's messenger, who taught the vale,
No schoolman's subtilties e'er used, nor sought
By learning's phantasies to dazzle those
Who hear the preacher and forget the Word.

Richard Graves was born in 1715, of an ancient family at Mickleton, Gloucestershire. He originally intended to practise medicine, but turned his attention to the church. At the university of Oxford he was the intimate friend of Sir William Blackstone and Shenstone ; in 1748, he was presented to the living of Claverton. He possessed an extraordinary vivacity of constitution, combined with a mind cultivated with great care, and a natural politeness and a simplicity of

manners which concealed an ardent spirit in search of truth. He endured affliction with a mind conscious of its own uprightness, and diverted the inroads of sorrow by literary pursuits. His prevailing eccentricity was a love of order, his friendships were those of affection ennobled by cheerfulness and piety, his classical learning was extensive, his poetry chaste, and all his writings breathe the true spirit of Christianity.

Here repose the remains of Ralph Allen. His monument is square, covered by beautiful creeping plants, and shaded by trees. It is raised by three steps, and terminates in a pyramidal roof, having, on either side, three round arches, and is surrounded with an iron rail. Within is seen his family tomb, with its simple and touching epitaphs.

The present elegant manor house has had two predecessors. The first stood in a field south of the church; no vestiges of it can now be discovered. It was erected by bishop Ralf de Salopia, about the year 1340. This prelate was one of the most munificent of the early bishops. He built the vicar's close and choristers' houses at Wells, with the church of Winscombe, and disforested Mendip. To this "court house" succeeded a noble mansion, erected by Sir Edward Hungerford, of Heytesbury, who purchased the estate in 1588. Of it no portion now remains except the flights of steps upon its terraced walk, where garden shrubs and unheeded flowers grow in wild luxuriance. "Here, Sir William Basset," says Aubrey, in his Natural History of Wiltshire, "hath made the best vineyard I have

heard of in England." The manor house now occupies a different site.

In 1643, while Sir William Basset was entertaining Sir Edward Hungerford, of Farley castle, and other knights and gentlemen of the king's party, a cannon ball, directed from the opposite down, passed through the wall while they were at dinner; and they, being more frightened than hurt, called to "boot and saddle," and a skirmish took place in a field near the ferry, in which neither party was victorious, three parliament soldiers and one royalist being left dead upon the field.

In 1771, its poor rates amounted to £43 5s. 3d.; in 1780, to £11 19s. 6d.; in 1839, to £40; and at present on an average to £50 yearly. Its population, at the census of 1841, was 176. It contains an area of 1,243 statute acres, and its net rental is £1,950.

Claverton down was the scene of many duels during the last century, most of which were occasioned by disputes at the gaming tables and other places of public resort. One, from its fatal result, must be here recorded. In the year 1778, many foreign nobles made Bath their residence; among them, the Viscount du Barré, with his wife and her sister, two ladies of great beauty and accomplishments, accompanied by Count Rice, an Irish gentleman, who had borne arms in the service of France. A house was taken in the Royal Crescent, and they lived together on the most amicable terms. They kept open house, where play was allowed to a ruinous extent. Quarrelling at cards, words ran high, and an immediate challenge was given and accepted. At one o'clock in

the morning, a coach was procured from the Three Tuns, in Stall-street, and Claverton down was reached, in moody silence, at the first dawn of day. They took their stations: Count Riee fired without effect, when Du Barré wounded him in the groin, and he fell. Raising himself on his knees, he fired his second pistol, and Du Barré was mortally wounded in the heart. All parties decamped; and the body was left exposed the whole day on the down, and was buried in Bathampton churchyard. Count Riee recovered; was tried at Taunton for murder, and acquitted. He died in Spain in 1809.

A stone was put up to mark the fatal spot. At that part of the down where the yeomanry are reviewed there is a rising ground against a wall, and near a gate; it was on the *other side* of the wall, and a few yards from the gate, the duel took place. The hilt of ivory of the sword of Count Riee is attached to the city seal in the Town Clerk's office.

Bathampton.

WE can diversify our return from Claverton by many pleasing walks, and may ramble again and again to the village without either going or returning twice by the same route. The last time we went thither, the moon being at the full, we preferred the longer, but more agreeable, walk home by the banks of the canal. The trees had not lost their summer hue, though the merry

song of the reapers was heard beneath them, and the carts hastening to the homesteads with the rich produce of the corn-fields, told plainly that autumn was gathering in its stores for the approaching winter.

The steady pace of the well-trained horses, drawing homewards the boat load of holiday folks from the prettily-located Claverton hotel, caused us to pause and listen to the exhilarating music which mingled so pleasantly with the laugh of the gay and light-hearted passengers; and as it died away upon the western breeze, seemed as though it were a portion of the beauty of the scene itself. Insensibly we fell into a moralizing mood. Life, thought we, resembles a summer's evening, in which the moon, like the effulgence of heaven-born thought, illumines the pure ether of the mind with light eternal; while fleecy clouds, though dark they be, as mortal cares, reflect the golden ray, proving that, however black our troubles are, there is still the bright ray of hope to cheer us in our onward path; when—like Columbus, observing the golden sunset of the broad Atlantic from the shores of Europe—we look upon the past and present with the consciousness that a steady perseverance in the path of faith and well-doing, will eventually conduct us to the bright and glorious new world which lies hid in the ocean of futurity.

Thus do we find each walk, each pleasant dell, each little shrub, and each retiring flower, bring with them some lessons, from which, even from the most humble, we learn both truth and wisdom; and, as we muse,

BATHAMPTON comes in view, pleasantly situated on a rising ground above the valley stretching from Bathwick to Bathford along the vale of Avon; a village which retains much of its ancient appearance, being but little injured in its picturesque effect by either railroad or canal.

Leaving the canal we enter the churchyard, where we see many memorials of the virtuous and the good, with some curious epitaphs. Beneath an almost obliterated grave-stone the victim of a false and unchristian code of moral obligation rests—a code which, for a fancied slight, or a stray unheeded word that in cooler moments would be regarded as the mere familiarity of friendship, compels man so to degrade himself as to bring not only the stain of murder on himself, but to involve others in the crime, inflicting disgrace and ruin on those to whom he is endeared by the holiest ties of duty and affection. The grave of the duellist is simple; no comment cut in stone is required “to point the moral.” Ere long, corroding time will blot out the epitaph, and tradition alone preserve the record.

“Here rest the remains of
John Baptiste, Viscount du Barré,
Obit. 18th November, 1778.”

Epitaphs, regarded simply as the records of grief under affliction for the loss of a beloved object of affection, are at all times entitled to the respectful sympathy even of the casual observer; nay, they may be made the means of conveying lessons of the highest

import. Unfortunately, those of the rich are too flattering, and produce disgust rather than respect; while those of the more humble classes, from the ignorance of the stone-cutter, commonly excite our laughter. In both, the object is a good one, but, unfortunately, both overstep the point; and this species of composition, which should have, as a fundamental principle, the improvement of the reader, not unfrequently fails in either exciting his respect or sympathy, however much his mind may be impressed with the solemnity of the scene itself.

The first thing that struck us was a man asleep in the churchyard! Shelly's fine description recurred to us,

“How beautiful is Death—
Death, and his brother Sleep!”

and we almost envied the man that could calmly sleep in the village churchyard.

The following beautiful lines of Mrs. Hemans are more suited for an album than a monument. Poetical as they are, their rhythm is scarcely solemn enough for a tomb:—

“Bring flowers, pale flowers, o'er the grave to shed
A crown for the brow of the early dead;
Though they smile in vain for what once was ours,
They are Love's last gift—bring flowers, pale flowers.”

The tomb on which they are graven is beautifully shaded by a luxuriantly spreading weeping willow.

And then we have the following extraordinary piece of poetry decorating another grave. Most certainly the



BATHAMPTON CHURCH.

worthy apothecary must have sent in "a beggarly account," or the survivors never would have recorded the following medical information on their friend's tomb :—

"Pain was the portion; Physie the food;
Groans the devotion; Drugs did no good;
Christ, my Physitian, knew which was best
To ease my pain, and set my soul at rest."

A favourite Hampton epitaph (if we may judge from its repetition) is the following one, obscure both in grammar and sense :—

"Beloved, respected,
And regard for thee,
This on thy tomb
Is inscribed by me."

We thought we could improve this; and the following is our version :—

My love, respect, and fond regard for thee,
Claim one short line of deep regret from me;
Hope's sweetest flowers, the garland of my life,
In tears I strew to deck thy grave, my wife."

The church was built in the reign of Edward I., on the site of an ancient building erected anterior to the Norman conquest. It is a neat Gothie structure. Its tower, which contains four bells, is a fine specimen of the Perpendicular period, having been erected in the fifteenth century; it is embattled, and covered with ivy. Its western doorway is very beautiful, and the window above elegant.

Entering the church by the south door, our attention

is arrested by two effigies, one representing a Knight Templar, in chain armour, the other a lady of the same period, formerly occupying altar tombs in the chancel, but removed and thrown into the churchyard when the chancel was repaired, about ninety years ago. A better taste has caused them to occupy their present position ; but, unhappily, their condition does not enable us to determine whom they represent.

Under the walled-up east window, a figure is seen, representing an ecclesiastical of the twelfth century. The left hand holds a book, while the right, supporting a crozier, is placed upon the breast. It is much mutilated, the chancel having been built after the other portion of the church, as the arch connecting it with the nave plainly proves : we are inclined to believe that this figure, formerly recumbent, was removed from the interior of the building.

The south aisle is an addition to the ancient building, and is the property of the lord of the manor, by whom it was rebuilt in 1754. The chancel is repaired by the Fisher family, who have inhabited the old rectory house for centuries. Its walls contain memorials enough to form for them a long pedigree.

Near the church is a barn, built at the same period as the church tower. Its roof will repay inspection, from the strength and simplicity with which its rafters are connected together.

Among the old-fashioned houses, the rectory bears evident marks of modernized antiquity, the garden containing many fruit trees long since trained as espaliers.

Here, also, is an archway, surmounted by a bent trefoil cross of stone, of the fourteenth century, and formerly the hip-knob of a barn destroyed a few years since. The original dwelling was erected in 1317, for the residence of the parish priest. It has undergone many rebuildings and restorations. A sun-dial, on the east chimney, was put up by William Fisher, in 1697.

Many hewn stone steps remain in the main street, whose worn condition proves them to be very ancient. These were erected for the use of the yeomen's wives, when wheel carriages were rare, to enable them to mount the pillion behind their husbands, and thus pay their visits to the city. Here, also, are many venerable and stately elms—a tree which proves the great fertility of the soil; and, while sheep-bells ring their pleasant melody from the downs above, and larks are carolling around our path, the eye delights to wander over the rich vale beneath, where lowing cattle browse upon the flowery pastures.

Pursuing our route to the city by the high road, on the brow of the hill, near the turnpike, a very fine specimen of the sycamore is seen; and from this spot we obtain a splendid view of the valley winding between Lansdown and Solsbury into Gloucestershire: while, as we pursue our walk, the eastern suburbs of the city, with Camden-place and Beacon-hill, distract our attention from more rural beauties. Below us are the river, railroad, and canal, the towing-path of which affords an agreeable variety of walk. From it the trains are seen, contrasting with the steady barges; while above we

have the down and Hampton villas, and on the opposite bank of the Avon, Grosvenor-place, reached by the pretty suspension bridge.

The manor of Bathampton belonged to the Abbey of Bath, from time immemorial. In the year 1548, bishop Barlowe included it with Claverton in the bargain of exchange for other lands, formerly the property of the prior of Bath. In 1553, king Edward granted it to William Croweh, from whom it came into the possession of the family of Popham, then Hungerford, and afterwards Basset. In 1701, it was purchased by Richard Holder, through whom it came into the hands of Ralph Allen, in whose family it still continues.

In the time of William the Conqueror, this manor, then called Hantone, was worth one hundred and ten shillings. In 1292, it was valued at ten marks and a half; its name was then "Bathentuna." In 1790, its population was 150; in 1840, it had increased to 350. In 1770, its poor rates were £36; in 1780, £74. Its average annual expenditure, previous to the formation of the Union, was £158; while at present it is £100 per annum, on a net rental of £4,768 on an area of 932 statute acres. The living is consolidated with Bathford, and is in the patronage of the dean and chapter of Bristol.

Bathwick,

BATHWICK, called *Wiche*, in Domesday Book, a word signifying "a retreat," to which *Bath* is added, to

distinguish it from other places of the same name, was given by king William the Conqueror to Geoffrey, bishop of Coutance, in Normandy, as a reward for his military services, together with a number of other lordships, amounting, in all, to 280, situate in various parts of the country.

According to Dugdale, this bishop—more skilful in arms than divinity—was of noble Norman extraction, and held a distinguished command at the battle of Hastings. Dying in 1093, many of his estates reverted to the crown; among others Bathwick, which shortly afterwards was bestowed on the nunnery of Wherwell, in Hampshire, from which circumstance we find that, in 1293, it was called Wick-Abbas. At the dissolution of religious houses it again became the property of the crown, and queen Mary granted it to Sir Edmond Neville, from whom it came to Capel, earl of Essex, whose descendant sold it, in 1726, to Pulteney, afterwards earl of Bath. Lord William Powlett is the present lord and patron of the living, which has been consolidated with that of Woolley since the conquest.

In 1781, its population was, according to Collinson, 150 souls. It has so much increased, that the census of 1841 gives us 4,973. It were difficult to imagine a place in the whole kingdom that has undergone so wonderful an improvement, in so short a space of time, as this once quiet and retired village. Although many have increased in population to an equal extent, yet here inhabitants have been attracted by the erection of stately streets and magnificent houses, occupying a space

which, a few years ago, was a meadow. Indeed, poverty may, in this parish, be said to be entirely out of sight, so completely have elegant buildings occupied all the available land; and in regard to health and salubrity of climate, the great width of the streets, built at right angles with each other, and the complete system of drainage adopted, render it entirely free from epidemic diseases, and greatly conduce to the health and longevity of the inhabitants.

“Sixty years since,” the village consisted of an irregular street of forty-five houses, near its ancient village church, along which a stream of water, arising in Claverton down, was conveyed in an open stone channel. These houses were rented by the citizens of Bath, as a “retreat” from the cares of business. Thither they retired, to enjoy the pleasant chat of friends, with the cool evening breezes, and the delightful scenery presented to their view; and happy children sported in the meadows which lay between the village and the city; while crowds of visitors crossed the ferry at the bottom of Boatstall-lane, to enjoy a ramble in the rich meadows, which, from their great fertility, were rented at £4 an acre. At that period, in addition to the mill, it had a broad cloth factory near the river.

Who, in passing down Great Pulteney-street, would imagine that this was a description of Bathwick in 1780? In vain do we look for the old-fashioned irregular village, of which but one house (the Crown inn) remains. Its ancient church has gone the way of all the old Bath churches, for, having fallen to decay,

it has been razed, and the materials used in the construction of the Cemetery chapel, wherein is preserved the round early English font and ancient pulpit.

This old church (which was dedicated to St. Mary) has been succeeded by a very handsome one, of the Florid, or later Gothie style, erected in 1814 (which, although called St. Mary's, was dedicated to St. Paul), after a design of Mr. Pineh, having a tower, with four richly ornamented pinnacles. The whole building and its arrangements reflect great credit on the architect; and, in addition to some elegant stained glass windows, it has a very fine altar-piece, painted by the celebrated Benj. Barker, and presented by him to the parish. It is situated near Vane-street, at the bottom of Raby-place.

Collinson, in his history, has preserved many of the monumental inscriptions which, in his time, ornamented the walls of the old church. Here was interred Mackinnon, of Skye, who was with the Pretender at Culloden, the very man who carried him off the field. After his escape, by lying about in woods and bogs, he lost the use of his limbs; and, some years afterwards, coming to Bath for the use of the waters, he died there.

How beautiful is the following epitaph on a child of four years old! Expressive of resignation, it proves that, the more simple our language, the more certain is it of making an impression—that the heart, even in its saddest moments, can still feel a consolation in a reflection on the goodness of Him who gives and who removes that which, in the vanity of our hearts, we regard as the brightest of earthly blessings:—

“Speedily was she taken away,
Lest sin should alter her understanding,
Or deceit beguile her sweet soul !”

And here, resting on a neighbouring tomb, on one of those fine spring mornings which herald the approach of summer, we witnessed the funeral of a wise and good man, Dr. Edward Barlow, who, cut off in April, 1844, in the meridian of his usefulness, closed a life that was a continued series of that benevolence which forms so bright an ornament of the profession he adorned by his skill and ennobled by his disinterestedness ; whose advice was, at all times, freely at the command of the sick and suffering poor ; to whom, during a long career, the hospitals of this city were a pride and pleasure, no consideration of a merely mercenary nature ever inducing him to forget their claims upon him ; and although no public memorial of his services has been erected, may his good deeds long continue to be revered in the hearts of those who profited by his experience and advice, and those, also, who were the recipients of his private bounty—that heaven-born charity, which, like its sister mercy, is doubly blest !

This parish is peculiar in having three streets in which there neither are, nor in all probability ever will be, any houses. One of them, William-street, opens upon a beautiful prospect towards Widecombe, embracing Prior park, with its rising upland scenery ; while the other two, Sutton and Sunderland, were intended to lead to Frances-square, which the plan originally contemplated. This, however, not having been ear-

ried out, the vacant ground has been enclosed, and is traversed by a broad gravel walk. The enclosure, now called Bathwick park, is remarkable for the extensive view of Camden-place, Beacon-hill, and the upper part of the city, perhaps one of the most picturesquely beautiful of any, from its diversity and the peculiar manner in which the scattered trees harmonize with the freestone buildings. This improvement was completed in 1823. In 1817, the late queen Charlotte resided in the house, No. 93, Sydney-place ; while his majesty, king William IV., then Duke of Clarence, occupied the one at the corner of Darlington-street. During her Majesty's visit the princess Charlotte died, an event which threw a gloom over the kingdom ; her Majesty, therefore, returned home ; but, coming again to Bath, derived much benefit from the use of the waters, the first glass of which was handed to her by Mr. Kitson, then mayor. Her Majesty held daily levees in the Pump-room, endearing herself by her affability and condescension, and contributing munificently to the local charities. One of her Majesty's visits was to the studio of the celebrated flower painter, Hewlett, whose success in that department of art was attributed to his wanderings about the sheltered nooks and valleys around the city and studying from nature, the Hampton cliffs being his favourite resort.

It was originally intended that Sydney-place should environ the gardens. The plan, however, only extended to the erection of the two splendid piles of building bearing that name. Had it been fully carried out,

Bathwick would have been the most splendid village in the world; and when we look around and see what private enterprize has accomplished, we are struck with the splendour and regularity of the design, the beauty of the surrounding scenery, and that general air of subdued grandeur, which characterizes Bath as the

QUEEN OF THE WEST.

A large portion of the industrious population of this parish inhabit a primitive and sequestered spot denominated the Villa fields, which lie between the railroad and river. Its cottages are detached, built each in its own plot of ground, apparently just as the whim of the settler suggested; for we have heard that this curious suburb resembles, in a great degree, a colonial settlement. In its centre is situated Bathwick villa, which was inhabited, during a portion of the last century, by the Rev. Dr. John Trusler, a man noted for his eccentricity of character, who dedicated one of his works to the rising generation, by some of whom, however, he was so disrespectfully treated, that it not unfrequently happened that, on his return from the city, he would find his full-bottomed wig bristling with butcher's skewers, placed therein, without his knowledge, during his progress through the market.

Bathwick villa was a favourite place of public resort, as the following advertisement, copied from the *Bath Journal*, of 1788, proves :—

“ VILLA GARDENS.

“ The nobility and gentry are respectfully informed that the

ingenious Signor John Invetto intends to display the most superb and brilliant fireworks, this present Monday, May 19th, 1788. The gardens will be brilliantly illuminated; the music will begin at six; and the fireworks at half-past eight.

“N.B.—A good coach road; and, for the convenience of the upper town, a ferry is kept opposite Walcot-parade.”

In 1808, the late duke of Gloucester reviewed the Bath regiment of Volunteers in the Villa fields. The house itself is now let in tenements.

Bathwick and Walcot are connected by a handsome cast-iron compression bridge, erected in 1827, after a design of Mr. Goodridge. In digging for the foundations, twenty-one Roman coins, of the lower empire, were discovered; there having been two forts here for the protection of the ferry.

In this parish, by the water side, was situated old Spring gardens, one of the most celebrated public places of resort in the neighbourhood of the city.

When the land in this parish became so valuable that it was necessary to build over a portion of Spring gardens, Johnstone-street was erected, and its gaieties, in some degree, were transferred to Sydney gardens, which were originally laid out by Mr. Harecourt, in 1795. Here, during the summer season, alternately with the Victoria park, are held the horticultural shows, for which this city is so famous. These exhibitions draw together the rank and fashion of the neighbourhood, and recal to mind the description of Bath in its palmy days.

Three years since, a gentleman—attracted, no doubt,

by the Greck motto on the Pump-room, taken from the first ode of Pindar, which declares water to be the best of elements—established in the Pulteney hotel a set of baths on the hydropathic system; but to no purpose, for he forgot that in Bath, there were thermal springs of known and long-tried efficacy in the very class of diseases professed to be cured. The establishment fluttered for a short time, and then departed; and this beautifully-situated hotel returned to pristine habits, well-aired sheets succeeded damp ones, and “warm with” supplied the place of “cold without,” in this favourite abiding place of the nobility and gentry.

The railroad and canal pass through Sydney gardens, and so far from detracting from, are made to increase the beauty of the promenades, while its various walks, laid out with much taste and a true knowledge of the picturesque, render them most attractive. The galas, which used to annoy the neighbourhood, have been discontinued by Mr. Watson, the present lessec.

In no part of the environs of the old city did the improvements of the last century make such rapid progress as in Bathwick. In 1770, William Pulteney built a bridge to connect it with the city; the houses on which, when erected, were uniform in their design. They have since been converted into shops of various kinds.

Laura-place was commenced in 1788, the plans for which were drawn by Baldwin, the city architect. After the passing of the Reform bill, a column was projected

in Laura-place. It was, however, not proceeded with ; and the beautiful vista of Great Pulteney-street remains unobstructed by any extraneous ornament.

In Henrietta-street is situated Laura chapel, a neat and commodious building, opened for public worship in 1796.

Argyle chapel, near Laura-place, of which the Rev. William Jay has been minister for fifty-six years, was built for the Independents in 1789, its first stone being laid in 1788, by the Rev. Thomas Tuppen, a popular preacher, distinguished for his biblical learning ; during whose ministry the congregation occupied the present Friends' meeting-house, on the Lower Borough-walls. Mr. Jay preached at its opening, the 4th of October, 1789 ; and on the 30th January, 1791, was ordained its minister. Two pillars have been erected in the chapel : one to commemorate its building, the other the fifty years' ministry of its distinguished and eloquent pastor. It has been twice enlarged. Its first enlargement took place in 1814 ; the second and more extensive one in 1821, when its architectural façade was erected under the superintendence of Mr. Goodridge, the architect. The schools, in which 300 children are daily instructed, were opened in 1845.

The net rental of this parish is £31,016, on an area of 570 acres. In 1780, its poor rates were £52, and they now average £270, its population exceeding 5,000. It is included in the borough by the Reform act.

St. James.

DURING the last century, Stall-street contained many interesting houses, some of which are engraved round the borders of the large map of the city in the reading-room of the Royal Institution.

The tower of St. James's church was partially rebuilt in 1716. The body of the church in 1768. It was, however, hidden from view by a saddler's shop, the back wall of which was the church tower, while a stable was built in the angle between it and the south aisle. The lease of this property terminated in 1844, and the Corporation cleared the site, presenting it to the parish.

An extensive alteration has been effected, under the superintendence of Messrs. Manners and Gill. The old church tower has been removed, and another built, in the Roman style, quadrangular, consisting of a tower 150 feet high, and comprising two stages, surmounted by a lantern and dome.

The building will contain 1,173 sittings, of which 600 are free. Towards this design the Incorporated society contributed £220, the Dioeesan society £200, the remainder of the expences by private subscriptions.

The ancient street denominated Horse-street, and, modernly, Southgate-street (its old name having been altered, about twenty years ago, by the suggestion of Mr. Barnes), was a narrow road, having houses on either side of a mean appearance, covered with thatch, so lately as 1726, and crossed the Barton of Bath from St. Lawrence's bridge to the South gate. Leland, in

1542, describes the meadows as coming home to the street on both sides. The west side still preserves the name of *Ambrey*, a cupboard or storehouse for provisions, to which purpose the ancient Ambrey house was devoted by the monks. In 1726, a severe fire occurred, which destroyed the major part of the ancient houses, and then the street assumed its present handsome appearance.

In 1727, Wood proposed that the General hospital should be built in the Ambrey mead, then used as a kitchen garden; and as this spot was contiguous to the hot spring, it was resolved to make a new bath in the centre of the building; but no sooner was the plan proposed, than the land got into other hands, and ten years elapsed before a site could be obtained.

Southgate-street is terminated by the Old bridge, enlarged in 1754, and again in 1847, on the site of St. Lawrence's bridge, which was built in 1304, to enable the inhabitants to attend the chartered fair, held on the top of Holloway, on the 3rd of May. Upon it prior John de Walcot placed a small oratory, or chapel, wherein a priest said a short prayer for the sick and lame, and others who passed into the city in search of health or profit. For this service he was remunerated by a small coin. Such chapels still continue in Roman Catholic countries, although long since disused in our own. The bridge had a tower on its south side, with portcullis and warders, and houses on both sides. The centre piers were surmounted by two stone figures, the one representing a lion, the other a bear, which were

mischievously destroyed in 1799, and thrown into the river. The approach to the city was further guarded by a drawbridge, which crossed the ditch in front of the south gate.

Widcombe.

FIVE-AND-TWENTY years ago, the first house on the "beach," as Claverton-street was formerly called, was the Old Paek Horse—an ancient inn, where Allen, Pope, Graves, Warburton, Fielding, and other worthies were wont to smoke their pipes, and enjoy agreeable converse. This house was removed in 1824.

The curiously-constructed wooden bridge, by which the railroad passes over the river, here attracts our attention. Crossing in an oblique direction, it required much engineering ability to overcome the difficulty; for, although the river is here but eighty feet wide, the bridge has two arches, each eighty feet span. Nor must we omit to notice the architecture of the stone arches which span the two roads, and appear to form a castellated building.

On an eminence above the street is the church of St. Mark, erected in 1832, a neat Decorated Gothic building, with a quadrangular tower. It has a beautiful stained glass east window, the gift of a lady, the lights representing St. Peter, St. Mark, St. James, and St. Michael, surmounted by the letters E. M. S. in the centre mullion.

At the bottom of Lyneombe hill, nearly opposite the

mill, is the house formerly occupied by the poet Pope. On the banks of the river, a little below, was Ralph Allen's stone wharf, to which was brought the freestone from the quarries on Coombe down. A railway, similar to the one from the Hampton rocks, came down the carriage road to the river side; it was laid on frames of timber, one mile and a half in length. In an old view, still extant, the ladies and gentlemen may be seen walking to Prior park by the side of the railroad.

At the end of Claverton-street we turn the corner to Prior park buildings, and pass by some pretty modern villas, and a short walk conducts us to the **Cemetery**, laid out by the Rev. Mr. Brodrick, the present rector of Bath, at his own expense, for the use of the Abbey parish, of which it now forms an integral portion, under a late act of parliament enabling city parishes to incorporate portions of suburban ones for cemeteries. This place, although but lately opened, is already beginning to assume the air of a Necropolis, and forms a great ornament to the suburb of Widcombe.

The chapel is a pure specimen of the Anglo-Norman style. Mr. Manners's original design comprehended cloisters for the erection of monuments; they would have formed three sides of a quadrangle 130 feet long, the non-completion of which causes the building to want breadth, its height considerably exceeding its length, whereas had it been completed as first proposed, it would have produced a most picturesque effect.

Among other tombs, we see that of General Dick, whose body, in a remarkable state of preservation, was

exhumed in August, 1845, for a judicial enquiry, after having been seventeen months entombed.

Just below, a stone, representing a Roman altar, informs us of the discovery of three skeletons during the formation of the Cemetery, together with coins of Constantine the Great and Carausius. The former, a native of England, born at York, was the first Roman emperor who professed Christianity; the latter held the independent sovereignty of Britain against the Roman power, and was succeeded by Allectus.

From the Cemetery we obtain varied and extensive views, of the most beautiful description. The back of Beechen-cliff forms a noble prospect, towering 360 feet above the city, which, with its churches, the Abbey rising in the midst, stretches up the height of Lansdown. Below, to the westward, is Bagatelle, formerly a public tea garden; and Perrymead, with the road leading through the romantically-situated archway to Pope's favourite walk; eastward, the picturesque ivy-covered tower of Widecombe old church, with its manor house and hanging plantation rising above its rural graveyard; to the south, the grounds of Prior park; while Lyneombe-hill, with its diversified scenery, contributes to the calm enjoyment of those who walk in sadness among the graves of the beloved dead; and thoughts of life and duty will arise, for, ere the mourner occupies the narrow cell ordained for all, he will, while looking on the busy eity of the vale, feel that there are duties to perform before the grave can be looked on as the gate of heaven!

Prior Park.

WE can proceed to Prior park either by the Carriage-road, or Pope's secluded walk, through the archway into the fields. The associations connected with this celebrated spot, and the many illustrious characters with which it has been connected, will, in either case, cause the mind some degree of pleasure; and fancy, in her wayward moments, will repeople it with the spirits of the illustrious dead.

"A mile a this syde Bathe," says old Leland, "by southe est, I saw 2 parks enclosyd withe a ruinus stone wall now withe out dere. One longyd to the byshoppe, an other to the prior of Bathe." From the circumstance of its belonging to the priory, it received its name; and at the dissolution it was included in the lands bought of the king by Humphrey Colles.

The magnificent mansion owes its erection to the reflections cast upon the Bath oolite, or freestone, by the London architects, Ralph Allen having given Wood a commission, in 1738, to spare no expense in shewing the world what could be done with that valuable building material.

It would be difficult to choose a better spot for such a purpose. The house looks down the vista of its shady grounds and well-kept lawns through the pretty glen of Widcombe, where a sheet of water is crossed by a Palladian bridge. It is said to comprise a more beautiful and varied view than any other private residence in the kingdom, embracing an extensive prospect

of the city and its environs, with the sloping hill of Lansdown, Beekford's tower, and Beacon-hill. Its lofty situation, its magnificent portico, and the extreme grandeur of its elevation, render it a conspicuous and interesting feature in the view from almost every open portion of the city.

It occupies a natural terrace one hundred feet below Combe down, in front of the Wansdyke, here obliterated by fir plantations and horticultural operations, and stands four hundred feet above the level of the Avon. It consists of a centre house, with two wings of offices, all united by arcades, one beautiful line of building forming the segment of a circle thirteen hundred feet long. The house itself is one hundred and fifty feet in breadth, of the Corinthian order, elevated on a rustic basement, crowned with a portico, and reached by a noble flight of steps. This portico was considered, at the time, to be the most beautiful and correct hexastyle, or six-columned portico, in the kingdom.

Prior park has been, for some years, occupied as a Catholic collegiate establishment. The external appearance of the mansion is but little altered, notwithstanding the severe and destructive fire which occurred on the 30th May, 1836. In its rear, attached to the building, a Roman Catholic cathedral, in the Italian style of architecture, is in the course of erection; but the works are at present suspended.

But Prior park is rendered remarkable from its having been the residence of a man who did as much for the permanent prosperity of Bath as any of the worthies of

the last century. It is difficult to delineate the character of Ralph Allen, without being unconsciously led away by the panegyric of contemporary writers. He was possessed of the most benevolent disposition ; a good, rather than a great man ; his celebrity, in a great degree, resting upon the fact of his intimacy and unostentatious acts of kindness to those who, in the outset of their career, needed a friend, and who, by their own talents and exertions, became both good and great. The friend of Pope, Fielding, Smollett, Warburton, and Graves is entitled to the admiration and respect of their admirers ; and when we find that immense riches in his hands were not allowed to lie idly in the mass, but by his benevolence produce a fructifying influence on all around, in being devoted to the perfection of good and laudable works, we feel that we must join Pope in saying, he

“ Did good by stealth, and blushed to find it fame.”

He was born in 1692. His father had nothing to give his son but a good education. He was, in 1715, a clerk in the Bath Post-office. Here, probably by opening suspicious-looking letters, he obtained information of a load of arms coming to Bath for the use of those who favoured the Pretender. “ When,” says Dr. Harington, “ the rebellion burst out, a numerous junto in Bath took most active measures to aid the insurrection in the west of England ; and Mr. Carte, the minister of the Abbey parish when Allen detected the plot, was glad to escape from the constables by leaping from a window in full canonicals.”

The Government had stationed the celebrated General Wade in Bath, and to him Allen conveyed his intelligence, which so greatly pleased him that he procured him the appointment of postmaster of Bath, and married him to his natural daughter, Miss Earl.

In 1742, he served the office of mayor of Bath. Retiring from the corporation in 1763, he presented the city with £500 towards the expense of rebuilding the Guildhall.

His loyalty was so unshaken, that, on the breaking out of the second Stuart rebellion, in 1745, he clothed and equipped 100 volunteers at his own expense; and, in 1752, he received the princess Amelia as his visitor at Prior park.

At this period he applied himself to the establishment of cross-posts, which he perfected, and obtained a lease from Government for twenty-one years, at £6,000 per annum; and so profitable had his plan become, that he renewed his lease at an annual rental of £20,000. During this time, he obtained so great an influence in the city, that he was enabled to do as he pleased, even so far as electing its representatives in parliament. But, although riches and power increased, he has never been accused of selfishness; indeed, his house was open to all the wits and literary characters of his age. Among others, he sought out Pope, and loaded him with kindness, only to discover that the friendship of such a man was a chimera. Pope, not content with his great attention to himself, wished him to give up the manor house of Bathampton to Martha Blount, his mistress. Allen

was shocked, and positively refused to do so ; upon which the poet quitted the house, and spoke disrespectfully of his best friend ; and in his will ordered his executors to pay Allen the sum of £150, as the amount owing for his entertainment at Prior park. Allen paid this sum into the funds of the Bath hospital, quietly observing, that when Mr. Pope spoke of the sum of obligation, he had omitted a eipher in the account. He also befriended Fielding, not only with hospitality, but with money ; and it is well known that the *Squire Allworthy*, of “Tom Jones” is intended for Allen, the finest scenes in the novel occurring at Prior park.

He ably seconded Wood in the improvement of the city ; and was one of the earliest supporters of the Bath hospital, to which he not only contributed, but delivered, ready worked, at the building, all the stone required in its construction. One of the wards of that noble institution is appropriately named after him ; and in the corridor of the principal floor a beautiful bust of white marble, from the chisel of William Hoare, was placed by bishop Warburton as a public record of his benevolence.

He appears constantly to have kept in mind archbishop Whitgift's motto, on his noble foundation at Croydon, in Surrey—

“He that giveth to the poor will never want.”

In conclusion, we are led to observe, that riches in the hands of such a man appear to exert their legitimate influence, by dispensing happiness to all around.

His virtues wreath his tomb with undying honour, far more precious than that which is accorded to the heroes of public history; and from the contemplation of such good deeds we assume that the philanthropist is more worthy of our respect than the warrior, however glorious his victories may be.

Allen married a second wife, Elizabeth Holder; and, dying in 1764, at the age of 71, he was buried under the handsome mausoleum in Claverton churchyard.

William Warburton was descended from a knightly family of the county palatine of Chester, and was born on Christmas eve, 1698, at Newark-upon-Trent, where his father practised as a solicitor. In the year 1714, he was articled to Mr. Kirke, an attorney at Great Markham; and after devoting four years to the study of the law, he applied himself to theology, was ordained deacon in 1723, and priest in 1726.

He was presented to the rectory of Brand Broughton, in Lincolnshire in 1728, where he resided until 1746; during which period he wrote his "Alliance between Church and State," which was followed by the first volume of his celebrated work, "The Divine Legation of Moses Demonstrated," the second volume appearing in 1741. The judgment of contemporary critics was divided in regard to its merits. While some considered it a work of such exquisite learning, that, in the whole range of theological literature, it were difficult to find its equal, others condemned it as deficient in proof; for the huge masses of learning brought to bear on the demonstration of that divine mission, tended to produce

a doubt from the apparently great difficulty of the proof, and the immense labour taken to elucidate it.

While at Broughton, he defended Pope's beautiful poem, "The Essay on Man," from the attacks of a French critic, Monsieur de Crousaz, and this led to an acquaintance with the poet; who procured him the patronage of Mr. Murray, afterwards the great Lord Mansfield, and introduced him to the hospitable board of his friend, Ralph Allen.

It is strange upon what trivial circumstances the destinies of men appear to depend. Warburton's introduction to Allen was, of itself, perhaps, unimportant, but it had so great an influence on his fortunes, that we must relate it at full.

First, then, we see the man of letters employing his leisure hours in combating the attack of an unknown critic on a poem written by a stranger; and then an invitation given by the author to his defender, which, being accepted, Warburton writes, proposing to go to Twickenham, where Pope resided. But it happened that the poet was on a visit at Prior park. Warburton's letter is handed to him at dinner; he lays it on the table, perplexed. "What is the matter?" says Allen. "Oh," replies he, "a Lincolnshire parson, to whom I am much obliged, promises me a visit." "If that be all, let him come here;" and this was Warburton's introduction to his future home!

In 1746 he married Allen's favorite niece, Gertrude Tucker, and resided at Prior park; but was not long allowed to remain in retirement, for, in the following

year, he was elected preacher at Lincoln's inn, and published an edition of Shakspeare's Plays. In 1749, he vindicated Pope in the affair of Bolingbroke's Patriot King; and, in 1750, published "Julian." In the year 1751, he gave to the world an edition of Pope's Works; followed, in 1754, by his "Principles of Natural and Revealed Religion."

Hitherto his rise in the church had not been rapid; but, in 1753, he was appointed to a stall in Gloucester cathedral, which, by Murray's interest, he exchanged for one in Durham, in 1755. Shortly afterwards, archbishop Herring gave him the diploma of D.D.; and it is not a little remarkable that he should, through life, have had no connexion with either university—a circumstance, perhaps, without parallel in the history of an Anglian prelate of modern times.

In 1757, he was made dean of Bristol; and was raised to the see of Gloucester in 1760.

His subsequent labours consisted in preparing new editions of his works, with some lesser controversial writings directed against bishop Lowth, John Wesley, and the Soeinians. In right of his wife, he took possession of Prior park at Allen's death; and devoted himself so closely to literary pursuits, that the king, not having seen him at court for some time, asked him if he had just left his diocese? Warburton was a shrewd man; and, knowing wherein his power lay, replied, "No; but I have, at Prior park, been combating the enemies of that faith of which your Majesty is the zealous defender."

He died on the 7th June, 1779, and was buried in Gloucester cathedral.

“He was,” says Dr. Johnson, “a man of vigorous faculties; a mind fervent and vehement, supplied by incessant and unlimited enquiry, with wonderful extent and variety of knowledge. To every work he brought a memory full fraught, together with a fancy fertile in original combinations, exerting the powers of the scholar, the reasoner, and the wit. But his knowledge was too multifarious to be always exact; his pursuits too eager, to be always cautious. His abilities gave him a haughty confidence, which he disdained to conceal or mollify. His impatience of opposition disposed him to treat his adversaries with such contemptuous superiority as made his readers his enemies, and excited against the advocate the wishes of some who favoured the cause. He used no allurements of gentle language, but wished to compel rather than persuade. His style is copious without selection, and forcible without neatness. He took his words as they presented themselves, and his sentences are unmeasured.”

Dr. Hurd, bishop of Worcester, thus delineates his character:—“He possessed those virtues which are so important in society, truth, probity, and honour, in the highest degree, with a frankness of temper very uncommon, and a friendship to those he loved which knew no bounds. Not suspicious or captious in the least; quick, indeed, in his resentment of real injuries, but then again (as is natural to such tempers) of the utmost placability. He had an ardent love of virtue, and the

most sincere zeal for religion; was free from bigotry, intolerance, and fanaticism. He venerated the civil constitution of the country, and was warmly attached to the church of England. He was no party man, and the sincere advocate of toleration. As a writer and divine, it is not easy to find terms that will do justice to his merits: his reading was various and extensive, and his discernment exquisite; he saw and seized on what was just and useful in every science he cultivated, and in every book he read. His style was his own, that which we call original; its characters are freedom and force. He was the terror of the infidel and Socinian.

“In mixed society he was extremely entertaining, but less guarded than men of the world usually are, disposed to take to himself a larger share of the conversation than good breeding would allow; yet few wished him to be more reserved, or less communicative, so abundant was the entertainment which his ready wit and extensive knowledge afforded him. In private he was natural, easy, and unpretending, at once the most agreeable and most useful companion. You saw to the bottom of his heart on any subject of discourse; his various literature, penetrating judgment, and quick recollection made him say the liveliest and justest things upon it.”

It is, indeed, difficult to decide which of these sketches conveys to posterity the truest picture. While Dr. Hurd writes with too partial a pen, Dr. Johnson is, perhaps, too acrimonious; and yet we see throughout Dr. Hurd's remarks that truth compels him to admit many failings.

The fact is, bishop Warburton's works display an unnecessary and ostentatious parade of learning, where truth needs close and convincing argument alone for its elucidation. His attacks on the Socinians are not the gentle corrections of a friend seeking to convince, but rather the castigations of an enemy anxious to triumph. His works, erudite as they are, no longer please; and we must accord him the negative merit of having been a man who steadily maintained the doctrines of his church, without doing much for the advancement of vital and essential religion. His intentions were good, but his manner rendered them inoperative; so that his works are now perused rather for their great learning than for edification or religious study. In his own day he enjoyed immense popularity; but he had not the firm basis of the minister of truth, whose writings are entitled to universal respect. He sought in polemics for mere temporary honours, which his natural vanity taught him to consider eternal; so that his works, which were greatly praised during his lifetime, are now consigned to oblivion.

Combe Down.

PASSING through the gates of the Carriage-road, we arrive at the village of Combe Down; and, keeping the highway for a short distance to the left hand, we come to a gate, which conducts us to the Monument field, so named from a triangular Gothic building, with a round tower on the top, erected by bishop Warburton, whereon

was formerly a tablet, with a Latin inscription, in honour of Ralph Allen. It contains a circular staircase, now crumbling through neglect, and promises, for want of slight repairs, to become a ruin. A portion of the Wansdyke may be seen, near the wall, in a perfect state.

Continuing the pathway, our return to Bath is enlivened by most beautiful views. In fact, on the brow of the hill, one of the most picturesque, and, artistically speaking, perfect views of the city is obtained; and a short walk brings us past the Strawberry gardens to the village of Widcombe, and so to the city of Bath.

But let us pursue our ramble to Combe down, and look into some of the Bath freestone quarries, now in full operation; immense blocks of stone taken out of the rock without the aid of blasting, and at once worked into convenient ashler for the mason. This stone is at first soft and friable, but possesses the valuable property of hardening by exposure to air. This arises, in a great measure, from the quantity of moisture contained in it; and where this has percolated, beautiful crystals and stalactites are formed, much prized by collectors. Its fossils are few: they consist of the nautilus, pinna marina, oyster, and pecten.

This stone—called by geologists the great oolite—is found very near the surface of the earth, in beds about one hundred and thirty feet thick. Its substance is composed of marine shells aggregated together; these, from their globular shape, give the stone its generic name, derived from the Greek word *ovov*—an egg. The effect of hydro-chloric acid is effervescence,

leaving but little residue, exhaling a slight animal odour. The old quarries, which run under a considerable portion of the down, will well repay a visit ; light is admitted by circular shafts. The workmen are extremely civil in shewing their collections of fossils ; and the stranger usually bestows on them a slight gratuity for their attention.

Combe down has long been celebrated for the purity and salubrity of its atmosphere ; in fact, its situation, on the brow of a hill sloping to the south, together with its proximity to the city, renders it both a delightful and convenient residence for invalids. It may truly be called the Clifton of Bath. Its soil is dry, and it is perfectly free from stagnant marshy exhalations, enjoying a protection from the cold north winds, which, in their passage over the warm vale of Bath, are deprived of their severity. Its elevation enables the breezes of the western ocean to produce their invigorating influence. The splendid and diversified view over beautiful and undulating scenery, embracing Long-leat, Clay-hill, the White Horse, Stourton tower, Midford castle, and the Wiltshire downs, renders it all that can be desired where a pure dry air, with pleasant walks, is the object of the invalid.

How different is its aspect from what it was when Mr. Raek wrote his description, in 1780 ! “The village of Combe Down,” says he, “consists of eleven houses, built of the stone raised on the spot, each of which has a small garden in front, originally built for the workmen employed in the quarries. They are now

let to invalids from Bath, who retire hither for the sake of a very fine air, from which many have derived essential benefit; the beautiful and extensive prospect, the wild but pleasing irregularities of the scenery, the extensive plantations of fir, which throw a solemn gloominess of shade, impervious to the sun and winds, over a fine soft turf free from underwood—all serve to render it a delightful summer retreat.”

The firs are nearly all gone, excepting within the walls of Prior park, where, indeed, they form a delightful walk, and in their place a large and populous village has sprung up, having good houses for the reception of visitors, and a very handsome church, of the Perpendicular Gothie style, with a chaste and elegant spire; while near it stands a neat parsonage house, of the domestic architecture of the period chosen for the church, which was consecrated in 1835, and is a chapel of ease to that of

Monkton Combe,

Which village lies in the valley about half a mile distant, and consists of an irregular street, terminating at the churchyard, in which is a church, erected (with the exception of the chancel, which is ancient, and the vestry-room, lately completed) in 1814, on the site of a very ancient one. The building presents no features of interest, with the exception of a monumental tablet to the memory of some members of the ancient family of Shute.

The following lines, from the pen of Thomas Campbell, are engraven on the monument of Mrs. Shute

and her daughters, who were accidentally drowned at Chepstow, on Sunday, Sept. 20, 1812 :—

“In deep submission to the will above,
Yet with no common cause for human tears,
This stone, for the lost partner of his love,
And for his children lost, a mourner rears.

One fatal moment, one o’erwhelming doom
Tore threefold from his heart the ties of earth ;
His Mary, Marg’ret, in their early bloom,
And her who gave them life, and taught them worth.

Farewell ! ye broken pillars of my fate,
My life’s companion, and my two first born ;
Yet while this silent stone I consecrate
To conjugal, paternal love forlorn,—

Oh ! may each passer-by the lesson learn,
Which can alone the bleeding heart sustain,
(When friendship weeps at virtue’s funeral urn)
That to the pure in heart—‘to die is gain.’ ”

Against the north wall of the chancel is a tablet tomb, with a pediment terminating in three altars, having three Latin verses, alternately hexameters and pentameters, of which I shall endeavour to convey the meaning in the following stanzas :—

Rice Mansell, knight ; his daughter, Katheryne,
From home thou art, the wife of Bassett’s squire.
Bewper thy home ; and where they did enshrine
Morgan, the Britons’ king, thou didst a babe respire.

Thy term of years was eight times ten ; but Time
Thine age sustained, and his, who was thy care ;
A youthful pair Love joined, and here they join
In death, who had of days and years an equal share.

His junior seven years ; when they had wedded been
 That term of life, she was a widow seven ;
 So that each had of time an equal share,
 And the same day unlocked to both the gate of heaven.

William Bassett,
 Died A.D. 1586,
 Aged 80, March 10.

Katheryne Bassett,
 Died A.D. 1593,
 Aged 80, March 10.

Thomas Leyson, posuit.

The last line of this epitaph I transcribe for its exquisite beauty. It evidently alludes to their both dying on the same day of the month, and, it will be seen, both of the same age :—

“ Vitæ ambo et mortis par fuit ipsa dies.”

Collinson calls this village Combe Monkton ; but says that its name is simply Combe, the other being added from its being the property of the Bath Abbey. On the right, as you enter the village, the elegant mansion of Combe grove, from whose terrace a magnificent view of the valley of Midford is obtained, rises three hundred feet above the village.

In Domesday Book, this manor is called *Cume*, a word signifying a valley ; from time immemorial it was possessed by Bath Abbey. Its value at the Conquest was £8 ; at the Reformation, £20. Its net rental is now £3,469, on an area of 540 statute aeres. In 1780, it paid £103 poor rates, its population being 280 ; in 1841, from the great increase of the village of Combe Down, its population was 1,107. This is steadily increasing. Its poor rates now average £139 yearly ;

so that here we see a population quadrupled in sixty years, with but little increase in the poor rates, which circumstance may fairly be attributed to the constant employment afforded in the quarries.

Proceeding through the village to the Somerset coal canal, we catch a glimpse of the viaduct, and can, if we please, return by Brass Knocker hill, or walk on to Dundas, and so home by way of the canal.

The beauty of the vale of Midford here attracts our attention. Its delightful scenery is dotted with farm-houses; while the seat of Major Davis is beautifully situated on the opposite bank of Midford water. A short walk along the banks of the canal brings us to a pretty rural landscape. Crossing the bridge, we arrive at Mrs. Hooker's, where a cup of coffee, served with kind attention, recruits our fatigue; and the better to enjoy the beauties of an exquisite bit of landscape scenery, we sit down on one of the sunny seats. Around us are the flowers of the garden, with those of a humbler character; while the vine, the melon, and the fig seek support from the weed-clad rock which slopes above our head. And here the laurel and more stately bay entwine to form a leafy bower; and we gather, amidst the fragrant wild thyme, the wood strawberry from the rocky crevices.

Of Midford, in 1588, Leland thus speaks:—"I came to a village, and passed over a stone bridge they called *Milford* water. This broke risith yn the roots of *Mendip* hilles, about a 7 miles or more by west south-west from this bridge, and goith a mile lower into Avon."

Between this romantic glen and Combe down are the now deserted De Montalt Paper mills—a handsome building, erected, in 1805, for the manufacture of Bath vellum and other fine papers. The chimney is at a considerable distance ; and the water, from a reservoir above, was conveyed by a pipe to the wheel, fifty-six feet in diameter.

Midford.

THIS hamlet is remarkable for its modern castle, which stands in a very commanding situation. It is of singular construction, triangular, having the angles rounded off, and embattled. Erected on a beautiful slope, its lower terrace is raised to a considerable height, and surrounded by a handsome balustrade. On the north and east there is a deep rugged glen, the sides of which are clothed with fine coppice woods, intersected with beautiful serpentine walks, and ornamented with flowering shrubs.

When the house, which unites all the conveniences of a modern dwelling with the grandeur of aspect belonging to a medieval baronial castle, was erected, the owner built a Gothic priory on an abrupt brow of a hill, overlooking Horscombe brook ; and at a little distance from it, in a thick mass of shade, a hermitage, surrounded by picturesque and romantic scenery.

At Midford, the Radstock tram-way brings the produce of the pits in that neighbourhood to the Somerset

coal canal, where there is an ingenious machine for weighing a barge-load of coals.

At the bend of the canal, we cross one of the locks, and pursue our course through a finely-wooded glen to a pathway, across undulating arable land, lying on the brow of a hill, on the summit of which is the pretty and sequestered village of

South Stoke.

PASSING by an ancient grange in the homestead of a modern antique farm-house, we arrive at the church, which was repaired, enlarged, and beautified in 1845, under the direction of Mr. Manners. At its west end, its quadrangular embattled tower rises to an altitude of fifty feet, having a turret and pinnacles. It is of the fifteenth century, and was, in all probability, erected in the reign of king Henry VII. ; for Wharton relates that, during the wars of the Roses, Somerset was decidedly Lancasterian, in return for which Henry rebuilt most of their churches, which are distinguished by their latticed battlements and broad open windows. The northern doorway is a good specimen of the Anglo-Norman circular arch, and has been beautifully restored. There is also a Norman font. The pulpit is of stone, in the style of the church. The alterations reflect great credit on the vicar, the Rev. Mr. Blayds, at whose expense chiefly, aided by a grant from the Diocesan society, they have been brought to a conclusion. Mr. Blayds, at his own cost, erected, in 1840, a handsome village school, with a dwelling-house for the mistress.

At the Conquest, this manor existed in two separate lordships, as it had done in Edward the Confessor's reign. William gave one to the bishop of Coutance, the other to earl Morton; the former was taxed for seven hides, the latter for five and a half, while a small portion was not taxed.

In an old lease, preserved in the Harleian MSS., the following memorandum occurs:—

“That the vicar, for the time being, should have going and pasturing freely with the farmer's beasts there, for three beasts; whereof one shall be a horse, mare, or gelding, the second a kowe, and the third a bullock; the first with the farmer's mares, his kowe with the farmer's kinc, and his bullock with the farmer's bullocks, in certain leases and pastures; that is to say, in Brode close, Grove close, and Shephouse close, from time to time, as it has been used and accustomed time owte of mind.”

In 1780, its population was 200; its poor rates £37. In 1841, its population was 330. At present, the poor rates amount, on an average, to £56, having been £128 previous to the formation of the Union, on an area of 864 statute acres, paying a net rental of £1,921.

The village contains nothing remarkable, except some ancient farm-houses, one of which, bearing date 1697, is now turned into a beerhouse.

Descending by Hod's hill, we come again to the valley, the meandering stream, and the canal, where the celebrated Weldon erected a caisson lock in 1798,

for the ascent and descent of barges. It consisted of a wooden chamber, capable of containing a barge, with a door at each end. The vessel being received, the doors were shut, a sufficient quantity of water to float it being first admitted; it was then either raised or lowered by appropriate machinery in a cistern built of free-stone, sixty feet high, the perpendicular height from the surface of the lower canal to that of the upper being forty-six feet. There was an aperture at each end of this lock communicating with the canals, with a sliding door to receive the caisson. At the first experiment several gentlemen ascended and descended; but from some defect in the masonry, it proved a failure, and the descent is now effected by twenty-one common locks.

We now pass through a lane wherein the botanist will find, at every season of the year, enough to gratify his industry; while, from the vale, the varied and diversified tints of Combehay park will tempt him to explore that retired village.

Combe-Hay, or Watney.

A lovely spot thou art, COMBEHAY! Thy trees
With golden fruit, around each humble cot,
Are deeply laden, when Autumnal winds
Sweep o'er the well-reap'd fields, where corn has been.
Thy Winter is enlivened by the yew,
From which, in days gone by, strong bows were made;
And sav'ry herbs, in sickness much extolled,
Grow 'midst the fragrant flowers of thy vale.

The rose and eglantine spread o'er each thatch,
With ereeping plants—first objects of the care
Of peasantry, who prize their own roof tree.
Fat beeves and sheep contentedly reeline
Beneath the trees; from every white thorn hedge
The song birds warble; and the merry laugh
Of childhood, happy in their sport, is heard
Above the murm'ring of the limpid stream.

THIS was the only manor in Somerset given by William to his half-brother, Odo, bishop of Bayeux, and earl of Kent, reputed the wisest among the Conqueror's generals, but who, both in his and the succeeding reign, was constantly involved in plots and conspiracies. The manor on his deprivation, was given to the family of Hawey, from whom it received its second appellation. In their possession it remained until the reign of king Edward I., when an heiress brought it to the Stradlings, who held it until 1684. It has since had a variety of owners, and is now the property of the Hon. Hanbury Traey.

The mansion house is one of the most convenient and delightful residences in the vicinity of Bath; and when in the possession of the late Colonel Leigh, was honoured by the presence of king George IV., when prince of Wales, and other members of the royal family. It contains some valuable pictures, and is situated on a lawn sloping down to an ornamental stream of water, in a park adorned with all the variety of hill, dale, and wood.

And then its simple village church, which, as it were, nestles close to the great house, hid almost from view

amidst its evergreens, its ivy-covered tower (the last remains of time-honoured antiquity) surmounting its modern nave and chancel.

This tower was built in the fifteenth, while the building itself is of the eighteenth century, presenting nothing remarkable. And in this sweet sequestered spot we have a poet's grave. Seek it not among the epitaphs which love or pride suggests to mark the last abiding place of frail mortality—its sacred mound bears none of these; but where the laurel puts forth its winter's green, and daisies bloom, while other flowers wait a more congenial season, the poet lies. Nature alone points out the spot where he, who so sweetly sang her beauties, rests. Not among the gigantic precipices, or foaming waterfalls, which he himself described in all their wondrous beauty; but in the silent village grave-yard, with a laurel only to mark the spot, lies Dartmoor's poet, CARRINGTON!

The following brief biography I have abstracted from the edition of his poems, published, in 1834, by his son, the talented editor of the *Bath Chronicle* :—

“Carrington was born at Plymouth, in 1777, and at fifteen was apprenticed to Mr. Fox, a measurer in Plymouth dockyard. He was (as he himself said) totally unfit for the business. Mild by nature, fond of literary pursuits, and attached to reading, it was strange that a mechanical profession should have been chosen for him. Popular prejudice among the Plymouth lads in favour of the yard, and his father's being attached to it, were the cause of his taking a step he soon repented of.

Not succeeding in being removed by his parents, he ran away at the expiration of three years ; and, in a moment of desperation, entered on board a man-of-war, and was present at the battle off Cape St. Vincent, in 1797, in commemoration of which he wrote some verses, which attracted the notice of his captain, who kindly sent him home. He then became a schoolmaster, ; and, in 1804, removed to Maidstone, where he married ; and returned, at the pressing solicitations of his friends, to his native place, in 1809, where he conducted an academy until within six months of his death, in 1830.

“It is strange, amidst the unceasing toil of a thirty-three years’ scholastic experience, working early and late, that he should have found time for literary pursuits ; it can only be explained by the assumption that the brief snatches of freedom which his holidays gave him, left that influence on his mind that could be embodied into language in the intervals of leisure. His boast was, that business was never neglected. He possessed a winning manner and a kind heart ; he was the child of nature, virtuous and independent, whose christianity was a holy influence, shedding a blessing on all around. Varied knowledge, great affability, and a retiring modesty of demeanour, caused him, in society, to be listened to with pleasure and satisfaction. His ‘Dartmoor’ abounds with felicitous imagery, and great fidelity of description. George IV. was so well pleased with its perusal, that he presented him with £50.

“He died in Bath, September 2, 1830, of pulmonary consumption, a disease calculated, of all others, to raise

the poet's hopes and aspirations, in which the nearer the extinction of life's mortal flame, the brighter does it burn, shedding, even in its latest glimmering, the warm glow of happiness over the reminiscences of a well-spent life. I shall close this brief sketch with his own words, the conclusion of his beautiful poem, 'My Native Village:':—

' ——— let ME rest
Like a tired bird in its own quiet nest ;
And find (how exquisite to find it !) there
Life's stormy noon crown'd with a sunset fair !'

In Domesday Book the manor is called *Come*. It was then, with *Tornie* (now Twinney), worth £10 13s. Its net rental is now £1,620, on an area of 1,011 statute acres. Its population, in 1841, was 239, when its poor rates averaged £181 ; but now they are reduced to £97 per annum.

Hinton Charterhouse.

THE liberty of NORTON and HINTON—exempted in the reign of Henry III., from the jurisdiction of the hundred of Wellow, by which it is surrounded, in consequence of its having been bestowed by Ela, countess of Salisbury, on the Carthusian monastery, which she then founded—contains so many objects of interest, that, on our arrival at Midford, we are tempted to pursue our walk up the hill, whence we obtain delightful and varied views, embracing the hamlet and castle of Midford, with its Belgic-British stronghold ; Coombe

down and South Stoke ; hanging woods and neat farm-houses embosomed in foliage ; with the firs of Duncairn hill ; causing us to pause, ever and anon, in our ascent, to admire the beauties of the scenery.

At the Conquest, king William gave this liberty to Edward, earl of Salisbury, from whom it obtained the prefix of "*Comitis*." Hinton was afterwards called Charterhouse-Hinton, from its abbey ; and Norton, Philip's Norton, from the saint to whom its church was dedicated

The Wansdyke ascends the hill from Midford to Hinton. Half-way up, on the eastern side, there is a Belgic-British fort, and one near the lodge of Hinton abbey ; above this, a beacon barrow ; while the abbey occupies the site of another. There was a British settlement at Hinton, and the remains of the Roman entrenchment are still visible. In one portion, called the *Bulwarks*, coins and pottery have been found ; and among the ruins of the abbey, Roman bricks and other relics are discovered.

The village occupies a commanding position on the top of a hill, five miles from Bath.

The church is of the early English style, presenting nothing worthy of notice, excepting its square tower, which differs from the usual form of the neighbouring churches. It has been repaired under Mr. Edward Davis's superintendence. At the chancel end is the neat sarcophagus free-stone tomb of Mr. Symonds, of Hinton abbey, who died in 1830, surrounded by high railings, and approached only by a door from the side

aisle. Within are some memorials of the Hungerford family.

Near the church is a gentleman's seat, across whose grounds we proceed to the ruins of the abbey, which was founded, in 1227, by Ela, countess of Salisbury, in obedience to the will of her husband, William Longsword, son of king Henry II. and Fair Rosamond. She endowed it with the liberty of Norton and Hinton, and the advowson of both churches. Her foundation was ratified by king Henry III., who ordained that the monks should be for ever free from taxation, suit, service, and forest laws. Their lands were increased by various benefactors; and king Richard II. gave them an annual hogshead of wine from the port of Bristol. In 1293, their estates were valued at £24 15s.; in 1444, at 76½ marks. In a century they increased to £248 19s. 2d. The parish of Hinton now produces a net rental of £3,262, on an area of 3,000 statute acres. Its population is 797; its poor's rates average £185.

The abbey receives its name of Charterhouse from the Carthusians, an order of monks, founded by an ecclesiastic named Bruno, who, dying in 1101, was canonized by the Church of Rome. The rules of his order were very severe. The followers were to live in silence, solitude, and prayer. They were forbidden the use of linen, and were clothed in a woollen garment, partly black and partly white. They abstained entirely from flesh; and on Friday did penance on bread and water. At night they occupied separate cells, destitute

of comfort; and none were allowed to leave the convent, except the prior or steward, on urgent business of the order. The spot selected by St. Bruno for his own cell was among the eternal snows of the Alps. How many a weary and half-frozen traveller has to thank this worthy man for the assistance rendered him by the Alpine mastiffs of the *Grande Chartreuse*!

Yet here they chose a sunny spot, where Nature smiled throughout the year, and the noon-day sun and silver moon seemed to court them to a life of happiness and a world of beauty; whose flowery meads were o'ershadowed by a foliage so dense, that the very birds who warbled round them, were hid in verdure. The fishpond, too, in which the lazy earp would bare his golden back in very sport; while the gay moth (whose crimson-tinted wings formed Nature's happy contrast to their dingy garb) fluttered about the water-lily which rose above its placid surface; and the bee, whose busy hum proclaimed the joy of summer's life and gladness, would, as it were, taunt them with the bleak inaction of a monastic life.

But our enthusiasm must not blind us to the fact that these establishments were the centres of hospitality when inns were unknown. During the middle ages—those which we improperly call “dark”—they were the nurseries of learning, and the happy retirement of learned men. Monkish industry belouged rather to the closet than the busy world; without them, our literature would not be so copious as it is. They preserved the rich treasures bequeathed to posterity by the

historians, poets, and orators of antiquity: in addition to which the contents were the depositories of the archives of the kingdom.

At Hinton, a learned monk, Thomas Spencer, devoted many years to the composition of books, tending to promote the knowledge of Christianity. One of these, a Latin Commentary on St. Paul's Epistle to the Galatians, is favourably mentioned in Wood's *Athenæ Oxoniensis*.

Prior Hord surrendered the monastery to king Henry VIII., on the 31st of March, 1540. At that time it contained twenty-one monks, whose revenue was £250.

The present ivy-covered manor house was erected by the Hungerfords, out of the ruins of the abbey. It is a fine specimen of the Elizabethan mansion, and is now undergoing repairs.

Of the abbey but a small portion remains. The chapel is well-proportioned; and, although overrun with ivy, we can trace its fine lancet-shaped windows. One of the detached portions exhibits a beautifully groined freestone roof, springing from central pillars. There are other buildings now desecrated into dog kennels and cart sheds. The lawn is surrounded by the original ditch and low stone wall.

Matthew Colthurst purchased the abbey at the Reformation, dilapidated it, and sold the site to the Hungerfords, who resided at Farley castle, two miles off, and owned all the land in the neighbourhood. Sir Edward Hungerford sold it to the Robinsons, whose descendants still possess the manor.

Norton St. Philips.

THE approach to this curious old town, lying in the valley two miles from Hinton Charterhouse, and Farley castle, midway between Bath and Frome, is striking and interesting. On our left hand, in Mr. Withers's garden, is a gigantic elm, converted into a summer-house, with ancient stained glass windows, while before us is an "auncient and eomon inn," called by the name of the George," held, as appears by a beautifully-written MS. survey, in Mr. Withers's possession, in 1638, by one Henry Tovy, with eighteen acres of land, at a yearly rental of fifty shillings and fourpence. At that period, the manor belonged to Lord Craven, of whom Jeffery Flower rented the grange, spoken of by Leland, in his "Itinerary," with eight hundred acres of land, at a yearly rental of £20 2s., although the estimated value was £343 17s. Flower also rented the fairs and market, with a little house in the fair close, called *Tailor's Hall*, at a rental of thirteen shillings and fourpence. He contributed largely to the restoration of Bath abbey; the north-east door and window were made at his expense.

From the same document we learn that queen Elizabeth, by letters patent, granted certain other premises, with eight acres of land, to one Alice Parsons, for the life of Jeffery Flower; and, fifty years after, at a yearly rental of fourteen shillings. This property included the "Flower de Luce" inn, over against the Market cross, and the lease did not termi-

nate until 1694. The beautiful Market cross has long since disappeared.

In this town was formerly held the most noted cloth fair in the west of England. The upper room of the George was appropriated as an exchange for the merchants resorting to it. This building, although much disfigured by yellow daubing, is one of the most interesting relics of the middle ages in this part of the country ; and we have no hesitation in saying, from the general appearance of its exterior—its massive portals, its Gothic windows, overhanging upper stories, and inner gallery, leading to what once were bedchambers—that it was erected in the early portion of the fifteenth century. At the angles of the roof are two beautiful campaniles, of richly decorated Gothic architecture. It is a pity this building should decay, for a little expense would restore it almost to its ancient state.

Passing down a narrow lane, we come to the interesting and beautiful church, whose tower, seventy feet high, containing a peal of six bells, resembling many of the Somerset churches in its general outline, differs from them in having a rare porch, of a square form, evidently built when the pure Perpendicular was beginning to be superseded by the Florid, or Tudor Gothic. It has received but little injury, excepting from time, and will well repay a visit. Entering the church by the southern doorway, the first object that strikes us is the ancient poor's-box, which, from its appearance, seems to have been set up in the reign of Henry VIII., soon after the promulgation of the 84th

canon ; for an aet, passed in the twenty-seventh year of his reign, directs that money collected for the use of the poor shall be kept in a box standing in the parish church.

In the south aisle there is a beautiful freestone altar-tomb of a lady, with her hands joined and uplifted in the usual devotional attitude ; her feet, which have long pointed shoes, curiously enfold a dog. There is no inscription nor tradition to guide us in our research ; but the style of the tomb is similar to the font, which is octagonal, having obliterated coats of arms, interspersed with figures, one of which represents the crucifixion. Armorial bearings on founts, and effigies of knights and ladies, became common after the crusades. We therefore hazard the opinion that this is the tomb of the foundress of Hinton abbey—Ela, countess of Salisbury.

The north and south aisles are crossed by elaborately-carved Gothic screens of wood. In the south aisle, near the nave, painted on the wall, is an inscription, in Latin and English, to the memory of Jeffery Flower. Near the communion-table, a small slab records the resting-place of Edward Pigott, vicar of Norton, who died Jan. 10th, 1704, at the patriarchal age of 105. The chancel has been lately repaired by Mr. Manners, in accordance with the style of the building, and reflects credit on that gentleman's taste. Near the communion table is a hollowed lavatory or piseina.

In the centre aisle the sexton shewed us the effigies of the "twin ladies of Foxcote," relating a curious

tradition, which we do not believe ; and those who wish to read a marvellous tale, will find it duly recorded in Collinsou's history.

Philip's Norton was the scene of the duke of Monmouth's battle with the forces of king James II. ; we abridge the particulars from Mr. Roberts's history of "The Life, Progresses, and Rebellion of James, Duke of Monmouth." In the course of the morning of the 26th of June, 1685, his army, having marched, during the night, from Keynsham, where they had been attacked by a force under Major Oglethorpe, which prevented his design upon Bristol, Monmouth sent to summon the city of Bath to surrender ; but his herald being killed, he drew off his forces toward Philip's Norton, to which place he was followed by Lord Feversham. Although much alarmed during the night, they were not molested until the following morning, when, just as they were marching out of the town, they were attacked by the duke of Grafton with the advanced guard of the king's army. There was, says Colonel Wade, a lane, a quarter of a mile long, which led out of a ploughed field into the town, the enclosures on either side having thick hedges. Monmouth, at the extremity of the lane, had a strong barriade formed, behind which he stationed fifty musketeers, the foot soldiers being encamped in two adjacent fields, near a bye-way through a gentleman's grounds, which led to the back part of the town. The duke of Grafton led his grenadiers to the barriade, when they were attacked in flank by Monmouth's own regiment, which filed

through the gentleman's grounds. The grenadiers escaped through the hedges; while Grafton forced his way, at the risk of his life, through Monmouth's men. A party of the king's horse lined a hedge, which flanked Monmouth's army; and the fighting behind the hedges continued nearly an hour. At the head of Monmouth's army, Colonel Holmes had an arm nearly shot off, and, unassisted, completed the amputation with a knife. The king's army, having taken a position on an eminence, Monmouth placed two cannons at the mouth of the lane, and two on a rising ground, to the right, forming his army along the hedge. The firing, though continued for six hours, says Charles Fox, in his "History of King James," was so ineffectual, that Monmouth lost but one man, and the king's forces were unhurt. In the action the king's army lost about eighty men, and retreated to Bradford, and Monmouth about eighteen. He kept the field until nearly midnight; when, in a miserable rainy night, up to their knees in mud, his army marched to Frome. Cannon balls, with human bones, are occasionally ploughed up in the battle-field.

The population of this parish, which is in the Frome union, was 775, in 1841. Its average annual expenditure for the *poor only* is £177.

Wellow.

RETURNING from Philip's Norton to Hinton, we leave the latter by the ancient British trackway, called

Ridgeway, which conducts to the interesting village of WELLOW; and, passing along the highest table land in the county of Somerset, discloses to our view the most beautiful and varied scenery in the neighbourhood of Bath. No admirer of the picturesque can gaze on it unmoved. There is, indeed, neither the rock, nor fell, nor gushing torrent of mountain scenery, whose very beauty is its utter barrenness; nor the vine-clad hills of the noble Rhine, nor the meadow-bounded valley of the Thames. Here all is calmness and repose;—Nature smiling on her handywork, while man is engaged in making the earth embody the glories of its divine Creator;—a scene to which we would take the inhabitant of the far-west, boasting of his primeval forests, and gushing streams of mighty waters. This road, we would say, was made by the painted Britons; we will shew you the villas of their Roman conquerors, and the barrows, wherein repose the Danes and Saxons; the church, built by the Norman, whither came the Papal power, between the feudalism of one race, and the serfdom of another; we would point out the hill up which Monmouth marched in civil war; and then, when his mind had grasped the immensity of ideas presented in these few lines, we would say, Stranger, from a distant country, though seas divide our native homes, this is the land of your forefathers, towards which your sons shall look with pride, when you and I, and all we prize, shall have sought our kindred dust!

Delightful as this view is, description fails to convey its many beauties. Suffice it to say, it embraces the

high grounds and villages which lie between the Monkton Farleigh beeches on the one side, and Duncairn-hill on the other ; Lansdown, with Beekford's noble tower, forming the centre ; while richly-cultivated uplands, dotted with farms and copsewoods, diversify the more immediate foreground.

A pleasant walk of two miles brings us to the village. But we wish to proceed in rather a discursive manner. First, we shall commence with the ancient Druids ; and then proceed until we come to the last noble work, the splendid restoration of its parish church.

Pliny, in his 30th Book, informs us that Druidism, established in Britain, had spread to Persia ; and Cæsar, in his Commentaries, relates that those who wished a more extensive knowledge of its mysteries, repaired to Britain for instruction. We have reason to believe that groves of trees formed the most ancient places of religious worship ; for Abraham planted a grove in Beer-sheba, and called there "on the name of the Lord." The Druids derived their name from the Greek word *Δρυϊδες*, and particularly delighted in groves of oak. Here, on the sixth day of the moon, they prepared a solemn feast, and leading thither two white bulls, who had never been bound to the plough, they were slain as a sacrifice to God ; and it is singular that Herodotus mentions that perfectly white bulls were sacrificed to Apis, by the Egyptians ; and to this day a white cow is an object of veneration with the Brahmins of India. At Wellow there is an ancient village, bearing the name of WHITE OX MEAD from the earliest known records ;

and when we observe the number of ancient British settlements which seem to have this for their centre, we are fairly led to conclude that this was the sacred grove of the ancient Britons, and did not derive its name, as Collinson supposes, "from some Saxon lord."

At STONEY LITTLETON, in this parish, on the side of a sloping field, called *Round Hill Tining*, about three quarters of a mile south-west from Wellow church, Sir Richard Colt Hoare opened a *cist vaen*, or sepulchre, in 1816, and in the 19th vol. of the *Archæologia* gave the following description of it:—"This singular burying-place is oblong, measuring 107 feet in length, 54 in breadth, and 13 high. Its entrance faces the south-west. A large stone, supported by two others, forms the lintel, having an aperture four feet high, which leads to a chamber six feet long, five high, and five wide. From thence a straight passage conducts to another cist, of equal size. This passage is 47 feet from the entrance. There are, also, six other small chambers, or recesses, facing each other, so as to form three transepts, across the passage, and another at the extremity. The whole are formed of large stones, without tool marks, or appearance of cement. Each chamber might have contained three or four bodies." Phelps, in his "History of Somerset," gives us a plate of its entrance.

To reach it, we take a road in the centre of the village, which passes beneath the tramway, and across an ancient bridge of two arches, from whence we observe the mill, with its beautiful waterfall; then we cross a Roman earthwork, which has escaped antiquarian notice,

and continue the road until we are stopped by a field gate, through which we pass, and a clump of trees and underwood in a field on our right points out the Stoney Littleton cemetery.

In a field, called Wellow Hayes, lying contiguous to the Ridgeway, half a mile from the village, several Roman tessellated pavements have been discovered. The first, in 1685, of which Gale gave an account in his edition of the "Itinerary of Antoninus." In 1737, they were again laid open, and Vertue published three beautiful plates of them, at the expense of the Society of Antiquaries. They were exposed at this time to mischief, being apparently uncared for. In 1807 they were uncovered, when they attracted the notice of the Rev. Richard Warner, who published an elaborate description of them in his "Guide to Bath." In 1822, that laborious antiquary, the Rev. John Skinner, of Camerton, undertook their examination. He traced the foundations of a spacious villa, of a quadrangular form, with hypocausts, baths, freestone pinnacles, and pavements, proving it to have been the residence of a man of fortune.

Warner describes the villa to have been 100 feet long, by 50 in breadth; the patterns tasteful, diversified, and rich, forming a border somewhat resembling a modern floor-cloth; while the centre contained allegorical figures and other ornaments, formed of square pieces, varying in size, from half an inch to nearly two inches. Four colours and two varieties are seen; blue, formed of the Weston lias; white, from Newton; red,

formed of the Roman brick and pennant ; purple, from St. Vincent's rocks ; and grey, by the pennant, or silicious sandstone, overlaying the coal.

These tesserae were laid together, so as to form the intended pattern, and then each separate portion was carefully removed and embedded in cement on a foundation or substratum of stone. The execution, when viewed near, is generally coarse to a modern eye ; but, seen at a distance, it presents a pleasing effect. "The general execution," says Warner, "its richness, and spirit, forbid us to assign to it a later date than the second century of the Christian era." A coin of Augustus Cæsar (the discovery of which is very rare in Britain) was found, during the last summer, in Wellow ; and shews that Mr. Warner's opinion is, probably, correct. At the period of its discovery, three small and much-mutilated figures, sculptured on a slab of freestone, were also dug from the foundations of a wall.

The Romans, like the moderns, were fond of country residences. The family occupied the rooms facing the south and west, while the domestics lived in those on the other sides ; the whole opening upon a centre quadrangle, which was protected from the weather by a covering supported by pillars, and removable at pleasure. The houses were warmed with flues of pottery, which were built in the walls and under the floors ; the communication was by means of an external passage, which occupied the interior of the quadrangle, and formed a promenade in unfavourable weather.

This pavement was laid open in 1843, when the

writer inspected it. It has suffered more from mischief than from time; and it is a matter of regret that it has not been covered by a cottage, with a person appointed to shew it to the curious. Very few coins have been found here, and these principally of the lower empire.

Tradition relates that this was a very considerable place in the Saxon and Danish periods of our history, and that it possessed many churches. At WOODBOROUGH, during the last century, several stone coffins were found, such as we identify to have belonged to those nations; and there is a large barrow, or tumulus, at the extremity of the parish. This tradition appears supported by the fact that, in Edward the Confessor's reign, this parish contained no less than seven manors, of the yearly value of £13. It is the largest parish in the Bath Union; contains 5,292 statute acres; and its fertility may be estimated by the fact of its net rental being £7,544. Its average annual poor rates are now £307; while, before the formation of the Union, they were £451; and during the quarter ending Lady-day, 1846, only 53 paupers were relieved, on a purely agricultural population of 1,018, according to the census of 1841.

Wellow church is a splendid specimen of the village church of the middle ages, and has many of the beautiful details of ancient ecclesiastical architecture. Its interior vividly portrays the state of the English churches prior to the Reformation. Its completion occupied several hundred years; and, after having proceeded to dilapidation, threatening the fabric itself, it

has, during the year 1845, undergone considerable restoration and improvements, reflecting much honour on the zeal of the Rev. Charles Paul, the vicar, and highly creditable to the skill of Mr. Benjamin Ferry, under whose superintendence the repairs have been completed.

Let us enter by the west door, and, ascending the gallery, take a glance at the interior of the building. Behind us is the great west window, formerly obscured by an unsightly screen, obstructing the light, and injuring the effect intended to be produced, namely, the airy lightness of Gothic architecture, this light being rendered pleasant and appropriate by the introduction of stained glass—

“ The dim religious light.”

This window—which has been restored at the vicar's sole expense—is of the Perpendicular style, having three lights and a centre mullion, glazed with Powell's patent glass, in quarries of a greenish hue, with antique patterns in their centres. It contains the arms of England, emblazoned in the ancient manner, with those of the see, the vicar, and the patron ; together with the armorial bearings of Colonels Gore Langton and Jolliffe, Walter Long, M.P., and Mr. Wait. Above us, is the beautifully groined roof, supporting the belfry ; below, the beautiful and unique open seats, elaborately carved, and terminated by poppy-head finials ; above, the ancient black oak roof, profuse in ornament of the simplest and chastest character ; before us, the carved

chancel screen, restored in accordance with the original design, with the handsomely carved reading desk, paneled with crimson cloth; while beyond, we see the chancel slightly inclined to the north-east, typical of the position of our Saviour's head on the cross—a design common in our early churches. Descending, the first object of interest is the octagonal Norman font, with its decorated cover. It has a round shaft, divided into columns of the pure Anglo-Norman style. The font, being frequently the only relic of the first building, the age of the foundation is deduced from it. The patronage of this living was invested in the abbot and convent of Cirencester by king Henry I., in 1133, and to this period we assign the font.

Sir Walter Hungerford rebuilt the church, in a great degree, in 1372; we differ from Collinson in his opinion that he was the original founder. His tomb is shewn in his chapel, now called the Hungerford, or Lady chapel, from a beautiful Gothic canopy which formerly surmounted a statue of the Virgin in its north-eastern corner. The wall is frescoed with a representation of Christ and his Apostles, with their appropriate emblems; and this chapel contains various memorials of the Hungerford family, with a recessed monument of freestone, containing a recumbent full-dressed effigy of Mrs. Popham, who died in 1614, with several children below, two of whom lie swathed on small tombs. The epitaph sets forth her chastity and many virtues. The monument was painted in accordance with the custom of the period, but it has been

cleaned; and, although utterly out of character with the rest of the building, produces a pleasing effect.

There is a remarkably fine Norman piscina, of a similar form to the font, at an angle in the eastern wall, of the chancel, having a circular trefoiled fenestrella. Near its base, coins of Edward II. were discovered during the restoration of the church. The lay improprators rebuilt the chancel. On its north side the vicar caused a recess to be formed, strictly in accordance with ancient models, for the reception of the exquisite effigy of an ecclesiastic, discovered, unmutilated, during the repairs, the only known figure possessing the incised Maltese cross on the forehead. The robes are gracefully disposed, and elaborated with great skill; the attitude is devotional; the countenance placid and resigned; on the breast is a chalice, and the feet are supported by a dog. The east window consists of a circular head, with three trefoils and three lights, and is plainly glazed with cathedral glass. The north and south windows have been repaired. The chancel is the only portion of the church in which the pews have been retained; they are incongruous and misplaccd, and interfere with the beauty of the vista.

From the chancel we obtain the full and pleasing effect of the west window, and pause to admire the pointed arch between the tower and nave; and Beaumont and Fletcher's lines supply us with its antitype:

“ ———— ’tis the key-stone
That makes the arch; the rest that be there put
Are nothing, till that comes to bind and shut.

Then stands it a triumphal mark, that men
Observe the strength, the height, the why, the when
It was erected, and, still walking under,
Meet some new matter to look up and wonder!"

There are other piseinæ in the ehureh, remarkable for containing the small shelf, or credence table, within the fenestrella. The organ has been plaeced in the Hungerford ehapel, which serves as a vestry-room. By the alteration, about eighty additional seats were obtained.

The ehureh, externally, has a pleasing aspeect. Its tower rises 100 feet, and one of its turrets contains a stairease. It is of the Perpendicular style, and was finished in the reign of Henry VII. The southern porch is surmounted by an elaborate canopy, oncee containing, in all probability, the patron saint, Julian, near which is the stair turret of the aneient rood loft.

It is much to be regretted that the expenses of the restoration have not yet been defrayed; they amounted in the aggregate to £800, for which the viear made himself responsible, exclusive of £100 granted by the parish for essential repairs. Of this sum, £500 has been raised by private subscription. We sincerely trust that every lover of aneient and beautiful eeelesiastical architeecture will do something to defray the moderate cost of this noble work. We have seen two beautifully exeecuted views of the interior and exterior of this fine old structure, highly ereditable to Mr. Wheatley, the artist, which have been admirably lithographed by Messrs. Day and Son. These have been published by

Mr. Pocoek, Bridge-street, to defray the balance of the expenses incurred in the restoration.

Near the church, is the old manor house of the Hungerford's, now a farm. Here, by the kindness of the tenant, we were shewn a beautifully-carved mantel-piece, which has escaped destruction, both from paint and mischief; the armorial bearings and grotesque figures are as sharp as when they left the carver. The back gate has the date 1634; but, from the general appearance of the mansion, we are inclined to believe this refers only to repairs.

In a cottage garden, is the holy well of St. Julian, from which was wont to be taken the water for baptism. A legend, too, it has, how that a white figure appeared at midnight on that saint's day, mourning by the crystal stream,—of evil omen to the house of Hungerford, since whose extinction the ghostly visitant remains unseen; and, excepting in the traditions of the vale, the "white lady" and the legend are alike forgotten.

I must not omit to mention that the pedestrian will find an excellent cup of tea at the celebrated Rosary and Strawberry garden of Mr. Cole.

Dunkerton

LIES two miles westward of Wellow, and is interesting to the writer as having been one of twenty manors in Somerset bestowed on his ancestor by the Conqueror, in requital of his services at the battle of Hastings.

He, when two Norman barons had declined to bear the standard, boldly accepted the honourable office; in remembrance of which service, the family still bear the Gallic cock, crowing "*Droit*"—*forwards*, as their crest, and their arms are encircled by the Conqueror's own watchword, "*God is my help*." A portrait of him, from the Bayeux tapestry, is given in Knight's "*Pictorial History of England*." His brother (afterwards the celebrated Archbishop Thurstan) was the first Norman abbot of Glastonbury; and his signature occurs as a witness to the sale of the bishopric of Bath to John of Tours. William, of Malmesbury, tells us that, wishing to introduce a favourite liturgy in his abbey—no uniformity having been previously observed in public worship—he entered the church with an armed band, and a desperate conflict ensued, the result of which was, that Oswald, bishop of Salisbury, composed a church service that became universal throughout the kingdom; and it is not a little singular that Cuthbert Tunstall, bishop of London, in the reign of Henry VIII., the friend of Erasmus, and one of the most learned men of his day, should have seen this liturgy superseded by the reformed one, for declining to use which he was twice deprived of his bishopric.

The manor of Dunkerton, in the reign of Edward III., came by marriage into the possession of the Bampfylde family, who are still the owners. Its church, a neat building, contains nothing remarkable, except the following epitaph, recording the death of the Rev. John Dickes, rector of the parish, who died in 1634 :—

“Hie, hæe, hoe, hujus, huic, hunc, bonus, optima, elarum,
Fulgor, Fama, Deeus, vestit, adhæret, erit.
Mente, animâ, oh! requiem vivens ΑΙΟΕΚΑΕΤΟΣ ille
Carpsit honore sacro; jam super astra manet.”

This sentence (a grammatical puzzle) I thus translate,

Good renown clothed him; best fame adhered;
Unspotted will be his credit. Both in mind and soul
Living he was God's friend; in sacred honour
Rest he obtained, and lives above the stars.

This parish is four miles from Bath, on the old Roman fosse-way, deriving its name from the British *Dun Cairn*—monument-hill. It is in the Bath Union, and hundred of Wellow; in 1841, its population was 971, on an area of 1,233 statute acres, paying a net rental of £2,284. Its poor-rates were £196 before the union was formed, and they now average £153. It contains many valuable coal-pits.

Two miles further on we come to the ancient *Camalodunum*, now

Camerton,

CELEBRATED for its coal. In the year 1814, three Roman villas were discovered here, with twenty-six silver coins of Honorius, Arcadius, and others of the lower empire. The Rev. John Skinner, the indefatigable antiquary, was rector of this parish. He wrote a valuable memoir, to prove “that this district was actually attached to the regal residence of Cynobelin, spoken of by Dion, taken from him by Claudius; and the spot occupied by the colony established by Ostorius,

at Camalodunum." Phelps, in his history, gives this learned and interesting document, illustrated with a map of the district.

The church is a handsome Gothic edifice, dedicated to St. Peter, consisting of a beautiful tower, nave, chancel, and a chapel remarkable for the elaborate tombs of the Carews, which range from 1640 to 1750.

The parish is in the Clutton Union, and hundred of Wellow: contained a population of 1,501 at the last census. In 1839, its poor-rates were £209; and in the Lady-day quarter of 1846, £78 were paid for that purpose.

The Roman Fosse-Way.

It is our intention now to compile a brief description of the course of this ancient Roman road through the Bath district. According to Borlase, Davidson, and other antiquaries, it was originally a British road from the Humber to Axmouth, in Devonshire, adopted by the Romans. It passed through *Cunelio*, now Cirencester; *Aquæ Solis*, Bath; *Camalodunum*, Camerton; *Ischalis*, Ilchester; and *Isca*, Exeter. We find it entering Somerset six miles from Bath, at the three shire stones at Colerne. Passing over Banagh down to Batheaston, it joins the *Via Badonica*, the Roman road from Bath to Marlborough; parting with it at Walcot, the one becomes the *Via Julia*, and passes up Guinea-lane, while the other continues its course to the north gate. Traversing the city, it crosses the Avon,

and passes up Holloway direct to the Burnt-House gate, where it crosses the Wansdyke. At this spot, in 1823, three skeletons were discovered. It is then lost in the new road for half a mile, in which portion of its course we obtain a most beautiful view. Leaving the high road, it proceeds straight down to Dunkerton bridge, running along a high ridge of land between Wellow and Camerton to Radstock, another coal village, a mile from whence it is lost in the high road. Its name is preserved in the village of Stratton-on-the-Fosse. "There can be no doubt," says Phelps, "of the British origin of these roads, the many barrows found on their lines tend to corroborate this opinion; although the lapse of ages, enclosures, and the little regard taken of them, excepting where they were adopted by the Romans, have greatly obliterated them."

To those who wish a nearer route from Wellow, there is not a more delightful country walk than that through Combehay park up Fortnight hill, whose three farms, Week, Fortnight, and Three Days, are a puzzle to the lovers of tradition. Passing the once celebrated Fortnight school, we arrive at the top of the hill, and resting beneath the trees, we scan the beautiful and varied sylvan view; thence to Odd down, where the Bath Union workhouse is situated—a building erected with a due regard to the health of its inmates, whose general arrangements for comfort and cleanliness form a striking contrast to many. Here poverty is treated as a misfortune, and not as a crime; and its whole management reflects credit on all concerned in the ad-

ministration of the poor laws. But its greatest object of interest is the chapel, built for public worship by the inmates alone, which must strike every beholder with wonder, not unmixed with a feeling of veneration of the sublimest nature. The annals of all Christian countries contain imperishable records of the pious deeds of those to whom much of this world's goods are given—our own land is especially favoured in this respect; but here we see a building where every stone was laid by a pauper, “whose days had dwindled to the shortest span,” with the snow of nearly eighty winters on his brow, working early and late at his holy task;—a pauper—yet, with unquenched spirit and untiring energy, cheering on his fellows in their daily toil, proving to them how much might be accomplished, even in a workhouse, by steady perseverance. Honour, then, to thee, John Plass! thou hast gained for thyself a niche in the temple of human fame;—pauper as thou art, may thy bright example stimulate all who belong to the family of man, steadily to do their duty in their appointed station, wherein each and all have both opportunity and power to add to the comforts of each other, and, at the same time, imperceptibly to themselves, materially increase their own happiness!

How strange it is that every good should have its accompanying evil! that, from the contemplation of virtue, we should have vice thrust upon us! Odd down was, in September, 1748, the scene of the gibbeting of Richard Biggs, for the murder of his wife. So frightful an object was it, that the body was stolen

during the night, and thrown into the Avon. It was, although taken down in January, not discovered until June, when, after lying three or four days at Twerton, it was buried. A tale was written on the event, called "A Legend of Sham Castle." It appears that he was actuated by jealousy, in consequence of a man displaying his wife's garter in a joke. The principal evidence against him was his own son, a lad eleven years old.

During the last century there was a glass house on the down, which, not having been used for some time, became ruinous, and fell in the month of January, 1764, crushing several waggons, which the neighbours kept there.

A little above Cottage-crescent we pass a deserted quarry, from which, as tradition relates, the stone was dug for building Bath Abbey.

Berewyke Camp

OCCUPIES the projecting point of land opposite Cottage crescent, between the old and new roads to Wells. Its remains are very perfect. Its outer agger, with the ditch, may still be traced; its earthworks and barrows being uninjured both by time and rural operations, render it one of the most perfect remains in the neighbourhood. Its position commands both vales; and it has an uninterrupted view of the British camps on Solsbury hill, Hampton, and Lansdown, Englishcombe barrow, Kelston, and the beacon on Mendip. It is allowed by all who have written on the subject

to have been originally a Belgic-British town, afterwards converted into a Roman outpost.

“Near the Wansdyke,” says Collinson, “on the western part of Lyncombe, is a lofty eminence, called the *Barracks*, on which are several tumuli. Beneath stood the ancient village of Berewyke, where, according to tradition, there was formerly a church, the tithes of which belonged to the vicar of St. Mary de Stall, in Bath.” Finding no record of this village as a separate manor, we are of opinion that the church here spoken of, was one of the road-side chantry chapels, erected for the convenience of pilgrims, journeying to or from the shrine of St. Joseph, of Arimathea, at Glastonbury, which, in Romish times, drew great concourses of people, for whom the church provided “hostels,” or hospitals, where they were kindly entertained. To each of these a chapel was attached. On their departure, the rich gave a sum of money, then called a “dole;” while the poor man proceeded without aught being demanded for his entertainment.

Lyncombe.

“Oh, the charming parties made!
Some to walk the North Parade;
Some to LYNCOMBE’s shady groves,
Or to Simpson’s proud alcoves.”

ANSTEY.

A LITTLE below Berewyke camp, we cross the new Wells-road, and, coming to Greenway-lane turnpike-gate, we descend, by the field, to the celebrated vale of

LYNCOMBE, at the bottom of which, near the brook, tradition points out a heap of stones, now covered with green herbage, as the site of its old church.

That a church existed there we have no doubt ; for, at the Conquest, Widecombe belonged to the king, while Lyncombe was the property of the Bath Abbey. In 1292, its revenues were rated at £8 17s. 6d. In 1236, it was given, with Widcombe and Berewyke, to the vicarage of St. Mary de Stall, in Bath. At the Reformation, the manors of Lyncombe and Widecombe were bestowed on Lord Russell, the ancestor of the present duke of Bedford. He alienated them to the family of Biss. In 1638, Hugh Saxey, the founder of the hospital and school at Bruton, conveyed this manor to that establishment, and ordained that the parish should have the right to send two free scholars to be educated there. Hugh Saxey is said, by steady perseverance and meritorious conduct, to have raised himself from the condition of a stable boy to the high and honourable post of auditor to queen Elizabeth. All that he gained, he bestowed on the poor of his native town. The hospital receives ten women, eight men, and twelve boys ; the latter are kept until 14 years old, and then apprenticed.

Before we proceed along the vale, we must notice that the field, at the end of the pathway round Entry-hill, discloses to our view a prospect of an unique and beautiful character—all the Bath hills, with the vale towards Bristol, the city being hid from view by the rising grounds on the southern side of the Avon. This

pathway conducts to Fox-hill, from which there is a romantic and pleasant road from Combe down to Perry-mead and Widcombe church.

"Lyncombe," says Britton, in his notes to the "New Bath Guide," "is a romantic narrow valley, which, in Anstey's time, was a rural shady walk. Now," says he, "it has changed its features; and if not villified, is villa-fied by a profusion of cottage ornées, mansions, gardens, &c. : and, although many of the vallies in the vicinity of the city abound with secluded and romantic beauties, that of Lyncombe is pre-eminent." With due deference to the learned annotator, I beg to differ from him. The vale of Lyncombe has not changed : it is still beautiful ; and Lyncombe-hill, another delightful walk by which it may be approached, presents, at every opening, unsurpassed views, of which may be noticed that just within the gate of the Nursery ground, or of De Montalt cottage.

In Anstey's time, the vale boasted of two places of public resort—the Bagatelle gardens, and king James's palace, so called from a tradition that he concealed himself there, after he abdicated the throne.

Wood gives us an amusing account of the discovery of a mineral spring in Lyncombe, in the year 1737, and the causes of its failure. "The discovery of the Lyncombe spa," says he, "was owing to the following accident :—Mr. Charles Milsom, a cooper, in Bath, having, with four others, rented an old fishpond for twenty shillings a year, and there being leaks in the pond, he, in June, 1737, searched the ground at the

head of it, in order to stop the chinks, at which time he perceived a void piece of ground, which as he approached, shook, and looked much like the spawn of toads. This, upon examination, he found to be glutinous, of a strong sulphureous smell, and the colour of ochre. This he removed with a shovel, and perceived several little springs boil up, emitting a black sand, which dried and turned grey. The other part of the soil was white. These things, and the taste of the water, convinced him that he had made a discovery, and the next thing was to make it known. He forthwith adopts the title of "Doctor," and invites several of his neighbours, with their wives, to a party at the fishpond, and, making a bowl of punch from the water, he frightened his guests by turning the brandy a purple colour, which, they refusing to drink, he explained the circumstance to their satisfaction, when the punch was drank," as Wood says, "with no little mirth and jollity." The next year, one Dr. Hillary made a more particular enquiry, and induced the proprietor of the land to join him in the erection of a lofty edifice over the fountain, at an expense of £1,500; "but, alas!" says Wood, "the ground was weakened, so that the building destroyed the spring. And if Dr. Hillary had not taken on himself more of the architect than the physician in this work, Lyncombe spa had undoubtedly remained a fructile spring to the proprietors, to the great advantage of mankind in general."

Passing round the corner by the mill, a short walk conducts us to the manor house, and pretty ivy-covered

village church of Widecombe. Seating ourselves on a projecting stone beneath the tower, we pause to look upon the beautiful view presented to us. Before us, on a natural terrace sloping down almost to our feet, is Prior park; amidst the trees, on our right, we see the Cemetery chapel, from this spot a pleasing object; behind us, the hanging woods of Crow-hall.

This church was erected by prior Birde, and is dedicated to St. Thomas à Becket. Its west window is a fine example of the Perpendicular style. Its interior has been so altered, to suit the requirements of an increasing congregation, that but little of its ancient character remains. It has two burial grounds, divided by the lane which leads to the Monument field, passing the Strawberry gardens. Our readers may remember that, during the last year, some beautiful lines appeared in reference to a broken column in the churchyard, bearing the word "*Annette*" as its sole epitaph. There is also a monumental stone, belonging to the family of Mount, copied from the early models, bearing the florid Norman cross, with an epitaph in the ancient English character.

Passing along Widecombe cresent, (built at the termination of the row of houses which forms the ancient village), we descend the hill to the beautiful new church of St. Matthew, designed by Mr. Mannors. Its elegant broad spire, rising to an altitude of 75 feet above the square tower, 85 feet high, is graceful and pleasing, presenting a grand point of view from the opposite eminences, and admirably contrasting with

the other churches. The body is divided into a nave and side aisles; it is 100 feet long by 65 wide. The aisles continue the whole length, and are separated from the chancel by panceloses; its roof is gabled in three divisions, which produces a light and pleasing effect. Its style is decorated; its estimated expense £6,000, of which £550 have been contributed by the Diocesan society. It contains 1,250 sittings, of which 790 are free and unappropriated. Who has stood in the road below, looking at the masons plying their busy tools, without re-echoing Wordsworth's beautiful lines, if not in words, at least in spirit :—

“ Watching, with upward eye, the tall tower grow,
And mount, at ev'ry step, with living wiles
Instinct; to rouse the heart and lead the will,
By a bright ladder, to the world above !”

This parish has greatly increased in population during the present century. In 1801, it contained 2,790 souls; at present, there are nearly 10,000 inhabitants. Its area is 1,846 statute acres. Its poor's rates, which, before the union, were £2,018, are now reduced to £1,611, on a net rental of £26,756. It is included in the city and borough of Bath by the Reform bill.

Beechen Cliff.

BEECHEN CLIFF, or Bleak Leigh, towers four hundred feet above the beautiful “meander Avon,” as Henry Chapman calls it. Its most picturesque ascent is by

the lane behind Pope's villa, at the bottom of Lyncombe-hill

Let us ascend, for the glorious prospect above, and the run over as smooth a turf as ever delighted a pedestrian, will amply repay the trouble of a toilsome climb to all who have health and spirits for the exquisite enjoyment it affords.

No picture can convey its beauties. The one published by Mr. Everitt, last year, gives us a beautiful and correct view of the city: and Harvey Wood's panoramic views display much taste and judgment. From its summit we have the following objects in succession:—First, the whole city, with its palatial residences, its beautiful churches, and its many streets rising from the river to Lansdown; then Grosvenor-place, with the noble hills of Solsbury and Hampton; next, Sham castle, Claverton-road, and Bathwick-hill, with the river, as it were, stealthily creeping through the valley, along which the railroad forces its iron track, the canal diversifying the prospect, as though it were but introduced to add new beauties to the scene. A few steps onward, we look upon fair Widcombe's ivied tower, Crow-hall, Combe down, and Prior park, the Cemetery, and Warner's pretty cottage, wherein he wrote his "History of Bath." Englisheombe barrow rises further on, and Berewyke camp, and Cottage-residence; and then we have the lovely valley, Twerton, and the Weston villas, with Kelston round-hill, and Lansdown. Below, the railroad, with its trains bearing some to happiness, and some to misery; the city, with

its unvaried toil and busy round of pleasure; the Park, wherein the invalid, with careful step, creeps on, amidst the happy laugh of helpless innocence;—all around presenting to our view strange yet harmonious contrasts, wherein each and every object seems, as it were, to add to the great design, and make the scene both picturesque and beautiful.

From Beechen cliff, a walk along its ridge conducs us to Holloway, or, as it was formerly called, Haul down, a portion of the Roman fosse-way. Here we have St. Magdalen's chapel and hospital.

It was by this route that Leland came to Bath. "I came down," says he, "a rocky hill, full of fair springs of water; and on this rocky hill is set a fair street, as a suburb to the city, and in this street is a chapel of St. Mary Magdalen." This house and chapel were given to the Abbey of Bath in the reign of Henry I., by Walter Hosate, on condition that the chapel should be thoroughly repaired; and Tanner, in his "*Notitia Monastica*," tells us that, in 1332, an indulgence of twenty days was granted to the benefactors of the hospital. Prior Cantlow rebuilt the chapel in 1495. On the east side of the porch is the following inscription:—

Thys chapel. floryschyd wt. formosyte. spectabyll.
In. the. honowre. of. stl. Magdalen. prior. Cantlow. hath. edyfydc.
Desyring. pow. to. pray. for. him. wt. powre. prpers. defectabyll.
That. sche. will. inhabit. him. in. hebyn. ther. ebyr. to. abydc.

The meaning of the first line is, that it was ornamented with beautiful designs.

This chapel is of the Perpendieular style, 46 feet long, and 14 wide ; and at the west end is a small embattled tower, with one bell. There is every reason to believe that, prior to the Reformation, it was extra parochial, and served by a monk, appointed for the purpose. Near it, on the 3rd of May, is held Rood-mas fair.

In the east window is some good stained glass : the Virgin and Child, prior Cantlow, St. Bartholomew, and Mary Magdalen. On either side of the nave is a perpendicular canopied niche, and another near the chancel. This building has been several times suffered to dilapidate. It was repaired in 1760, when it was fitted up for divine service. In 1823, after long neglect, it was again restored ; but closed again in 1833, and not opened until 1837, when the Rev. John Allen having been appointed master, service has been since regularly performed.

Of the hospital Wood speaks thus :—" It is a poor cottage for the reeeption of idiots ; but there are few maintained therein, the nurse's stipend, for the support of herself and the objects of her eare, being but £15 per annum. Whoever," he continues, " enters it, will see enough to cure his pride, and excite his gratitude for the blessings he enjoys." It was rebuilt in 1761, and one idiot is maintained in it. The mastership is in the gift of the crown.

It may not be amiss to notice the peeuliarity of the construction of the station of the Great Western railway, since it evidenees the skill of Mr. Brunel in



MAGDALEN CHAPEL, HOLLOWAY.

causing every object connected with it to add to the beauty of the natural scenery ; indeed, in passing from Holloway to the bridge, we can almost recal Leland's description of the tower which protected its approach. Let us, then, walk over it, and, turning down Dorchester-street, proceed to the station.

What a great improvement would it be, in the approach to Queen-square from the railway, if St. James's-parade—now reduced from having been one of the most aristocratic portions of the old city to a row of tenements—were to have its posts removed, and the road continued through it, which would make a broad and continuous approach through Westgate-buildings in a straight line to Queen-square, relieve Southgate-street of its crowded traffic, and, at the same time, much improve the property in its neighbourhood. The architecture of the Bath station is later Tudor, or Elizabethan, with debased perpendicular windows, and Romanesque ornaments. Its arrangements occupy but small space, yet everything connected with it appears in its right place. Its staircases are noble ; and every proceeding is conducted with an astonishing degree of celerity and order. Its most remarkable feature is its roof, which is of sixty feet span, without tie or buttress, the principal timbers, or ribs, being the long arms of a series of cranes, of which the side pieces form the uprights. But the bell rings for the express train ; “ Bath ! Bath ! ” shout the porters. Passengers get out, and their luggage lies before them ; the gate is unlocked, and, before we can look around, new passengers have

taken their seats, the whistle blows, and they are off again !

Let us descend. The Quay is a curious sight, with its dilapidated houses on the opposite bank looking, in their dinginess, like a bit of ancient Rome. Avon-street, with its beautiful ceilings and noble staircases, is now the dwelling of the poor, where idlers from necessity congregate in most picturesque groups at open doors, where formerly powdered footmen waited ; and thence we come to Kingsmead-square, in whose western corner we see the elegant mansion of the Chapman family, converted into three houses, let in tenements ; and beyond, the house, 13, New King-street, in which Herschell first made those observations which subsequently led to the discovery of the *Georgium Sidus*. One evening, as he and Palmer, the architect, were talking at the door, he pointed out the planet to the latter as a star not depicted on the charts.

The Wesleyan chapel, in New King-street, of which John Wesley laid the first stone in 1780, has been re-edified during the year 1847, in the Decorated Gothic of the fourteenth century, after a design of Mr. Wilson. It is a beautiful building, presenting an elegant façade to the street, its front being ornamented with pinnacles, and enriched with a window of a chaste design. Its interior is fitted with open seats, a stone pulpit, behind which is a recess forming an organ gallery, and on either side a stained glass window, while light is admitted to the body of the building by an arrangement of quatre-foil windows in the clerestory. This design shews the

great improvement in popular taste—dissenting places of worship which, a few years since, were built in almost barn-like simplicity, now vicing, in beauty of decoration and chasteness of ornament, with those of the established church.

Behind the south side of Kingsmead-street stands Trinity church, an elegant building, erected in the year 1820, for the accommodation of the poor of the neighbourhood.

Bath possesses but one relic of the domestic architecture of our ancestors, and this is of so late a date as the reign of queen Elizabeth, in whose time Sir Walter Hungerford, of Farley, is said to have built himself a town house overlooking the western Borough-walls. This mansion (since called Hetling-house) is built on a portion of land belonging to St. John's Hospital, near the Hot bath, and is now in the possession of Mr. Edward Davis, who has given a drawing and description of its chimney-piece in the "Builder," No. 150.

To this mansion was attached a postern gate; and by means of a subterranean passage, now choked up, access was had to the gardens and pleasure grounds without the city walls.

In 1643, Sir Edward Hungerford, the "spendthrift," garrisoned it with the retainers of the king's party, the large upper apartment forming a barrack room. Many tobacco pipes, with E. H. on the stems, are still dug up in the city ditch near the old postern.

In 1694 it was the property of Lord Lexington, who gave it to Mrs. Savil, in lieu of a legacy of £100.

She marrying Mr. Skrine, an apothecary, the house was called Skrine's lower house. In 1746, the princess Caroline, with her sister the princess of Hesse, occupied it as their lodgings.

In 1777, Mr. Edward Rack (a gentleman of great literary and scientific attainments, who greatly assisted Collinson in his "History of Somerset") propounded a plan for the formation of a society for the encouragement of agriculture, arts, manufactures, and commerce. This society (now called the Bath and West of England Society) was the first established for that purpose. It still continues its career of usefulness, with many competitors, but no equal; and Hetling-house, formerly the abode of noisy soldiers and drunken cavaliers, has a Temperance society below, and from its large room above transmits information and instruction calculated to benefit and improve the kingdom at large.

The chimney-piece is a fine specimen of the ornamental Elizabethan style, chaste, yet splendid in its decorations, and pure in its detail. On the walls are suspended portraits and memorials of various members of the Agricultural society.

Union Street.

THE approach to the old city from the fashionable part of Bath was, until the commencement of the present century, very bad, for Union-street was not then laid out. It will be necessary for us to suppose a per-

son, residing in Queen-square, to be desirous of going to the baths. Within the last thirty years Quiet-street was almost overshadowed with trees, forming a rookery. Through this he would pass to Old Bond-street, which was clean enough ; but Barton-street was narrow, and unpaved. By the side of the Bath hospital, he would be arrested by two curious old red gates, having a wicket for foot-passengers. Entering, he would find himself in a long stable yard, through which, beau as he is, he would pick his dainty steps, and walk through the passage of an old-fashioned hostelry—**The Bear**. Thoughts of Anstey and Smollett would come upon him, and he would repair to the library for *Humphrey Clinker* and the *New Bath Guide*.

During the last century, the Bear was the principal inn ; so, of course, Anstey's hero arrives there.

“ And sure you'll rejoice, my dear mother, to hear,
We are safely arrived at the sign of the Bear ;
What though at Devizes I fed pretty hearty,
And made a good meal, like the rest of the party,
When I came here to Bath not a bit could I eat,
Though the man at the Bear had provided a treat.”

Thus far Simpkin Blunderhead. Matthew Bramble thus describes it :—“ The communication to the baths is through the yard of an inn, where the poor trembling valetudinarian is carried in a chair betwixt the heels of double rows of horses, wineing under the curry-combs of grooms and postillions, over and above the hazard of being obstructed, or overturned, by the carriages, which are continually making their exits or entrances.”

But we have not yet done with our friend. On his next visit he takes another route, picking his way through Frog-lane, a narrow, miry passage, from Milsom-street to Broad-street. He reaches Lock's-lane, where the houses were so old, and overhung so much, that persons shook hands from opposite windows, and the place was so dark that he could scarcely pick his way ; so that, on his third visit, he would prefer the route by Green-street to Broad-street, and Wade's-passage would lead him to the baths.

In the year 1800, the Corporation set themselves to the work of improvement. Union-street displaced the Bear-yard, Marchant's-court gave way to Northumberland-passage, Frog-lane to New Bond-street, Lock's-lane to Union-passage, while other improvements were the steady result of public and private enterprize ; among others, the Corridor, leading from Union-street to the Guildhall, erected by Mr. Goodridge in 1825 ; so that the city increased in extent, attraction, and convenience, until it became second to none in the united kingdom.

The Upper Borough-walls, on which are the General hospital, the Commercial and Literary institution, and the Charity school, which latter building was founded in 1712, by Robert Nelson, for the clothing, education, and apprenticeship, of the children of the poor members of the church of England, leads us to the Saw close, now used as a coal and hay market, the box entrance to the Theatre, and the house in which Beau Nash lived.

Beau Nash.

Among the many persons of note who flourished during the eighteenth century, none produced so great and well-directed an influence on the manners and customs of the higher classes as Beau Nash, the titular king of Bath. Previously to his rule, society had been, on the one hand, baronial and haughty, and on the other, cringing and servile. Nash threw down the barrier to friendly intercourse that feudalism had established, and proved that the English gentleman was the highest title of honour, and that, unless the noble could prove his right to this enviable distinction, he had no claim to public respect.

Nash, having had a university education, purchased a pair of colours; but the subordination of a military life possessing no charms for one of his gay and volatile disposition, he resigned his commission, and entered the Temple, where his talents for conducting court revels induced king William to offer him knighthood, an honour he had the good sense to decline. At this period the Inns of Court were a common resort for men of independence and fashion, and Nash became the indolent gambler; yet it is clear that, amidst the strange inconsistencies of his character, ambition combined with strong good sense, was powerfully contrasted with an apparently thoughtless disposition. Pleasure was the great business of his life; this pursuit he ennobled by his talents, and his influence produced, universally, good effects. Queen Anne's visit to Bath

caused the city to become the focus of attraction for the gay and volatile; and hither Nash repaired in 1704. Shortly after his arrival he found that a leader of gaiety was required. His ambition was gratified, and he entered with spirit upon the performance of his self-imposed duties. Commencing as the servant of the great, he soon possessed absolute power. He caused the gentlemen to abstain from oaths, swords, and top-boots, in the ball-room; while the assemblies were attended by ladies in full court dress—precedence was never forgotten, so that in the arrangement of the dances, all were gratified by the attentions bestowed. His power was by this means established on public opinion alone, when moral propriety was crushing the rude and licentious manners of the preceding century. While Addison, Steele, and the eminent writers of the day were engaged in the improvement of our literature, Nash ably seconded their efforts by carrying their principles into practice as far as friendly intercourse was concerned. Unlike a beau in the modern sense, Nash was awkward in person, and naturally ungainly in manner; but these defects he overcame by stateliness of carriage and extravagance in dress; among other peculiarities, he constantly wore a white hat. Careful to maintain his reputation as a man of honour, he prohibited thoughtless duels; anxious to effect permanent good, he promoted charitable subscriptions. The Bath hospital, by means of which the poor of the united kingdom are enabled to participate in the benefits of the mineral springs, is an enduring monument

of his benevolence. Of this good work he never wearied until he saw that noble building erected, and sustained by the subscriptions of the nobility and gentry, headed by king George II. and his queen. His purse was always open to the claims of the sick and deserving poor, and many anecdotes are related of his unostentatious charity; at the same time he outshone his contemporaries in dress, establishment, and equipage, and defrayed all his expenses from the winnings of the gaming table. Such was Beau Nash, a man to whom Bath owes all its modern celebrity, and with whom it is inseparably connected; who procured for it an exemption from the quartering of soldiers; who, finding it poor and restrained within its ancient limits, lived to see its noble edifices stretching over the adjacent hills, the most polished city in the kingdom. For fifty years he presided not only over its amusements, but its interests, and left it rich, populous and splendid. The amusements of the visitors were so well regulated that they promoted, rather than impaired the health. From eight until ten in the morning the company met in the grand Pump-room to drink the waters, while a band of music enlivened the promenade. At ten they adjourned to the concert breakfast at the public rooms. The morning was employed in chit-chat, and strolling about the Bowling green and Parades. At three, they all assembled at dinner at the boarding tables, where, for twelve shillings a week, sumptuous fare was provided. Sobriety and frugality were strictly enforced. Unlike the present times, private parties were unfashionable.

At six, the rooms were opened for dancing and play; the M. C. led out the ladies in the order of precedence for the minuet. Tea was then served; country dances succeeded; and the company retired at eleven o'clock. This rule was invariably followed. The princess Amelia was unable to induce Beau Nash to grant even one more dance after that hour. What a contrast do these early hours present to those of our own day! The Pump-room still opens for its two hours' musical promenade, but the time is changed to the afternoon. The assemblies commence at ten, and close at one in the morning; while powdered wigs have given place to moustachios, polished boots have banished silk stockings and pumps; and where the stately minuet, with its graceful and polite step, was wont to enchant the eye of the beholder, we now see the rapid waltz and still more perplexing polka. The amusements are still governed by the code of laws established by Beau Nash—a restraint which all willingly acknowledge. He died, at the age of 88, on the 12th February, 1761, and was honoured with a public funeral at the expense of the city.

The Unitarian, or Presbyterian Chapel.

The congregation assembling here is the oldest dissenting congregation in Bath. Mr. Mureh states, in his history of Presbyterian churches, that many clergymen were ejected from their livings in the neighbourhood by the Act of Uniformity in 1662, because they could not assent to the articles and services of the Common

Prayer Book. The adherents of these clergymen met together in various obscure places, sometimes even in the woods, as long as the heaviest penalties for non-conformity remained in force ; but in 1688 some of them were able to worship openly in Bath under the guidance of a settled minister, and in 1692 they built a chapel in Frog-lane, now New Bond-street. The present communion plate is dated 1744. Dr. Bennett Stevenson, who officiated thirty-seven years, took an active part in founding the Bath hospital. His name was inserted in the act of parliament as one of the first governors ; and his successors in the chapel, through a hundred years, having regularly made collections for the hospital, have filled the same office. In 1795 the present building in Trim-street was erected, at a cost of £2,500. It appears that congregational registers of baptisms and deaths having been kept from a very early period, were deposited, on the passing of the Registration act, at the Government office in London. In 1819 the congregation were presented by H. E. Howse, esq., a member of an old Bath family, with a cemetery adjoining his grounds in the vale of Lyncombe. One of the first interments was that of a very aged man, the original of Mr. Barker's well-known painting, "The Woodman," who was a long time in the service of Mr. Howse as a gardener.

"This picture," says Mr. Empson, in whose possession it is, "is surprising for its vigorous and decided execution, and was painted at the early age of fifteen. It is the return to his home of him who, by his destined

lot, 'goeth forth to his labour.' His day's toil is over ; and that he has toiled, is shewn in his somewhat relaxed gait—he 'plods his weary way.' His countenance, as well as bending form, tell of his task-work, and that it is over ; and a quiet calm is spreading over his features, conscious of a warm cot, and his winter supper, and comfort and rest ; for the snow is on the ground. His faithful dog,—an indication himself of the home family,—looks up in his quiet face, and in the canvas speaks plain enough ; for his legs are as they would hasten forward, while his head is averted, and his eager eye telling his master to speed on ; that the hearth is warm, and the walls bright ; and that, though it be cold here, there are sunny faces awaiting him—awaiting both, for he is evidently one of the family, and has had many a time the arms of playful children around his shaggy coat. The little nest of trees to the left shew a cotter neighbourhood, and the paling to the right is indicative of a home in the waste he is not very far off. These little indications of *home*, of human though humble society, of fidelity and affection, even in the poor animal, make the *sentiment* of the picture ; without which, indeed, it would be but an unmeaning portrait. The very fagot which he is bearing home will, we know, shed light and warmth ; and thus there is a cheerful thought in the contemplation of day fading upon the cold, comfortless, drifted snow. The colouring is very appropriately grey and quiet, with warmth enough to gratify the eye, yet not destroy the wintry look. The composition is easy ; the decision with which it is painted, surprising."

Trim-street is remarkable for having military trophies carved over the door of the house occupied by the family of the celebrated General Wolfe.

The principal front of the Theatre is in Beaufort-square. This building, erected in 1805, is both neat and commodious, and is said to be the best provincial theatre in the kingdom. It has had a variety of predecessors. Prior to the Reformation, religious mysteries were performed in St. Michael's church; afterwards we read of plays at the Guildhall—at the Abbey gate—then on the site of the General hospital—the Lower rooms—at the Globe tavern, without the west gate, in Orchard-street, and Frog-lane, the latter converted from a chapel to a theatre, while the Orchard-street theatre was converted into a chapel.

Harington-place was the residence of the family of that name; their house is now occupied as the Rectory Commercial school.

At the top of John-street we see the last relic of antiquity in the neighbourhood—Barton farm-house, said by tradition to have been the spot where Sherston entertained queen Elizabeth, standing in its own farm-yard so late as 1752, for in that year an advertisement stated that horses were taken in to graze as usual.

We soon arrive at Queen-square, where, in the splendid northern range of building, we see Wood's talent in architecture to great advantage, and in the south-west corner the beautiful chapel of St. Mary, the first independent proprietary chapel erected in Bath. Its beautiful portico, of the Doric order, is almost

unrivalled in its general character. This building is a correct copy of the temple at Nismes, dedicated to Caius and Lucius, the grandsons of Augustus Cæsar. Having been erected in 1735, prior to the Marriage act, it is said to possess a privilege by prescription of having marriages solemnized therein, together with vaults for sepulture.

In Charlotte-street are two beautiful buildings, the Savings-bank and the new Moravian chapel, the latter a copy of the Temple at Tivoli.

Victoria Park.

At the end of Queen's-parade is Rivers gate, on the top of which are two elegant bronze lions, formerly standing on either side of the throne in the Masonic hall, presented to the Park committee by Mr. Geary, which leads us at once from the busy city to Bath's greatest ornament, the Victoria park. Here we enjoy pure air without fatigue, while every step opens to our view enchanting prospects; and when, exhilarated by their variety and beauty, we pause beneath the shadow of the leafy chestnut to look around, we feel that to those who planned and executed this useful work our thanks are due, and a still higher feeling grows upon us, for it was the result of public spirit assisted by private benevolence.

On the 11th of August, 1829, the following gentlemen, whose names deserve to be recorded, formed themselves into a provisional committee for the pur-



VICTORIA PARK,

pose of laying out ornamental plantations, walks, and rides, in the Crescent field and Freeman's estate :—

Mr. J. DAVIES	Mr. E. ENGLISH
„ H. GODWIN	„ J. MARTIN
„ R. M. PAYNE	„ W. EVANS
„ T. B. COWARD	„ J. STOTHERT
„ B. BARTRUM	„ C. BONES
„ S. SIMMS	„ W. CROCKER
„ C. DUFFIELD	„ B. L. REILLY
„ J. STAFFORD	„ H. HOBSON
„ C. GEARY	„ T. MULLIGAN
„ C. GODWIN	„ J. LODER

Mr. Edward Davis was directed to prepare plans, which received the approbation of the corporation, who voted a sum of £100 per annum, in addition to a donation to that amount, while the body of Freemen concurred in the measure ; the result of which was that a public meeting was held under the presidency of Dr. Spry, the mayor, when the plan was unanimously adopted, and directed to be carried into effect.

On the 23rd of October, 1830, the park was formally opened by her present Majesty, accompanied by her august mother, the Duchess of Kent, and in compliance with her Majesty's express wish, it received the name of the Royal Victoria park.

Everything that could add to the picturesque beauty of the scene was adopted : old quarries were formed into romantic dells ; the waters of the field, which flowed in scattered streams, were collected into an ornamental lake ; while, near the Victoria gates the corporation erected a tasteful Gothic building, as a

farm-house for the Freemen's estate. Every one seemed anxious as far as possible to assist, so that nearly £5,000 were subscribed during the first year. In 1837, a column was erected on the occasion of her Majesty's attaining her majority, which, at the same time that it attests the loyalty of the city, affords a pleasing object in the prospect. Near a romantic and beautifully-wooded glen, is placed a colossal head of Jupiter, the work of the enthusiastic but broken-spirited Osborn, a Bath artist, sculptured from a solid block of freestone, surrounded by masses of stone in fantastic forms.

The history of the Park, from year to year, is well known. It ought, however, to be stated that the town council, elected under the Municipal Reform act, had not the power to continue the subscription of £100 per annum, voted by their predecessors, and that, consequently, the entire expence is defrayed by the voluntary contributions of the public. The sum annually paid in rents, wages, stone for the roads, and various incidentals, amounts to nearly £800 ; in nearly all cases very cheerfully paid, for no one is insensible to the advantage of free access to such a place. A committee, chosen annually by the subscribers, but often to a great extent re-elected, lose no opportunity of adding to the attractions of the Park, and maintaining its character as one of the most pleasing in the kingdom. The chief labour and responsibility of such an undertaking, peculiarly requiring as it does, unity of taste and purpose, will always devolve upon a few ; but if an opinion may be formed from the present state of public feeling, those

gentlemen will never look in vain for the support and the gratitude of their fellow-citizens.

Immediately behind the bust of Jupiter is the foot-path conducting us to the road leading to Weston.

Weston.

THERE is not a more delightful walk in the vicinity of Bath than that to the secluded village of Weston, approached by a nearly straight road, having pleasing villas on either hand, anciently the Via Julia, from Waleot to the Severn. In its course many antiquities have been discovered, more particularly two Lares, or household gods, now deposited in the Royal Institution.

Turning the corner about a mile from the city, we look up the verdant crest of Lansdown, and catch a glimpse of Beekford's tower; and, pursuing the foot-way, come suddenly to the village, which lies embosomed in an amphitheatre of gentle eminences and wooded slopes, a neat row of houses giving it a modern aspect, while the antique style of its cottages produces by contrast a beautiful and picturesque effect. At the Conquest it must have been singularly beautiful; at that time it was divided into manors, valued at £18, and contained a mile and a half of wood, two mills, and 120 acres of pasture lands. Of these manors, one had belonged to Bath Abbey from time immemorial; the owner of the other was dispossessed by William, who gave it to one of his followers: however, this was purchased in 1106, by John of Tours, who gave it

also to the Bath Abbey, in whose possession it remained until the dissolution.

Elphage, the first abbot appointed by king Edgar, was a native of this place. He holds a conspicuous place in the Saxon calendar for his piety and learning. He subsequently became bishop of Winchester, and afterwards archbishop of Canterbury. He was cruelly stoned to death at Greenwich, whose church is dedicated to him, by the Danes, when they sacked the latter city, and his body, after being buried in London, was, by order of king Canute, removed to Canterbury cathedral.

The church is on a rising ground in the centre of the village. It is of the Perpendicular period, having an embattled tower containing six bells; the nave and chancel were neatly rebuilt in 1833. There are a great number of mural tablets, and the stained glass in the east window is particularly chaste. Its old church was a small building, without much beauty; it only held 200 persons, while the present one seats 630. The living is a vicarage, in the patronage of the crown; in 1699, John Harington, of Kelston, endowed it with the rectorial tithes, on condition only that the rector should reside. Near it are three schools, very ornamental buildings, and well adapted for the purpose; in them 230 children receive instruction daily.

Weston contained a population of 2,899 souls at the census of 1841. Its area is 2,600 statute acres, its net rental £10,340; its poor's rates were £700 before the union, and are now £600.

In this village a mock election of mayor is sometimes celebrated. The inauguration in 1834 took place as follows :—After a sumptuous dinner, the mayor of the “ancient city of the seven streams” entered the hall in full procession, with mace-bearers, aldermen, and recorder, attended by the ambassadors of foreign countries, music, &c. He then bound himself to protect the rights, luxuries, and comforts of the corporation; to maintain peace with Twerton, and all foreign countries; to protect the streams and water-courses, and to steal water when required for corporation purposes, and to use his authority exclusively for its benefit. An armed champion then threw down a gauntlet, defying, to mortal combat, all who should impugn the privileges of the ancient city; the civic dignitaries then did homage, and the town-clerk opened the charter-chest, and, among other authentic documents, read Julius Cæsar’s original charter, granted in consequence of services rendered in providing billets for his army when encamped on Lansdown. The mayor then addressed the citizens, and said that Bath had usurped the rights of this ancient city, not only in regard to corporate privileges, but also in its medicinal springs. The Weston springs had, indeed, wonderful qualities: one of them was of a petrifying nature; a gouty gentleman having fallen into the brook, had never suffered from any disorder since. His tomb might be seen in the churchyard.

Proceeding along the borders of Locksbrook, which, rising in Lansdown, falls into the Avon, we arrive at

the extremity of the village, where a road leads to Prospect stile, the race-course, and cricket-ground on Lansdown; a quarter of a mile brings us to North Stoke-lane, a continuation of the Via Julia. At first all seems straightforward enough, but, arrested by a gate, we find ourselves on the unfrequented Roman road, varied by romantic upland scenery, here smooth with mossy turf, there rough with rocky stones; while turning round as we ascend, we obtain a magnificent view of the distant city terminated by Becchen cliff and Claverton down, and, still ascending, we mount the acclivity which terminates in Kelston Round hill, or as it is sometimes called, Henstridge hill. Resting beneath its pines we command the most beautiful and extensive view in the county. On either side lie the cities of Bath and Bristol; to the eastward, the eye wanders over the downs to Marlborough forest; southward, over Salisbury plain, into Dorset; westward, to the Mendip hills, the Bristol channel, the coast of Wales and Monmouthshire; while to the north, the forest of Dean forms a barrier to our view. Below and on every side are seen verdant hills and fertile valleys, with here and there a village spire. While the river flows nearly at our feet, we track, by its evanescent fleecy wreath, the railroad through the splendid vale. Our walk becomes more romantic at every step, until, five miles from Bath, we reach our destination.

North Stoke

Is a straggling village of antique farm-houses, picturesque in the highest degree. Its church, of Norman foundation, is situated on a gentle eminence, and is remarkable for its utter want of beauty. A heavy square nondescript tower, having "William Britton, churchwarden, 1731," legibly engraven thereon, seems to have been built after his own design; it is thirty feet high. Its font is Norman. Its belfry contains a beautiful monument, representing a female figure sitting under a palm tree, resting on an urn, and holding a palm-branch in her left hand; above are the arms of Colonel Edward Brown, and below an inscription to his memory. The chancel is divided from the nave by a wall, in which are two windows and a door. On either side of the porch are two ancient heads; it is surmounted by an incongruous modern florid cross, below which is a crucifix behind a book, on which is a shepherd's crook. In the south-west corner of the churchyard is a beautiful and unmutilated yew tree.

The manor was given to Bath abbey by Kenulf, king of Mercia, in 800. In 1120, Modbert de Stoke disputed the right; but, not proving his own, it was confirmed to the monks by Henry I. and Stephen. At the Reformation, it was given to Paulet Lord St. John; and, in Elizabeth's reign, to the manor of East Greenwich. Its population is 173; its area, 660 aeres; its average poor's rates, £28.

Returning through the village, we come to North

Stoke brow, from whence we obtain another delightful view, surrounding, as it were, the beautiful church of Bitton, just within the boundary of Gloucestershire, to which we proceed by descending the field to the high road. Passing through the village of Swinford, where are some copper mills in full operation, we diverge from the Bristol road a quarter of a mile further on, by a lane which conducts us to

Bitton,

A large parish, containing five churches, thirty miles in circumference, divided from Somerset by the river Avon ; it is a vicarage annexed to the prebend of Bitton, in the collegiate church of Salisbury. It comprises the hamlets of Bitton and Hanham, where there are Roman camps, and Oldland, each of which is distinct for parochial purposes, their population together amounting, in 1841, to 9,338.

Bitton church consists of a nave remarkable for its length, a chancel separated from it by an elaborately beautiful Anglo-Norman arch terminated by a beautiful east window, containing stained glass, having on either side an emblematical carving, the one representing ears of corn, the other a vine branch. The church is very ancient, the foundation Anglo-Norman, but the general character Perpendicular. The north chapel contains some elaborate sedilia of the Decorated style. In the north porch are preserved the effigies of Sir Walter de Bitton, and the Lady Emmote de

Hastynge, good examples of the monuments of the thirteenth century ; together with some coffins, and other relics of antiquity. In 1822, the Anglo-Norman south door was converted into a window. The tower is of the Perpendicular period, consisting of three stages having diagonal buttresses, carrying crocketed pinnacles at each stage ; it has an embattled parapet, with pinnacles. A very beautiful spire, restored by Mr. Ellacombe, the incumbent, in 1842, surmounts the stair-turret. The drip eorrels of the western doorway are supposed to represent Edward III. and his queen. The churchyard is very neat, in which are some beautiful tombs after antique models. Every admirer of ancient art will feel grateful to the incumbent for the manner in which the restorations of this beautiful edifice have been effected.

In this village are some paper mills, which are worthy of inspection, more particularly the beautiful sheet of water connected with them.

Certain holders of land in this parish have an old right to pasture cattle in the meadows which skirt the Avon, from the Sunday after the 14th of August to the April following ; the nominal owners having the right only to mow them. This day was formerly one of high festivity. A white bull, decked in garlands, was led in with much ceremony ; the others driven in with shouting. Though this has been discontinued, the custom of " shooting the meadows," as it is called, still exists, and is probably of very high antiquity.

Kelston.

ANCIENTLY called Kelweston, is the next village on our road home; a place not mentioned in Domesday Book, but anciently belonging to Shaftesbury abbey. Henry VIII. granted this manor to his natural daughter, Ethelred Malte, who married his confidential servant, John Harington. His son, the celebrated Sir John Harington, was godson to queen Elizabeth. He translated Ariosto's Orlando Furioso, from the Italian, and was one of the most brilliant wits of her court. The earl of Essex, lord lieutenant of Ireland, having knighted him without first asking the queen's consent, she took offence, and he withdrew from court until the accession of king James. Queen Elizabeth visited Kelston in 1591, on which occasion she presented him with a gold font; which, being removed by his son for greater security to Bristol, in 1643, was coined into money by the Parliamentarians. During the civil wars, the mansion, which stood near the church, was ravaged by both parties. This house, erected in 1587, was destroyed in 1760 by Sir Caesar Hawkins, although many of its outbuildings still remain.

The church is an ancient building, with a square tower forty feet high, in which are four bells; its general character is early English. Its body consists of a nave, chancel, and two porches, one walled up. Its north window has a male and female head forming its corbels; its east window is obstructed by an ancient board with the commandments painted in black letter; its font is octangular and ancient.

“Alas! the good old name is dead,
And only to be seen on a tombstone;
A name that has gone down from sire to son,
So many generations!”

These words of Southey came forcibly to our remembrance as we passed through the churchyard, and contemplated the decaying tombs of the Haringtons from beneath its beautiful yew tree, which the maiden queen herself may have planted; and then we sought the park wherein the deer were wont to range, and passed its deserted mansion, while the busy rooks cawed around us, and the young lambs bleated as we passed, their dams, as though unconscious of our presence, remaining in the shadow of the noble elms. Its population in 1841 was 255; its area 1,045 statute acres; and its poor rates average £65.

Two miles from Bath we ascend Newbridge hill, from which we obtain a beautiful prospect. Here is Partis college, erected by the widow of Fletcher Partis in compliance with his will, rendered void by the statute of Mortmain. This beautiful building was completed in 1826, and opened for the reception of thirty decayed gentlewomen, each of whom receives an annuity, and is provided with a separate residence; ten are required to be either daughters or widows of clergymen of the established church. It has a resident chaplain, the bishop of the diocese is visitor, and its management is vested by deed in the hands of thirteen trustees.

We can reach Bath also by railway from Saltford.

Saltford.

LEAVING Kelston churchyard, we walk past an ancient farm house and cross the fields to Saltford ferry, near which are some brass mills on the river, and a station of the Great Western railway, five miles from Bath. Saltford is a pretty village, formerly belonging to the honor of Gloucester. It is now in the possession of the family of Chandos, who are the patrons of the living.

Its church is remarkable for an ancient heptagonal font, on which are seven angels' heads, and a Perpendicular window on its northern aspect. Its interior is neat, having been lately repaired; but its tower is clumsy, and was "mended" when the church was repaired.

Near it is the ancient mansion of the Rodney family, now in the possession of Mr. Flower. Its walls are four feet thick; its flooring is of unplanned oak trees; its circular headed window was modernized in the sixteenth century; the old door still remains, with a gabled porch, surmounted by a cross and sculptured corbels. A chimney piece bears the date of 1645. The roof is surmounted at its eastern gable by a seated lion carved in stone.

It is in the Keynsham Union and hundred. Its population in 1841 was 427; its area 823 acres; its poor rates average £160.

About two miles from Saltford is the sequestered and beautiful village of

Corston,

Lying under Newton hill, shrouded in a grove of trees. At the conquest, it belonged to Bath Abbey, when it was worth £8. In the reign of Henry I. it was alienated from the monastery to the family of St. Lo; afterwards to the family of Inge. It was a portion of the Harington estates until the eighteenth century, when it was purchased by Joseph^r Langton, whose daughter marrying William Gore Langton, esq., it came into his possession.

The church which is dedicated to All Saints, stands in a well kept churchyard. It is a peculiar edifice, having a square western tower supporting a conical spire; its chancel is embattled. In it is a walled up north door of early English architecture; the east window consists of three lights without mullions. The church was repaired and covered with plaster in 1622.

In the centre of the village is a beautiful elm tree, near which are some national schools, of a pleasing style of architecture, recently erected.

This parish is in the hundred of Wellow, and the Union of Keynsham. Its population, in 1841, was 604; its area 1145 acres; its average poor rates are £120.

A delightful walk conducts us to the village of

Newton St. Lo.

A SHORT distance on the high road we pass through a gate, and, ascending the hill, we come into the church-

yard on its summit. The manor of Newton was one of the many bestowed by the Conqueror on the bishop of Coutance; it afterwards came into the possession of the family of St. Lo, or de Saneto Laude. In the reign of king John, the sheriff assessed its owner, Roger St. Lo, in the sum of £100 towards a levy of that monarch; and when the barons rebelled, this powerful lord is said to have imprisoned the king in his castle at Newton. It subsequently passed to the families of Botreaux, Hungerford, Hastings, and at present it belongs to Gore Langton.

The church is a remarkably handsome one, having a fine tower of the pure Perpendicular style, embattled, and covered with ivy, containing a peal of five bells. The western arch is partially built up. The font is octagonal, the pulpit very old; near it are two beautiful square decorated windows, the panels elaborately ornamented with coats of arms and various emblems. The south chapel, separated from the nave by arches, contains a canopied pew belonging to the lord of the manor, and a mural monument, of grey and white marble, of the Langton family; the pediment, supported by Corinthian columns, is divided into two compartments by a column in the centre. In the churchyard are the remains of the Holy Rood, consisting of a portion of the shaft of the cross, and three steps.

Near the church is a free school, built and endowed by Richard Jones, of Stowey, in 1698.

Near the village is the beautiful park of William Gore Langton, esq., the late respected member for east



NEWTON CHURCH.



Somerset, who represented his native county fifty-five years, and who, full of years and honor, has been lately "gathered to his fathers," leaving an unblemished character for consistency and uprightness during a long and honorable political career.

During the formation of the Great Western railway, a beautiful Roman pavement was discovered, which, having been carefully removed, has been relaid in a room appropriated for the purpose at the Keynsham station.

Newton is in the hundred of Wellow, and Keynsham Union. Its population is 527; its area is 1504 acres; its poor rates £250.

A delightful rural stroll brings us to the ancient village of

Englishcombe,

A shady lane for about a mile, and then a pathway over pasture land. Its name has been a puzzle to the antiquary; but if we desired to shew a foreigner a true English valley, we certainly should select it for the purpose. Will our readers accept this etymology? It was given to the bishop of Coutance at the Conquest, the Saxon thane receiving a peremptory notice to quit. It was then worth £10. It had six ploughs, two mills, twelve acres of meadow, and one hundred acres of coppice wood, ten carucates of arable land, and three carucates in demesne. In the reign of king John, we find it in the possession of the powerful family of De Gournay, one of whom made his youngest son heir, on

the singular tenure of twelve cross-bow shots annually. Here was one of their baronial castles; but Sir Thomas de Gournay being attainted for the murder of king Edward II., this, with his other estates, was confiscated and bestowed on the duchy of Cornwall, the prince of Wales, in right of the said duchy, being lord of the manor.

The church is pleasantly situated on the brow of a hill, and presents a contrast to those which we have described, in having a central embattled tower, with pinnacles. Its font is Norman, and square. On the north side of the tower, which contains five bells, are two finely preserved Norman zigzag arches walled up; those supporting the tower are early English, on Norman pillars and capitals. The west window, of the Decorated period, containing stained glass, has in its mouldings four shields: one of Bath Abbey, which received a pension from its rectory; one containing a bugle horn; the third a bow; and the fourth a quiver of arrows. In the porch there is a small decorated canopy, and near the altar a piscina of the same period. In the south chapel, a beautiful square decorated window, and on the wall between it and the nave, an angel supporting a coat of arms; above, a window divided into two compartments, containing ancient stained glass. It was thoroughly repaired in good taste in 1840, by which sixty additional sittings were obtained. In the churchyard is a decaying recumbent effigy, which probably originally occupied an altar-tomb in the chapel.

Of the castle nothing remains except the earthwork and fosse in a field called *Culverhays*. Ninety years since, a large maple tree was rooted out of its site, under the idea that treasure was concealed beneath; nothing, however, but the ancient well, filled up with rubbish, rewarded the search. The view from its grassy mound is very picturesque.

The Manor house, now converted into a beer shop, exists much in the same state as when the unfortunate duke of Monmouth passed through the village to Philips Norton, from his bivouac on Barrow hill; its doorway, anciently fastened with a strong bar of wood, having a small window on either side, the better to guard against sudden surprise.

The rectorial barn, built out of the ruins of the castle, is a fine example of the gothic barn of the later period. A venerable pear tree is trained against its buttresses; and in the hedge behind is one of the most extraordinary vegetable curiosities in the kingdom—two ancient yew trees having grown together in the form of a lancet arch. From the centre a remarkably fine new growth arises.

In the orchard, near the church, the Wansdyke may be seen; and in the pasture lands, westward, it exists in its pristine condition—a long mound with a ditch on either side, varying in height from nine to twelve feet; a portion of the orchard occupying the site of a British earthwork, which extends to the down beyond. Few objects of antiquarian research have given so much occasion for surmises; it has, in turn, been attributed

to the Britons, Romans, and Saxons; for my own part, I am inclined to believe it to be an old Celtic boundary, anterior to the irruption of the Belgæ. Throughout its course, from the Thames to the Severn, their vestiges remain, their towns, their barrows, and their temples; too feeble for an intrenchment of a thinly inhabited country, it was sufficiently durable as a landmark. Here and there, as at Avebury, in Wiltshire, it assumes the appearance of an intrenchment; but in every other portion of its course it is useless for such a purpose. Extending in nearly a direct line from the Thames, it enters Wiltshire at Great Bedwin, passing through Savernake forest, over Marlborough downs by Calstone, Heddington, and Spye park, arrives at the Avon at Benaere, traverses the fields, meets the Avon again at Bathampton, crosses Claverton down, Prior park, and Englisheombe, thence by Stantonbury camp, through Publow to Maes Knoll, then passes over Highbridge common to the ancient port of Portishead on the Severn.

Englisheombe barrow hill, half a mile from the village, is the largest and most remarkable burial mound in the world. At its base it is 800 yards in circumference; its summit is 36 yards in diameter; its eastward slope is 104 yards; its perpendicular height 100 feet. Conjecture has vainly sought for the origin of this immense artificial mound. That it is so, all antiquaries agree, for its form and aspect differ materially from a natural hill. From its summit we have a magnificent panoramic view of the vale of Avon, embracing

Bath and its suburbs, the Wiltshire and Gloucestershire hills, the Severn and Cambrian mountains.

The parish is in the hundred of Wellow and Union of Bath. Its population, in 1841, was 486; its area 1552 statute acres, paying a net rental of £2490. Its poor rates before the union were £189, and now average £120 per annum.

The return from the village may be varied in many ways: we can keep the shady lane to the Wells road, or cross the field to Twerton; in either case beautiful prospects will delight us.

Twerton.

TWERTON, formerly called Twiverton, but in Domesday Book *Twertone*, at which time it was divided into two manors, was given by William to the bishop of Constance, who appears to have bestowed so many on that valiant ecclesiastic that they might again revert to the crown at his death. In the reign of Henry III. it was the property of the Bayeaux family, through whom it came to the Rodneys, who held it until 1590, when it was divided into a number of estates. In 1318, the church, valued at six marks, was given to the nuns of Kington St. Michael, the vicar being bound to pay the prioress 100 shillings yearly; and as often as he failed in his payment he was fined a mark towards the building of Bath Abbey. This deed was dated at Evercreech, 1st August, 1242 and is preserved in the

registry of Wells. The nuns of Barrow had a pension also of two marks from the rectory, so that we may presume it was rather a good living in ancient times.

Of the church, which is dedicated to St. Michael, the font and tower alone remain ; the former Norman and octagonal, the latter embattled, of the later decorated period, containing six bells. The body of the church was rebuilt in 1839, after a design by Mr. Mannors, by which the tower became southwest, the church inclined to the north, so that the fine Norman arch, with its pellet and chevron mouldings, and grotesque heads, forming the capitals, conduits to the south aisle. On it is inscribed—

“ THIS IS NONE OTHER BUT THE HOUSE OF GOD;
AND THIS IS THE GATE OF HEAVEN.”

However appropriate this sentence may be, it is a pity to spoil the effect of this beautiful relic of antiquity by its introduction into the mouldings of the arch. The interior of the nave is exceedingly neat, its old monumental tablets being re-erected in good taste, and a plain gallery occupies three sides of the quadrangle. The pulpit has a large gilt crucifix, with the monogram I. H. S. The chancel, which is beautifully plain and tastefully neat, is ascended from the nave by three steps ; its window is glazed with stained glass, and the altar fittings are simple and elaborate, producing a very fine, yet subdued effect. By the alteration, accommodation was afforded for 812 persons, and the church contains 457 free sittings.

We remarked in the churchyard an obelisk, on which was a most flattering inscription to Mrs. Peggy Amat, surmounted by a small porcelain urn, inserted into the free-stone. To read it one would think she was a paragon of perfection; but casting our eyes on the slab on which we stood, we found that it was "respectfully erected" by her husband, and we turned away wondering which told the truth, the one inscription or the other; it certainly seemed an odd expression on a tomb.

Near the church are the celebrated woollen factories of Messrs. Wilkins and company; and it is not a little singular that they should now be all that is left of the woollen manufactory at Bath, the monks, as we have before stated, having caused it to be celebrated throughout the world. After the Reformation the prosperity of the city was alone maintained by it; and at the restoration of king Charles II. there were no less than thirty-six looms at work in St. Michael's alone.

The immense increase of this now populous village may be gathered from Collinson, whose work was published in 1790. He says, "The village consists of one street half a mile in length; the first house on entering the village on the right was the residence of Henry Fielding while he wrote his 'Tom Jones.' The christenings in this parish average 13; the burials 18 annually."

We looked for Fielding's house, and found it in one of a row, called Fielding's-terraee. Its window was filled with the various wares which characterize the

village shop; a board over the door, which is still surmounted by his crest, informed us that the tenant was "licensed to sell tea, coffee, tobacco, and snuff," and various articles of a nondescript character decorated the window of the novelist's study.

Many years ago we were shewn a house in the upper town of Boulogne, on which was a marble tablet, stating that Le Sage, the author of "Gil Blas," died there. It was but a simple record, plain and unadorned, a cheap, but well-deserved tribute; and we have often thought, that such a custom would, if adopted in this country, produce a feeling of respect to the dwellings of departed genius, and elevate the national taste, by directing the wayfarer's ideas to what all can feel—respect and reverence to those who deserve well of their fellow men.

In the field above, we saw an industrious group cultivating their patches of allotment land. What a blessing it must be for them thus to employ hours, which would otherwise be unproductive, in the cultivation of a grateful soil, which for every hour's labour returns a thousand blessings, doubly prized, because it is all their own, and eaten with the sanctifying comfort of independence!

And then our elastic ideas received a check, for we were on the confines of misery and wretchedness,—we had rung the bell of the Bath City gaol. Politely received by the governor, we were shewn through that splendid establishment, where a most efficient, yet benevolent system of prison discipline is enforced.

But we are locked in ; let us enter an open cell. First, let us admire the architectural arrangements of the corridor, containing 86 male cells ; the opposite one having 36 for female prisoners. Here is plenty of light, hot air, and free ventilation, every cell having its window, with water, a comfortable bed, and ample room, thirteen feet long by seven broad, and nine high, with a bell to summon an attendant when required, a bible, and a prayer book. The separate, and not the silent, system is enforced. The attendants converse with the prisoner, and the chaplain and other officers daily visit him ; but were he to remain seven years he would never see the tenant of the next cell. Contamination is thus prevented ; and as he is instructed by the schoolmaster daily, he becomes (unless completely hardened) wiser and better, so that his imprisonment produces the grand effect aimed at—reformation. We saw a prisoner in one of the exercising grounds : he looked well in health ; and although many think the system too lenient, we feel sure, that, like Sterne's starling, his cry was, " I can't get out ;" and whatever his crimes might have been, his heart would respond to the gay carol of the lark, who soared on high, or to the chirpings of the sparrow, who hopped from the yard to the top of the dreary wall, and he would envy the birds their liberty and innocence. We were much pleased with all the arrangements ;—contrasted with gaols we had visited, order and kindness seemed to prevail ; and were gratified to hear that the refractory cells had never been used, and that the system had

diminished crime in the city. In the old gaol, 110 was the average number of inmates, now reduced to 50; the Bailiff being enabled to discharge three officers and one female attendant, as being more than the establishment required. The good effects of the system are shewn by the gradual diminution of the number of commitments. Mr. Pike says that the number of prisoners were, in the year 1844, 843; 1845, 776; 1846, 632. The building covers two acres of land, and is a mile and a half from the Guildhall; it cost £22,000, and was erected in 1842 by Mr. Manners.

Twerton is in the hundred of Wellow and Union of Bath. Its population is 3342; its area 971 statute acres; its net rental £6823; its poor rates were £306 before the union, and are now £378.

We returned to Bath by Mr. Dredge's patent suspension bridge. Arguing from analogy, we feel sure that his principle is correct, because Providence has not, in forming our arms and hands for the lifting of heavy weights, given the same quantity of muscle at the extremity of our fingers as at the shoulders. It is light, graceful, and elegant. "Mr. Dredge's genius," says Lord Western, in a letter to Lord Melbourne, then premier, "has led him, by the simplicity and perspicuity of his conceptions, to effect a discovery which I firmly believe will turn out of great national importance, the recognition of which by the country will, I am sure, be felt by him as the highest possible reward. I proceed to give you a brief description of the expense and

particulars of the Victoria bridge, across the Avon, built in 1836, which has proved itself equal to its inventor's most sanguine expectations; its cost was £1,650, its span is 150 feet, and only 21 tons of iron were consumed in its construction, which cost only £120; the great expense was therefore on the masonry and the timbers supporting the platform or road, quite unconnected with the principle on which the bridge is built. The chains are under 10 tons, and are equal to sustain 500 tons on transit. In November he began putting the chains of this bridge together, and in the following month it was opened for general use; its road is stoned like common roads. During a recent residence of two months in that city, I have had an opportunity of seeing often the bridge; it is a beautiful structure, and at once commands admiration for its beauty and confidence in its stability."

Sion Hill.

LEAVING the village of Weston by a lane near the church, we cross the pasture land to Primrose hill. The views are very beautiful: Weston on the one side of the Avon, and Twerton on the other, backed by Englishcombe barrow, and the picturesquely-wooded ranges, afford us pleasing prospects as we ascend the hill.

A narrow shaded pathway on the brow conducts us to the top of the High Common, a portion of the Freeman's estate—the ancient barton, now laid out with much taste as a public walk in connection with the

park, from whence we have another view of the city, with its crescentic border of hills rising in the southern background.

At the end of Sion-hill is the residence of Mr. Thomas Barker, the celebrated artist, whose beautiful fresco of the massacre at Seio, in 1822, adorns the walls of its saloon—a work of art remarkable for the taste and genius displayed in its execution, and for the grandeur of conception developed in its groupings. Then passing along Somerset-place, we come to Lansdown-crescent, erected towards the close of the last century, when it was called Spackman's-buildings, after the gentleman who first rented the ground.

In Lansdown-crescent is Mr. Henry Lawson's celebrated Observatory, containing every instrument and appliance necessary for the observations for which that gentleman has so greatly distinguished himself.

Immediately below is All Saints' chapel, opened in 1794. It was erected from a plan by Mr. Palmer, in a debased Gothic style. Its gallery environs it, and forms an oval; the twelve windows contain each the head of an apostle painted on glass, while that over the altar is illuminated with the Lord's Supper, after a design by T. Barker.

Walking along the broad pavement we see why Bath is so delightful a residence for the invalid, and why its inhabitants attain so remarkable a longevity compared with those of other cities. Its sheltered situation, its animated and delightful prospects, its pleasant society, completeness of arrangement, and the comparative

cheapness of everything required by the most fastidious taste, will preserve its pre-eminence as the most beautiful city in the world; and though fashions change, and "seasons" be as though they were not, Bath has natural advantages, improved by art, which none other can boast of; which have caused her sheltered valleys and mysterious springs to be sought, for health and comfort, during countless ages.

We wish that those who doubt our panegyric, would accompany us to Beacon-hill, or to the terrace walk of Camden-place, from whence we have a view which would require all our enthusiasm to describe; or, if they wish a stroll into the country, we would take them to the village of

Charlcombe, or the "Valley of the Peasant,"

Which lies in a valley below Lansdown. Tradition relates that its church was, in Saxon times, the mother church of Bath; at all events, it belonged to Bath Abbey from time immemorial. In the Confessor's time, the manor was worth fifty shillings. At the Conquest, William Hosate held it; it was then worth £6. There is an agreement extant between him and the convent, of which Collinson gives the following translation:—

"In this writing is declared the agreement which William Hosate hath made with the abbot Ulfwold, the abbot Ælfrig, and the whole convent of Bath, concerning the land of CEORLCUMB; that is to say, they have delivered into his hands the said land,

with ten oxen and sixty sheep, with an acre for sowing, on condition that he pay the monastery every year £2 rent, and that he go to the king's bank, and pay tallage to the king. This is done on condition that he be faithful and obedient to each abbot, and all the brethren, in all things; and if he shall violate the trust which he hath pledged, he shall forfeit the land, and be cursed by Christ, Saint Mary and Saint Peter, to whom this monastery is dedicated."

The manor remained in the hands of the clergy until the Reformation; the church patronage in the hands of the lord of the manor until the Rev. Walter Robins annexed it to the Bath grammar school, the master of which, the Rev. James Pears, is the present incumbent.

The church, dedicated to St. Mary, presents marks of high antiquity, and was thoroughly repaired prior to the Reformation. The font, which is bowl-shaped, is undoubtedly Saxon; it has a carved moulding, nearly obliterated with yellow wash, and stands near the west window. The church is 50 feet long by 18 broad, and consists of a nave and chancel. The windows are of the Perpendicular style; one of them, on the south, retaining portions of stained glass, a male figure, with the words **Ave Maria**, and a female face, which I believe to be the Virgin Mary. The pulpit is of stone, a foot thick, and nine feet in circumference. The door, which is on the south, has a plain Saxon arch, supported by pillars. Near the altar is a beautiful monument, by Ford, of Bath, to Lady Barbara



CHARLCOMBE CHURCH.

Montague, who died in the year 1766, representing her reclining on a bible, placed on a pillar. Near it a tablet, to the memory of Sarah Fielding, whose epitaph in the Abbey church has been already noticed. Externally, the church, with its massive buttresses, has a peculiar appearance. Its square turret, containing an ancient bell, projects from its roof, and is supported by three clumsy corbels fixed to the west wall. It seems to have been originally flat, the battlements being subsequently added; it is shadowed by a luxuriant yew-tree. The graveyard is well kept.

The views here are finely studded with wood, and extend to the Wiltshire downs. On our return, we pass the Rev. Mr. Widdrington's allotment land, with its busy group of tenantry.

Charlcombe is in the Bath Union, and contains an area of 571 acres, paying a net rental of £1,200. Its population, in 1791, was 50, and is now 84. In 1770 its poor's rates were £22, and now average £51 per annum.

St. Stephen's church, at the end of Beacon hill on the Lansdown road, is a chapel of ease to Walcot. It is of the Decorated period, and cruceiform. Its tower is 120 feet high, in three stages; beneath is a massive doorway, forming a porch to the church. Its east window has been beautifully decorated with stained glass by the rector, to form a monument to the memory of his father; and the western transept contains a Florid Gothic mortuary font, of Caen stone, the gift of the Pindar family. Its roof is an open timber one.

It contains 700 seats, 450 of which are free. Towards the expenses the Diocesan society contributed £300, the Incorporated £400; the remainder will be defrayed by voluntary subscriptions. The architect of this beautiful edifice is Mr. James Wilson, F. S. A. Near the church are twelve almshouses, of the domestic Tudor style, not yet completed.

A little below is Lansdown grove, the residence of Sir William Cockburn, bart., wherein are some of Barker's celebrated paintings. Proceeding down the road, we come to Bellevue house, where Gainsborough resided. It is not a little singular that Bath should proudly boast among her citizens, of the two first and truest of English painters of rustic life and rural scenery.

Thence crossing the road, we come to Montpellier row, wherein is Christ church, erected at the instigation of the late archdeacon Daubeney, in the year 1798, for the accommodation of the poor. It contains a fine altar-piece and organ, and has 800 free seats, and an embattled tower with pinnacles.

St. James's-square occupies the poet Anstey's garden. In 1790 he received notice to quit, in consequence of its being required for building on; upon which he wrote the celebrated epigram:—

“Ye men of Bath, who stately mansions rear,
To wait for tenants from—the Lord knows where,
Would you pursue a plan that cannot fail,
Erect a madhouse and enlarge your gaol?”

Now it happened that, at this period, the doors of the

gaol were open, there being no prisoners to confine, and he was thus answered :—

“ While crowds arrive, fast as our streets increase,
And the gaol only is an empty space ;
While health and ease here court the grave and gay,
Madmen and fools alone will keep away.”

The beech trees, of which he was particularly fond, were transplanted to Mr. Wiltshire's grounds at Bathford, where they still flourish.

The Royal-crescent is a splendid row of thirty houses, of the Ionic order, erected, in 1769, by the younger Wood. The frontages of the two, which terminate it at either end, are very imposing. Of it Madame D'Arblay said, that it “ adds all the delights of nature which beautify the Parades to the excellencies of architecture which adorn the Circus.”

Margaret's chapel, in Brock-street, was opened by the eloquent, but misguided Dr. Dodd, in 1770.

In the year 1754, Wood laid out the ground for Gay-street and the Circus. The latter is a magnificent circle of houses, its stages being of the Doric, Ionic, and Corinthian orders, presenting, says Collinson, every ornament of each. The pillars of the principal story support a cornice decorated with a series of ornaments cut in stone. “ It is worthy,” says Smollett, “ to be called the Cestus of Venus ;” and it has been compared to the Coliseum of Rome turned outside in. The late Sir John Soane, R.A., professor of architecture, in one of his lectures, to give an idea of the immense

size of the Coliseum, had two models made, placing that of the Circus at Bath within the area of the other. The effect on a moonlight night is very imposing. In its centre is a reservoir of water, with some trees, which rather interfere with its splendour from the gloom they impart.

In Gay-street is a house profusely ornamented with wreaths carved from the Bath stone, erected by Wood for the residence of Mr. Gay, the proprietor of the land; and for many years occupied by Mrs. Piozzi, the friend of Dr. Samuel Johnson, whose original crayon portrait, by Trotter, is now in the possession of Dr. Hodges, who resides next door, inherited by him from his uncle, the late Rev. Dr. Farmer, master of Emanuel college, Cambridge, a friend of Johnson, and the author of an essay on the learning of Shakspeare.

The Assembly rooms, situate between Alfred and Bennett streets, are considered to be the finest suite of public rooms in the kingdom. They were erected in 1771, by the younger Wood, at an expense of £20,000, raised among seventy subscribers. They consist of a ball room, 107 feet long and 43 in height and breadth; an octagon reception room, 48 feet in diameter, in which are full-length portraits of the late Masters of the Ceremonies—Beau Nash and Mr. Heaviside, painted by the late Mr. Thomas Shew, Captain Wade, by Gainsborough, and Mr. Tyson, by Mr. James, a Bath artist. The card room is 72 feet by 27, the reading room, 48 feet by 20, the tea room, 68 feet by 43, and octagon vestibule, 28 feet in diameter; in addition to

which there are billiard rooms and cloak rooms, and a residence for the lessee ; without staircases, the whole suite occupying one floor. These rooms have had two predecessors. In 1708, Harrison built the Assembly rooms, on the Walks ; while Mrs. Lindsay, a celebrated singer, conducted a rival establishment in the immediate neighbourhood. At this period, Mrs. Hayes, who succeeded Harrison, made a large fortune, and was espoused by Lord Hawley, still continuing her tenancy. The duke of Chandos kept a lodging-house ; while a reverend archdeacon thought it no disgrace to keep a wine vault. The Lower rooms were destroyed by fire in 1820, with the exception of the portico ; and York-street runs over the site of Lindsay's ball room.

Edgar-buildings were commenced on a plot of ground called the Town Acre, in 1761 ; and Milsom-street, which was intended for private residences, in 1764. One of its piles of buildings, on the St. Michael's side, formerly called Somerset place, presents a noble centre, with two wings, and occupying the site of the old parish workhouse. The octagon chapel was opened in 1767.

Landdown.

A PLEASANT walk of three-quarters of a mile from St. Stephen's church, brings us to Beckford's tower, and as we walk we ever and anon turn round to look upon the beautiful city, with its southern suburbs rising up the hills beyond Beechen-cliff. On our right hand we

have the village of Charleombe, with the hills on the eastern aspect, while Banner, Kings, and Hampton downs, bound our extensive view with nature's massive framework.

The Wesleyan college, to be called New Kingswood, is intended to be erected at the end of Springfield-place, after a design by Mr. James Wilson, in the Tudor style, and will consist of a centre containing a dining hall; a west wing, school rooms, and other offices; while the chapel, with the governor's house, will occupy the east wing; the whole forming the letter H, facing the south.

The tower, which, until Mr. Beekford's death, contained a magnificent collection of objects of taste and splendour connected with literature and the fine arts, rises to an altitude of 154 feet. The lower portion, to the height of 130 feet, is quadrangular; above this an octangular story of twelve feet is surmounted by a lantern twelve feet high. From the lantern a most extensive prospect is obtained; and although the city of Bath is hidden from view, by the tower being placed so far from the brow of the hill, this is to be regarded as a beautiful feature rather than as a defect.

The tower narrowly escaped conversion into a beer-shop, having been sold by auction, in May, 1847. Mr. Beekford's daughter, the duchess of Hamilton, prevented this outrage to good taste by repurchasing it, presenting it as a *personal* gift to the Rev. Mr. Widdrington, enabling him, in his official capacity, to dedicate it and its picturesque grounds as a chapel and cemetery for the parish of Walcot.

This has been done in correct taste by Mr. Goodridge, the architect of the structure, in the Byzantine style. We enter the grounds through a noble arched gateway, most elaborately enriched, and surmounted by a campanile, the effect being enhanced by the introduction of the beautiful piers and railings which surrounded Mr. Beckford's tomb in the Abbey cemetery, whose remains are now removed from thence and deposited on the precise spot desired by himself. The beautiful red granite sarcophagus, an appropriate tomb, was made under his own directions. As a descendant of the Saxon kings, he is interred above ground, his tomb bearing his arms, and his own beautiful lines.

“ WILLIAM BECKFORD, Esq.,
Late of Fonthill, Wilts,
Died 2nd May, 1844,
Aged 84.”

“ ———— Eternal Power,
Grant me, through obvious clouds, one transient gleam
Of thy bright essence in my dying hour !”

Passing Beckford's tower we come upon the open down, where every step adds to the beauty of our rich view ; on the one side Kelston round-hill, with far distant ranges ; on the other Colerne and King's down, the noble eminence of Solsbury standing up alone, as the centre of an unrivalled view of the Wiltshire downs. Three miles from Bath is Chapel farm, so called from its having been in ancient times an hospital for poor pilgrims journeying to and from Glastonbury, the chapel

of which, being dedicated to St. Lawrence, is supposed by many to give its name to the down; but it seems more probable that, finding it already named *Lantèsdune*, or Lansdown, the chapel was dedicated to the saint above mentioned, that it might be called Lawrence down. This chapel was, prior to the Reformation, a rectory belonging to the monks of Bath, who were lords of the manor of Lansdown. In 1551, it was granted, with Woolley, to Fynnes, lord Clinton and Saye, lord high admiral, by letters patent from Edward VI.; he subsequently sold it, and after passing through various hands, it now belongs to William Blathwayt, esq., who holds under the manor of East Greenwich, which possesses the royalties of this and several adjacent manors. The only relic of the chapel is a decorated window; the farm-house was erected in the reign of James I. Near it, on St. Lawrence's day, August 10, a large fair, consisting principally of cattle and cheese, is annually held.

We can return from Lansdown by the bridle-road leading to Weston. Passing the cricket ground, we come to a gate on the opposite side of the road, which we must cross, for in a little hollow is Saint Elphage's Well, the water of which flows into an ancient stone coffin, and is of singular purity. There are many of these holy springs in various parts of the country, for in ancient times, when laws were almost unknown, the good old monks consecrated them to the church, lest the baron of the hill should turn the stream from the more humble and dependent tiller of the plain.

Saint Elphage's Well.

Oh, ye ! who, led by superstition, sought
 This holy stream in prayer your woes to heal ;
 Where blind, and lame, and impotent were brought
 To weep, to pray, and on the greensward kneel,

And then to lave within the crystal stream
 Which from the rock came gushing to your aid,
 And, bubbling o'er, reflecting heaven's own beam,
 Flowed to the vale to fertilize each glade,—

Ye saw not, as we do, in happier days,
 The heavenly Rock from which life's waters flow ;
 And yet in faith ye utter'd man's faint praise,
 And bless'd the Saint—a man long since laid low.

Pure, as of old, the Saint's sweet stream flows down,
 And through a coffin murmurs as it falls—
 An emblem of his faith, which each must own
 Who life and death, and future hope reveals.

The valleys about Lansdown are noted for being the resort of gipsies, the last remains of the nomadic tribes, and which may not inaptly be called the Indians of Europe. Their children beg of us in a strange foreign-sounding idiom. Their black-eyed lasses will ask us to dive under the mystic wave of futurity, while the dark and handsome father of the camp will bow to us evilly, yet disdainfully, as we pass by, as though he would say,—

The rich may sleep on their beds of down,
 I envy them not—on my broad estate
 Have I not the fragrant heath-clad down,
 With the oak to curtain my bed of state ?

I will tell thee where I love to rest—
On a streamlet's bank in a shady vale,
And, like the lark o'er its mossy nest,
To carol at eve my light-hearted tale.

Sweet is the music from babbling streams,
Which dash o'er the rocks near the gipsy's fire ;
Sweet 'tis to dance 'neath the bright moonbeams,
What more can the richest on earth desire ?

Lansdown is covered with ancient earthworks and camps of various dimensions, and the high road near the Monument passes through a perfect Roman camp.

Near the fourth milestone is the Monument erected, says Wood, by Lord Lansdown, in 1720, to the memory of his grandfather, Sir Bevil Grenville, near the spot on which he fell. This trophy, he continues, consists of two quadrangular pedestals set on each other, without any proportion or harmony betwixt them ; and these being surmounted by an Attic base, a cap of dignity, bearing the figure of a griffon passant whose breast is supported by a shield, finishes the top of the monument. The arms of England resting on the joint arms of the duke of Albemarle and the earl of Bath, Sir Bevil's son, with military ornaments under them, adorn the right side of the body of the pedestal, and were intended to allude to the restoration of king Charles II. The left side has a bas-relief, alluding to the actions of Lord Lansdown in Hungary, consisting of military trophies ; the Grenville arms, borne on a Roman eagle, with inscriptions, and the date Sept. 12, 1683, occupy the centre. On the north side are

some verses, to the memory of Sir Bevil, signed William Cartwright, 1643; while others, signed Martin Llewellyn, refer to the deeds of Sir Richard Grenville, "who," says Wood, "in a single ship fought the whole Spanish armada, in 1591!" A quotation, from lord Clarendon's History of the Rebellion, is cut on the front of the pedestal.

On the 6th July, 1643, Sir William Waller occupied the down, and fortified his position; he then sent a body of horse to provoke the royal army, who were encamped at Marshfield, but they, seeing his strong position, declined the battle. Upon this, Sir William detached all his horse to attack them in the rear. This they did, and routed them; but Sir Nicholas Stanning, with 300 men, drove the reserve back, and prince Maurice, rallying the horse and foot, chased them up the hill. On the brow there were breast works mounted with cannon, on either flank a thick wood lined with musketry, the horse and foot being ranged on the down in the rear; two parties of royalists were sent to clear the woods, the horse and foot up the road; these were charged by the Parliament army and routed. Sir Bevil Grenville leading a body of pikemen in the centre, flanked on the right by a party of horse, and foot on the left, in the face of their cannon and small shot, twice gained the top of the hill. On the third charge he was mortally wounded, and died the next day at the parsonage of Cold Ashton. Although his horse failed, his musketeers caused the enemy to give way, and the two parties sent out having cleared the

wood, the king's army drove out the enemy, and planted themselves on the ground they had won. This action was attended with great loss to both parties, "who were," says Clarendon, "sufficiently tired and battered to be contented to stand still." Of 2,000 king's horse which marched in the morning, only 600 were left at nightfall. Sir William Waller retreated to Bath, leaving behind him a great store of arms and munitions of war.

Taking the road to the left of the monument, a walk of three miles, through delightful scenery, conducs us to the village of

Wick,

Remarkable for its romantic valley and rocks, celebrated not only for their picturesque beauty, but also for their singular geology. A deep rugged glen, three quarters of a mile in length, opens suddenly in a low country, and presents in its rocky sides a singular contrast to the adjacent fertility. Through the glen a little stream dashes over a stony bed; and although the quiet is disturbed by unpicturesque mills, enough remains to make it peculiarly attractive to the painter, the geologist, and the antiquary.

The rocks in their highest elevation rise to the height of 200 feet, and are formed of layers of limestone, and what Warner denominates petro-silex, alternately. Towards the west there is a vein of coal and another of lead, both formerly worked. In the centre of the glen we find a bed of limestone, 1,200 feet in breadth,



WICK BRIDGE.

enclosed in two layers of petro-silex, of nearly the same horizontal dimensions, all dipping west-north-west in an angle of sixty degrees with the horizon. Imbedded in the limestone are lead and iron ore, and barytes, with a large species of anomia and rock diamonds, with belemnites, astroites, and ammonites; the petro-silex on the east joins the limestone again, and becomes a puddingstone or millstone.

A square Roman camp, containing an area of twelve acres, defended by a broad ditch and double earthwork, crowns the northern cliff. Many Roman coins, and other antiquities, are frequently discovered.

This excursion, although a little out of our prescribed limits, will amply repay the tourist, who will find every accommodation in the village.

Near Chapel farm, the road to

Langridge

Traverses one of the most beautiful passes in the neighbourhood of the city. Were it not for the fertility of the hill sides, we might imagine ourselves in one of those beautiful glens which diversify the scenery of Cumberland or Lancashire. It is, indeed, unrivalled, and presents a decided contrast to any round the city; we are completely in the country. A walk of a mile brings us to the village church, which, being situate on the declivity, at an angle of the road near the old manor-house, is hidden by that building until we arrive at its grave-yard.

The origin of its name has puzzled many antiquaries.

Dr. Stukely supposes it to be derived from its proximity to the Roman road, while Collinson says it received its name from the long ridge of hill on which it is situate. Its beautiful situation and fragrant herbage would suggest Lawn ridge. At the Conquest it was called *Lancheris*, and William gave it to the bishop of Coutance, it being then of the value of sixty shillings yearly. In the reign of Edward II. it came into the possession of the Walshes, who held it for many centuries ; from them it came to the Walronds, one of whom sold it to William Blathwayt, esq., of Dyrham, in whose family the manor and advowson still continue.

The old manor-house stands near the church, the keys of the latter building being kept there. It possesses an ecclesiastical Gothic window, a square Norman tower with narrow lights, and other marks of antiquity.

The church is remarkable for its picturesque situation and exquisite neatness ; it has a square Norman tower with a gabled roof, containing three ancient bells, with Latin inscriptions. There are two porches, one now used as a vestry, which opens behind the communion rails. Entering by the south porch we are struck by its beautiful Anglo-Norman arch, near which are the remains of a sessile lavatorium. The west window is open to the nave, and beneath the tower is a mutilated female figure with the hands joined in a supplicating posture. The nave is divided from the chancel by a fine Norman zigzag arch seven feet wide. Near it is a sepulchral brass to the memory of Elizabeth, the wife of Robert Walsh, who died April 20th, 1441 ;

and one of Robert Walsh, who died in 1427, in the chancel; and as his initials are in the east window, we may fix on the period of its erection. It is of the Perpendicular period, consisting of two lights and three mullions, with two portraits; our Saviour on one side, with a bishop, in all probability the patron saint, on the other.

Langridge is a small parish of 656 statute acres, with a population of 110, paying a net rental of £1,075, and poor's rates to the amount of £24 per annum.

Near the church we cross a rude stone bridge over the babbling stream, which flows along near the foot-path for the next two miles, and which we again cross at the mill on our ascent to the village of

Woolley.

THIS walk is beautiful in the extreme, and, as we ascend the hill, we have the mill immediately below, while Swainswick crowns the opposite eminence beneath Solsbury hill, and we catch a glimpse of Bathampton villas, with the heights of Hampton down. At the Conquest it was called *Willege*, and was, as we have before mentioned, annexed to Bathwick, both belonging to the abbey of Wherwell, in Hampshire. At the Reformation, although the livings remained consolidated, the manor passed into other hands.

The church was built at the expence of Mrs. Parkins, about 1755. I differ from Collinson, who calls it "an elegant modern building." It is an example of the want of taste in ecclesiastical architecture which prevailed

during the last century, and early part of the present ; it is debased Roman.

Woolley contains a population of 90 souls. Its area is 366 acres, while its poor's rates average £29, on a net rental of £930.

We find no mention of

Swaenstwick

In Domesday Book ; so that if it had been so great a place as the authors of the monkish fable of king Bladud and his pigs would have us believe, it had sadly decayed during the occupation of the Britons, Danes, and Saxons. The truth is, the origin of all places is involved in obscurity ; and the monks, like the novelists of the present day, were fond of investing places with romantic interest. It is, indeed, remarkable that a city whose every hill is crowned with earthworks and encampments, in whose vales you cannot dig twenty feet without meeting with some antiquity or another, should have been invested with so swinish an origin, when so much more noble a one existed in her splendid British remains and Roman antiquities. I am inclined to believe that the noble eminence of Solsbury was a Danish camp in the time of Sweyn, king of Denmark, and that he gave his name to the village ; and this appears the more probable, for a Runie inscription was lately discovered in Denmark, relating to one of the sea kings who died at Bath, in Britain.

Solsbury camp occupies the triangular summit of a hill above this village. A deep defile encompasses three

sides; on the fourth, the Avon, skirted by beautiful meadows, flows nearly at its base. Its summit is surrounded by a vallum cut out of the escarpment of the hill, and contains nearly thirty acres; its western entrance is protected by an earthwork, opposite to which are some long barrows; on its south-eastern side there is another entrance. A large portion of the stones, which formed its northern agger, have been removed to repair the roads. This was one of the most important of the ancient British camps. Its view would comprise Berewyke and Hampton camps, immediately below; on the south-west, Mendip, Downhead, Macsbury, Pen hill and Black down; on the south, Long Knoll and Alfred's tower; on the east, the Wiltshire downs, with Bratton castle; while on the north, the view, though rich in the extreme, is bounded by the Cotswold hills. A signal from the beacon on Mendip, or Bratton, in Wiltshire, would, by its means, arouse all the camps to any danger from the south. Its area is now a corn field, divided among various parties.

Camden, in his *Britannia*, says, "The Saxons laid siege to Bath in 520, and were beaten by Arthur on Badon hill. This seems to be the same we now call Lansdown, hanging over a little village called Bathstone, and shewing to this day bulwarks and a rampire." The writer of an old book in the Chapman Collection says, "Badon hill, now called Lansdown, overhangs the village of Batheaston." Both are in error; but whether Arthur beat the Saxons from the fortified Hampton, Bannerdown, Kingsdown, or Solsbury, 1

leave for the investigation of antiquaries, since these hills may be said to overhang Batheaston, while Lansdown does not.

Swainswick church presents many styles : its south porch is perpendicular, the door being Anglo-Norman, with chevron ornament ; its font is Norman ; its tower is massive and peculiar, containing five bells ; it has no external opening. It is supported by three columns with early English capitals, and heads ornamenting them, forming two arches ; its windows are of various styles. Near the south door is a decorated piscina, boarded over, with the exception of its upper portion ; the arch between the nave and chancel is early English ; the north aisle is separated from the nave by Perpendicular arches. In the north-east corner is a chapel, separated from the chancel by a decorated arch ; on the outside of the north door there is a canopied recess for the Virgin, to whom the church was dedicated.

The celebrated William Prynne was born at the manor house, near the church, in 1600. Educated at the Bath Grammar school, he was sent Commoner to Oriel college at the age of 16, took his degree of B.A. in 1620, and removed to Lincoln's inn. His mother was a daughter of William Sherston, who, after the charter of queen Elizabeth, was eight times mayor, and five times member for the city. Prynne was recorder of Bath in king Charles's time ; but was deprived of his office during the Commonwealth, undergoing imprisonment. He was restored to liberty at Cromwell's decease, and was reappointed recorder of Bath. Prynne



SWAINSWICK CHURCH.

was a voluminous writer, and at his death bequeathed his works to the library of Lincoln's inn. From the 10th section of his *Brevia Parliamentaria Rediviva*, the portion relating to Bath in the Chapinan Collection, we obtain all the indentures relating to the election of members for Bath, which were then extant in the Tower Rolls and Petty Bag office, he having been appointed at the Restoration keeper of the Tower records. One of these, issued in the first year of queen Mary's reign, is curious, for she is therein styled "Supreme head on earth of the church of England and Ireland," a title which few are aware that she used. He also gives us some curious particulars of his own election in 1660. In this year, it appears that, without any solicitation, he and Alexander Popham were to be elected, upon which two other candidates sent letters to the corporation, offering their services. These not being attended to, they presented a petition to the king, who summoned the mayor before the privy council, to answer its allegations; he, in defence, stated that he was detained in London to keep him from Bath during the election; so he was released. During the mayor's absence, they procured a precept from the sheriff for the election, hoping that it would take place before his return. He hurried down, and Popham and Prynn were returned by him and the assembled corporation. Henry Chapman then demanded that all the freemen's votes should be taken; and on the mayor's refusal, he, being captain of the trained band, ordered his drummer to beat through the city, summoning the freemen to meet at

the Guildhall, who proceeded to an election. "At that time," says Prynne, "there were 200 householders in the city, of whom forty attended, and returned the other two candidates." This return the mayor refused to seal, so the captain sealed it with his own and companions' seals. The sheriff sent both to the House of Commons, who declared Popham and Prynne to be the sitting members. The captain seems to have carried things with a high hand, for he seized the mayor and eleven citizens, members of the corporation, under the plea of their being disaffected, and committed them to prison. Prynne was interrupted in his duties as recorder, when going to open the sessions, for Chapman procured a warrant to seize nine of the corporation, whom he sent under escort to Taunton; but the sheriff refusing to take them to gaol, they were released. Prynne died in 1669, and is buried in the chapel of Lincoln's inn.

Swainswick is in the Bath Union. Its population in 1841 was 572, on an area of 845 acres, paying a net rental of £3,585. Its poor's-rates in 1778 were £15, immediately before the union they were £126, and are now £100 per annum. It contains the populous manor of Tatwick, existing in two portions in Edward the Confessor's time, when they were worth together twenty shillings. At the Conquest they were given to Bath abbey, then being valued at forty-five shillings.

On the north side of Solsbury is the pretty vale of CHILLCOMBE, where the reservoirs for the supply of the city under the new Water act are constructed. Here we pass over successive intrenchments, or lynchets,

as they are called, this being the side of Solsbury most likely to be surprised.

The down above called Charmy down, a corruption of Charming down—a name it well deserves from the beauty of its prospects—is occupied by the farm of the president and governors of the Bath hospital. It is covered with British earthworks and intrenchments, of which I have in vain sought for an account. In the field immediately behind the house is a Druid's temple, similar to Stanton Drew. One stone still stands; although the others are half hidden by the turf, the circle may still be traced. In "Tumpy field," the plough has passed through several long ridges of ancient stone heaps, and in it are four barrows, the largest of which I measured, and found to be 100 yards in circumference and 20 feet high; these will soon be obliterated by the plough. Keeping the new road from the farm to the Gloucester road, which it joins four miles from Bath, I saw on Hartley down, in a field belonging to Major Pickwick, another barrow of a horseshoe form, from its having probably been opened.

The view of Bath from Charmy down is very fine, as we get another form of the crescentic vale; Hampton on the one side, and Solsbury on the other, forming its limits, while from the opposite brow we have Cold Ashton and Marshfield.

Leaving Charmy down we pass by the footpath to Holt down, whereon is St. Catherine's well, the course of the stream arising from which we pursue to the beautiful vale of

St. Catherine.

THE views as we descend Holt down are very pleasing, the hills forming a natural amphitheatre, enclosing the vale, where the priors of Bath had a grange, the manor having been in their possession from time immemorial. It is not mentioned in Domesday Book, but its church dedicated to St. Catherine, the patron saint of the citizens of Bath, bears marks of remote antiquity, although nearly rebuilt by prior John Cantlow in 1499.

Its square embattled tower, which contains four bells, is connected with the nave by an arch resting on Norman capitals of a peculiar design, and has a small Norman window. The square Norman font, of Caen stone, is adorned with interlacing circular sculpture. The nave is 27 feet long; in it is a beautiful pulpit against the north wall, still retaining a portion of its decorations, which appear to have resembled in style and colouring the screen at Wellow. Above the arch, between the nave and chancel, the Ten Commandments are painted, for here the east window has not been blocked up by them. The chancel is eighteen feet long; in it is the tomb of William Blanchard, of the seventeenth century; consisting of a pediment and cornice, supported by two Corinthian columns, their capitals being gilt. He is clothed in the half armour of king Charles's time, his wife attired as was then the fashion. Both kneel, while on the pediment are three daughters kneeling in a row, with the son kneeling at a reading desk. The epitaph is on a tablet, the date

1631. The chancel contains memorials of the Blanchards and Parrys, the lords of the manor. The east window contains the name of the builder, John Cantlow, and the date, with the arms of the abbey—St. Peter's key crossed by a sword, and the prior's mitre; in its smaller compartments are roses, with the midday sun frequently repeated. The other windows also contain them, and an eagle with a scroll from his beak bearing the words prior Cantlow. The exterior of the church is very pleasing, from the regularity of its architecture and its square Perpendicular windows. It was erected during the period when the Gothic art was in its greatest perfection. The interior was repaired during the year 1847, when a new communion table, of polished cedar, with velvet cover and monogram, and a service of communion plate, were presented by the Hon. Emily Anne Strutt, in accordance with the will of her father. Near it is the prior's barn, of a cruciform shape, looking from a distance like a chapel with transepts.

Of St. Catherine's court, built also by Cantlow, we have the following curious account, from a lease granted by the prior, in 1524, to Thomas Llewellyn:—"The capital messuage called Katherine's court, stands near the church; the court of the same between the church-ley and the house, and coming in an entry. On the right hand a hall, and behind the hall a whitehouse (the dairy), and on the side a parlor and a buttery, with a chimney both in the hall and in the parlor. Between the whitehouse and parlor, stairs of stone going into a chamber ceiled over the parlor, with a chimney in it;

over the hall a wool loft, over the entry a chamber, by the entry a vacant ground ; and over and under chambers ; and also another hall with a vault underneath, and over a malt loft adjoining the same, two chambers. At the end of the hall another malt loft, with a mill called a quyver, and a place underneath to winnow malt ; all this under one roof." Attached to it was a vineyard, the monks of Bath being celebrated for their skill in the cultivation of grapes. At the Reformation it formed a portion of king Henry's gift to his daughter, Ethelred Malte, who brought it in marriage to John Harington ; whose son, Sir John, sold it to William Blanchard, in consequence of the great expense of entertaining queen Elizabeth. From the Blanchards it came into the possession of James Walters, of Bath-easton, by marriage ; his heiress brought it to the family of Parry, whose heiress marrying Hamilton Earl, it came into his possession ; he sold it to Colonel Strutt, whose heiress is the present lady of the manor.

The house is now divided into two portions, the farm and the court-house ; the latter has an old garden with terraces, and a beautiful porch of the period of king Charles I., who is said by tradition to have once passed a night in the house. The hall, now divided, contains a fountain supplied from St. Catherine's well, and an elaborate screen, surmounted by the arms of king Henry VII.—the united roses, with the garter, supported by the lion and dragon—for England and Wales. On either side of it are the letters C. R., put up, we believe, by Captain William Blanchard, who

was a loyalist in the civil wars. The drawing-room has a fine bay window facing the south, and in it is a beautiful sideboard of black oak ornamented with ancient carving, representing the implements of Hebrew worship.

St. Catherine is a vicarage attached to Batheaston, of which, prior to the Reformation, it was a chapelry. Its population was 159 in 1841; its area, 1041 acres, paying a net rental of £1540; its poor's-rates in 1771 were £12, in 1780 they were £26, prior to the formation of the Bath union they were £114, and are now, on an average, £56 yearly. The winding vale hence to

Batheaston

Is very beautiful, and rich in the wild flowers of the sheltered hedgerows. Among its grassy slopes the ferns and mosses luxuriate, and a rivulet wends its way through the rich meadows. Here and there a cluster of neat cottages, or a gabled roofed farm, is disclosed to view by a sudden turn in the road, which for pedestrians is singularly pleasant, the footpath being paved, no doubt by the old prior's orders, from the ferry at Batheaston to this beautiful village.

The parish of Batheaston with Amorel, forms a liberty exempt from the county jurisdiction, divided into two manors before the Conquest; one belonged to the king, the other to the church of Bath. The royal portion formed part of the lands sold by William Rufus to John of Tours, who reserved to the bishop the superior royalties, although he gave the lands to the convent.

The Husseys, Fitzurzes, the Devereux, Seroops, Bote-
lers, and Blunts, held it in suecession under the bishops ;
in queen Mary's reign it was given to the earl of Nor-
thumberland. In 1667 the manorial rights were sold
for £600 ; there has, however, been no court held for
nearly a century, and no manorial rights elaimed.

By pope Nieholas's survey, in 1292, the ehureh,
which belonged to Bath abbey, was valued at twelve
marks, previous to which the monks and the viear had
disputed about the tithes. By agreement, in 1262,
these were given to the viear, with a house near the
ehureh, on condition that he should sustain all burdens,
and maintain a ehaplain for St. Catherine's for the
better support of whom the prior and convent agreed
to build a residenec, and allow seven bushels of wheat
annually, reserving to themselves the rectorial tithes.
The ehureh is a beautiful building, dedicated to St. John
the Baptist. It is of the Perpendieular period, having
a nave, ehaneel, north and south aisles ; the north aisle
was rebuilt in 1833, when the whole edifice underwent
a thorough repair. The south poreh has a decorated
areh, above which is a Perpendieular eanopied niehe,
and on either side of the door a lavatorium. The nave
is Perpendieular, divided from the ehaneel by a drop
arch. Near the altar is a piseina, having a braeket
supported by a head corbel, with a quatrefoil bowl, and
a niehe for a statue is on the south side. On the roof
between nave and ehaneel is a plain campanile, formerly
containing the saints' bell. Its tower is of the Perpen-
dieular period, quadrangular in four stages, embattled ;

one of its buttresses containing a stair turret, surmounted by a beautiful pinnae. It is 100 feet high, contains a niche on the east side, in which is the statue of an ecclesiastic, erroneously supposed to be the patron saint. The living is a vicarage, in the gift of Christ Church, Oxford; the Rev. Spence Madan, A.M., is the present incumbent.

Near the church is the country seat of the late John Wood, architect, whose memory the citizens of Bath must always revere, and some parish schools erected by the late vicar, the Rev. J. J. Conybeare, professor of poetry and Saxon to the university of Oxford.

From the church there is a delightful walk to Bath, across the fields below Cliffe, leading to Lower Swainswick and Grosvenor.

The main portion of the village is at the junction of the Via Badonica and fosse-way, forming the London road to Bath, along which it forms a straggling street.

In the field above the deserted silk mill an attempt was made forty years since to find coal, but the works were interrupted by tapping a chalybeate spring, supposed to be connected with the hot waters of Bath, which is now conveyed in a stone channel to the mill stream immediately below.

Batheaston mill, situated on the Avon, is of remote antiquity. From it the remains of a paved path may be traced, except where it has been obliterated by the highway, from the river to St. Catherine's, locally called the Drangway. In the summer of 1844, I saw several Saxon remains discovered in the walls, during

the rebuilding of the mill by the late respected Mr. Ambrose Emerson. Two portions of sculpture have been preserved in the eastern wall; one represents the good and bad spirit striving for a soul, the other, the scourging of our Lord. Several portions of Norman columns, similar to those found at the Abbey of Bath, were also built into the walls.

Here is the ferry to Bathampton mill. Beyond the stream is a delightful walk, through the Hampton meadows, to Bath.

Overlooking the road to the river, at a short distance from the high road, is the celebrated Batheaston villa, where Lady Miller presided as the high priestess of poetry. Here was the celebrated vase, found in 1769 near Cicero's villa, at Freseati. The custom was for the company to meet every fortnight, when their compositions, consisting of enigmas, sonnets, and a French species of composition called *bouts rimés*, wherein rhymes were given for verses to be attached to them, were perused.

The following quotation from Boswell's Life of Johnson, by Croker, vol. v., p. 277, will explain the solemnities:—"Lady Miller's collection of verses by fashionable people, which were put into her vase at Batheaston villa,* near Bath, in competition for honorary

* "You must know," says Horace Walpole, in one of his letters, "that near Bath is erected a new Parnassus, composed of three laurels, a myrtle tree, a weeping willow, and a view of the Avon, which has been new christened Helicon. They hold a Parnassus fair every Thursday, give out rhymes and themes,

prizes, being mentioned, he (Dr. Johnson) held them very cheap. ‘*Bouts rimés*,’ said he, ‘is a mere conceit, and an *old* conceit *now*,—I wonder how people were persuaded to write in that manner for this lady.’ I (Boswell) named a gentleman of his acquaintance who wrote for the vase.—Johnson: ‘He was a blockhead for his pains.’—Boswell: ‘The duchess of Northumberland wrote.’—Johnson: ‘Sir, the duchess of Northumberland may do what she pleases; nobody will say anything to a lady of her high rank. But I should be apt to throw ——’s verses in his face.’ ”

Returning to the city by the London road we pass some villas, which have a delightful prospect. To this place the turnpike gate was removed in 1829, when those in the vicinity of the city were taken down. Near it is Bailbrook house, now in the occupation of Mr. Terry, as a private asylum, in a beautiful situation: indeed, if natural beauties, and a healthy aspect, have any influence on the “mind diseased,” this mansion combines them.

At Lambridge we cross the brook that skirted our and all the flux of quality at Bath contend for the prizes. A Roman vase, dressed with pink ribbons and myrtles, receives the poetry, which is drawn out every festival; six judges of these Olympic games retire and select the brightest composition, which the respective successful acknowledge, kneel to Mrs. Calliope, (Miller), kiss her fair hand, and are crowned by it with myrtle, with—I don’t know what. You may think this a fiction or exaggeration. Be dumb, unbeliever! The collection is printed, published,—yes, on my faith! There are *bouts rimés* on a buttered muffin, by her grace the duchess of Northumberland.”

walk through the vale of Langridge, which has, in addition to the mills we then met with, passed the one called Dead mill, near Slaughter-lane, below Solsbury, and that belonging to Mr. Sturge, at Lower Swainswick.

In 1834, a mineral spring, of a saline ehalybeate quality, was discovered at Larkhall, near this spot, but it has since been neglected, and the Pump-room converted into a ehapel.

The celebrated Geological eollection of the late Mr. Channing Pearee is preserved at Montague-house, near the bridge, opposite which is the road leading to the elegant suspension bridge, ereeted in 1830, by the late Thomas Shew, to open a eommunieation with the pathway leading to the eity by the Folly house and banks of the eanal.

The erection of Grosvenor-place eommeneed in 1790 ; three years after, an advertisement describes No. 23 as intended for a tavern and pleasure grounds, ealled the Grosvenor gardens : this building is now the flourishing educational establishment ealled Grosvenor eollege.

We are now in the parish of Waleot St. Saviour's, whose elegant ehureh, of the Deeorated period, is behind Beaufort buildings. It eonsists of a tower of three stages, embattled, with pinnales, and containing a peal of eight bells, the gift of William Hooper, esq. ; a nave, separated from the side aisles by ten pillars, supporting a eanopied roof ornamented with bosses, and lit by ten windows ; a ehaneel, having a beautiful stained glass window of five lights, below which is an elegant altar piece. The pulpit and reading desk are

on opposite sides, and of equal height ; the font is incongruous and out of character, and formerly stood in the church of Waleot St. Swithin. This building was erected in 1832, after a design by Mr. Pineh, on a site given by Miss Tanner. It contains 1,100 sittings, of which 700 are free. The external appearance is very beautiful ; the windows have heads forming eorbels, but I think the canopy might have been omitted over the doorway.

The school attached to the church is a neat Tudor building, erected in 1845, in Brookleaze-place. Here 120 boys and 60 girls are daily instructed ; and there is a Sunday school, attended by 200 children, held in the same building.

In Kensington-place is a proprietary chapel, not remarkable for architectural beauty, opened in 1795, at a short distance from the old Waleot poor-house. In the year 1808, James Waite, who was born in the house next door to the White Horse cellar, in 1700, died in this building. For the greater portion of his life he was a chairman. He perfectly remembered Waleot as a straggling rural village, without any poors' rate. He remembered Lansdown road so steep that carriages ran back—an accident which happened to queen Anne, whose coach, wanting a drag, overpowered the horses, and was stopped by main force by the footmen. At the bottom of Snow-hill stands Walcot house, whose pleasure grounds are now a timber yard ; yet it still retains a relic of former days in the graceful sphinxes which surmount the columns at its entrance gate ;—

perhaps the most beautiful figures of the kind that ever were cast, combining all the elegance of the woman with the strength of the animal.

The Eastern dispensary of Bath is a well arranged building in Cleveland-place, erected in 1845, from a design by Mr. Goodridge. It is attended daily by a physieian and surgeon, the medical staff consisting of three physicians, three surgeons, and a resident medical officer. The dispensary was established in 1832; its object being to aid with medical advice the poor sick from any parish in or near Bath, attending with a subscriber's reecommodation; but it confines its home attendance to those only who reside in the parishes of Waleot St. Swithin's, St. Saviour's, and Bathwick.

Opposite Waleot-parade, whereon was formerly a grange belonging to Bath Abbey, is a Wesleyan chapel, erected in 1815; a neat and commodious building, attached to which are congregational schools.

The parish church of Waleot, situate at the junction of the fosse-way and Via Julia, is dedicated to St. Swithin, bishop of Winchester, and confessor to king Ethelwolf. Like all the other Bath churhes, it has been frequently rebuilt; the present structure was erected in the year 1780. A beautiful stained glass east window, representing the Aseension, was inserted during 1847. In September, 1829, the church clock was first illuminated, shortly after the introduction of gas into the city. No mention of this manor was made in Domesday Book. It derives its name from two Saxon words, *weald*, a wood, and *cote*, a dwelling.

In bishop Roberts' grant of land to the priory, in 1280, its name was spelt Worlequet. By this grant the monastery possessed much land in the parish. Sherston, the first mayor under queen Elizabeth's charter, cajoled his royal guest to include the greater portion of the manor within the liberties of the city. From 1691 to 1698, I find, from parish records, that it was so thinly inhabited that only six baptisms took place, there being neither funerals nor marriages during that period. In 1730, it was obliged to maintain a pauper of another parish, having none of its own; it was then a village, with two cloth mills, and but eighty houses. Its population in 1841 was 26,213; and its poor rates now amount on an average for five years to £5,705, on a net rental of £135,926;—this includes the whole parish, which, for ecclesiastical purposes, has been divided into three, St. Swithin's, St. Saviour's, and Trinity. It is a place of remote antiquity.

The history of Walcot-street—the old fosse-way—would occupy more space than we could spare; we must, therefore, be brief. The first object that strikes us is the Cemetery, a neat Anglo-Norman building forming its chapel, and occupying the site of the old Roman burial-ground, as is proved by the great number of cinerary urns and relics constantly discovered, the views from which are very picturesque and beautiful.

Nearly opposite is the Bell inn, where the celebrated Colonel Townsend died, whose case, related by Dr. Cheyne, of Bath, in his "English Malady, or Treatise on Nervous Diseases," has appeared in many works.

We shall abridge the Doctor's account:—"He could expire when he pleased, and yet by an effort come to life again. He insisted on our seeing the trial made. Dr. Baynard, myself, and Mr. Skrine, felt his pulse; he laid himself down, Dr. B. placed his hand over the heart, I held his right hand, and Mr. Skrine a clean mirror over his mouth. I felt no pulse, the Doctor no action, and Mr. S. no moisture on the glass. Each of us, by turns, satisfied ourselves of his death; thinking so we were about to leave, but in half an hour he moved, the pulse returned, he spoke softly, and breathed gently: we had some conversation with him, and went away perfectly satisfied. The Colonel then altered his will, received the sacrament, and died calmly the same evening. His body was found perfectly healthy, with the exception of the right kidney, the diseased state of which was accounted for by the complaint under which he had laboured for many years."

Then we pass Cornwell-buildings, so named from the old conduit, Carn well. Below Axford-buildings, in Ladymead, is that excellent institution, the Bath Penitentiary, on which, in a city like this, there are more claims than can be attended to. Indeed, there is none that so powerfully appeals to our sympathies, for this aims at the reformation and restoration to a place in society of those victims who, in an unguarded moment, may truly be said—

Sinless, to have sinned.

The gardens in front of the houses in Ladymead were removed in 1829, and the road widened.

Dr. Johnson resided at the Pelican inn when in Bath, and there Boswell visited him.

The Vineyards

Were, during the early part of the last century, noted for the black cluster and Muscadine grape. Two vines, planted together, were fastened to stakes, at right angles, six feet apart. The produce was considerable; in 1719, sixty-nine hogsheads of wine were shipped from Bristol, at a price of ten guineas a hogshead. About 1730 the crops began to fail, the reason assigned for which was, that the springs being more backward the grapes were not matured before the winter. The circumstance is singular, as shewing the change of climate that has taken place.

Lady Huntingdon's chapel was erected in 1765, with a house for the minister, on some land purchased by the Countess for the purpose, and was opened on the 6th of October, the celebrated Whitfield preaching in the morning, and Mr. Townsend, rector of Pewsey, in the evening. Romaine and Fletcher also occasionally preached, and in the next year John Wesley frequently officiated. "At this period," says the author of the "Life and Times of Selina, Countess of Huntingdon," "Horace Walpole was in Bath, and thus described the chapel:—They have boys and girls, with charming voices, that sing hymns in parts. The chapel is very neat, with true Gothic windows. At the upper end is a broad *hautpas* of four steps advancing in the middle; at each end two eagles, with red cushions, for the parson

and clerk ; behind them three more steps, with an eagle for a pulpit ; scarlet arm-chairs for all three ; on either hand a balcony for ladies ; the rest of the congregation sit on forms. Wesley is an elderly man, fresh-colored, his hair smoothly combed, with a little *soupc on* of curl at the ends. Wondrous clever, he spoke his sermon so fast, and with so little accent, that it was like a lesson ; there were parts and cloquence in it, but towards the end he exalted his voice, and acted very vulgar enthusiasm." Walpole says, at this time in Bath there was quite a rage among persons in high life to make parties to hear the different preachers who supplied the chapel ; among others, he enumerates Lord Chancellor Camden. "There was one thing," says the author, in a foot-note, "which he did not know of, a seat for bishops—a curtained pew inside the door—where they could hear without being seen ; which the facetious Lady Betty Cobbe, the Countess's cousin, used to call Nicodemus's corner." In November, Whitfield administered the sacrament, using no less than eight bottles of wine. "Such a numerous assembly," says he, "of the mighty and noble, I never saw attend before in Bath." He was shortly after succeeded by the celebrated Venn ; afterwards the chapel was served by her ladyship's chaplains alternately, and its pastor is now the Rev. John Owen. The chapel has a pulpit, pews, and a gallery on three sides, and the church liturgy is used in the service.

Near it is the plain Anglo-Norman chapel, of the followers of the late Edward Irving, and the parish

schools of Walcot St. Swithin's, a neat building in the Roman style, erected, after a design by Mr. Wilson, in three stages, to suit the inequality of the ground. It has a range of deep recessed arches with two towers, and is capable of accommodating 1,000 children; 400 infants occupy the lower school, 300 boys the centre, and 300 girls the upper, each having a separate entrance. The houses in the Vineyards were formerly called Harlequin row, in consequence of some of them being built in courses of brick and stone alternately, but they are now uniform in their appearance.

The crescent of houses in front is called respectively, Axford, Paragon, and Bladud's-buildings, which were erected during the latter half of the last century. Here we have a beautiful view of Beacon-hill, lately improved by the erection of the villas on its summit; a prospect, indeed, of such surpassing beauty as to take the stranger by surprise on his first arrival. Then we have the York-house hotel and elub-house, an immense pile opposite Princes'-buildings, remarkable for the regularity and beauty of its architecture; then Broad-street, wherein is the Grammar-school, erected in 1752; next to which is the Post-office, removed hither from Kingston-buildings in 1820.

The first mention of St. Michael's church is seen in the charter granted by king Edward III., in 1361, wherein the city was directed to devote a yearly sum of mouey to its repair. I believe the present to be the fourth church on this site. In 1438, as appears from bishop Stafford's register at Wells, Thomas Short

resigned the living, and was succeeded by a Carthusian friar, John de Bethlem. The immediate predecessor of the present church was a Roman building, erected on a faulty plan in 1731, which, being found both inadequate and expensive, was replaced by the present elegant one in 1836, after a design by Mr. Manners, in the purest early English Gothic, having a light and elegant spire, which forms a beautiful feature in every view of the city.

The old Town hall stood in the centre of the Market-place. It was built by Inigo Jones in 1625, and pulled down in 1766. It was of the Doric and Ionic orders, resting on arches, ornamented with the statues of kings Offa and Edgar, which may now be seen over the door of the building near the Hot bath, where the Bath antiquities were formerly kept. The present one is a handsome building finished by Baldwin, in 1775, having various apartments suitable for the offices connected with the government of the city. The great hall is a noble room, 80 feet by 40, and 31 high, ornamented with portraits of George III. and queen Charlotte, with his father and mother, Pitt, earl of Chatham, and earl Camden; in the mayor's room, Turnerelli's bust of George III., and in the council chamber one of Ralph Allen, set up during his mayoralty. The commodious Market extends in a horse shoe form behind the hall, its entrances being through the wings on either side of the Guildhall.

One of the most peculiar scenes in the city—in which it differs from every other British one, though such are not uncommon on the continent—is the Bath Market-

place on the Saturday night. Here the whole area is spread with various wares, the noble Abbey forming the back ground ; while booths call the attention of the passers-by, and itinerant venders elbow the busy housewife, intent upon her bargains ; forming altogether, in the mingled dusk and gaslight, a picture worthy of Hogarth.

In olden times the Market-place was the scene of the city processions and festivities ; of these we shall select two as illustrations of manners and customs.

The celebrated Prynne was both recorder and member of parliament for the city at the accession of Charles II. A letter from Mr. Ford, the mayor, describing the proceedings in Bath on the coronation-day is still extant.

The 23rd of April, 1661, being fixed on, the day began in Bath with ringing of bells, and beating of drums ; the train bands appeared in arms. The mayor and aldermen in their scarlet robes, attended by the councillors in their gowns, repaired to church ; the mayoress, with the ladies of distinction, being escorted by 400 virgins, bearing garlands, and clothed in white waistcoats and green petticoats. Service being concluded, they all repaired to St. Mary's conduit, which ran with wine, and there drank the king's health ; the mayor entertained the gentlemen at the Guildhall, the mayoress the ladies at her own house. After dinner they all paraded the city, attended by music, and the evening concluded "with great sobriety and temperance, to the credit of the city, with bonfires, fireworks, and illuminations."

On the 6th of August, 1748, peace was proclaimed as follows. The mayor organized a procession composed of the city music, incorporated trades, common council, aldermen, and himself. Mr. Clutterbuck, the deputy town clerk, then read the king's proclamation, in front of the Guildhall, and moving on, the same ceremony was repeated at St. Michael's church, in Cheap, Stall, and Westgate streets, and lastly, on the grand Parade, amidst acclamations of joy, bell ringing, and music ; the mayor afterwards gave a grand banquet at the Guildhall, and the city was illuminated. Let us go back a century.

Pursuing our way from Beacon-hill, we walk down the as yet unbuilt-on Lansdown-road, and passing through the turnpike-gate in Broad-street, pause to look over the palings at the Bowling-green. The church of St. Michael's next comes in view, with the ancient gable-roofed houses and cottage gardens extending to the river side ; beyond the stream the path across the meadows leading to Bathwick ; and then Frog-lane, wherein was a cold chalybeate spring, which, from the colour of its bed, gave the lane its name. At the north gate our steps are impeded by the crowd, and a sedan, bearing a dame of quality, bedecked with pearls, powder, and point lace, forces us against some colliers' donkeys, seeking egress from the city. By good luck, we enter, driven by the crowd under the porch of St. Mary's church ; we pause to admire its tower, the gate, and conduit. Then passing down High-street, walk under the Guildhall, and the ancient pillory meets our

gaze, erected in 1412, by verdict of twenty-four worthy citizens, who, on their oath, declared that the best place for the pillory was near the Cross, in the High-street, where it had formerly stood—that is to say, opposite the end of Fish Cross-lane, which led from the river through the east gate into the city; from the side of which narrow way a row of houses extended to the south side of Cheap-street, having a lane, called Wade's-passage, between it and the Abbey, erected by Marshal Wade, to prevent the church, heretofore a common thoroughfare, from being desecrated by persons passing to the baths. What a contrast has one century produced! Then the Abbey was unseen, save when the light of the moon, streaming through the windows, shed its glow over the scene; where the various shops, illuminated each with its solitary candle, served but to make the darkness visible. Such was the aspect of what is now confessed to be the finest view of a church in England; and if we can in imagination, people it with ladies in hoops and high towering wigs, and gentlemen in full dress coats, of various colours, richly embroidered, carried in sedans by Herculean chairmen in cocked hats and pig-tails, with Beau Nash's heavy state coach and six, forcing the crowd into its narrowest compass, we shall be able to form some idea of Bath a century ago.

Farley Hungerford.

THE nearest way to this interesting village is by St. Matthew's church, ascending to the down a little above Macaulay-buildings, where we find a pathway which conduets us to Brass Knocker-hill, or we can take the Bradford boat to the Aqueduct hotel,—both delightful modes of access to this portion of the valley of the Avon.

What a varied and delightful view breaks upon us as we descend the hill to the Viaduct! On the right is Midford valley, with the meandering Cam and the canal pursuing their serpentine career; the one all nature, the other artfully bestowed, so that at every bend they each reflect the glories of the sky, while half way up the rising ground we see Monkton Combe peeping above the coppice wood, with here and there a pretty cottage or clustering hamlet. On the left the Avon, with the canal crossing its lazy stream by means of an aqueduct, and pursuing its course along the hill side, as though it were the moat of some fair city; while to the distant eye its barges glide along their noiseless course like fairy coracles, dashing aside the mimic wave to glitter in the glancing sunbeam. Then we cross the viaduct, 340 feet long, consisting of eleven arches, each twenty-one feet span, rising forty feet above the meadow, completed in 1834, and mount the steep ascent; yet pausing here and there to admire the varied beauties of both hill and dale. Around, on every side, at every period of the rolling year, we see the



DUNDAS ACQUEDUCT.

beauties of Creative Wisdom. Whether spring put forth her modest leaves or blushing flowers, fearing to expose them to the chilly blast ; or summer, in the full fruition of material joy, gild all around with hopes of plenty ; or autumn, in its turn, destroy alike the glory of the tree or stray unheeded flower of the field ; or winter, spangling the dew-drops into frosted network to deck its robe of heaven-born purity, clothe all around in beauty of its own—to this spot we may return again and again ; it is so purely natural, and withal so beautiful, that each time we retrace our steps with regret.

How lovely does it look when spring, bursting the trammels of winter, causes all around to partake of its influence !

Sweet Spring ! thou promise of Creative Power,
When flowery meads invite to rural strolls,
And make us feel each step, each lowly flower ;

New beauties show,
While all things grow,

Blest by yon orb round which the ether rolls.

Yes, Spring—the glorious, the full of joy—
Our theme shall be ; for as its gems bud forth
In graceful beauty, let their charms employ

Your thoughts and mine :

How pure, divine,

Those emblems are of joys of brighter worth !

Life is but Spring ; at first our early years
Are like the bloom, which future hopes impart ;
Its dewdrops are the cares of life, the tears

Which, in their fall,

Bright hours recal,

While showers and sunshine shadow forth the heart.

When Spring's best off'rings bloom throughout the land,
Shall we, unthinking, idly pass them by?

Who see in every leaf a mighty hand ;

 Their earthly doom

 Bestrews the tomb

With wither'd leaves, like them we bloom and die.

Then let us from the lowly fragrant flower

Learn God's own lesson, to depend alone,

In all life's hopes and cares, on His dread power

 Who said, Oh light

 Be thou ! whose might

Omnipotent throughout his works is shewn.

Pursuing the new Warminster road, we come to the picturesque, clustering hamlet of

Lympley Stoke,

Situate four miles from Bath. Its church occupies a commanding site on the summit of the hill, a mile from the village, which, for the convenience of its water power, was removed to the banks of the river Avon in the 15th century, on the introduction of the woollen manufacture into the West of England ; it is a chapelry, formerly belonging to the great manor of Bradford, and was given to Shaftesbury abbey, by king Ethelred, in 1001.

The church is of Norman foundation, consisting of a tower, nave, and chancel. The tower is square, with narrow lights, surmounted by a conical spire ; the roof of the nave has been removed, and a leaden one substituted ; below the original weather moulds, on the eastern gable of the nave, is a campanile ; the chancel

inclines slightly to the west ; the Norman south door has been built up ; the interior contains a Perpendicular stone pulpit in good preservation, abutting from a flattened arch, near the north door.

In the churchyard are thirteen incised Anglo-Norman tombs, ranging from the twelfth to the thirteenth centuries.*

Passing Hinton Abbey, a pleasant walk of two miles conducts us to

Farley,

In ancient times a British stronghold. Portions of earthworks may still be traced ; and in the year 1683 a Roman pavement was discovered. It was, however, little regarded until Mr. Skinner visited it in the year 1822, when he laid bare the remains of a villa. In the temple field he found a bath, and other apartments, ten feet below the surface, which had evidently been above, with an almost perfect pavement, the walls stuccoed and painted green, and the flooring smooth and hard as marble ; also some coins of Magnentius, Constantius, and Constans. These remains, having been much injured by petty pilfering, are now covered up. In the reign of the Confessor, this manor, then called *Ferlege*, from the beauty of its meadows, was worth twenty shillings, and belonged to Smewin, a Saxon. At the Conquest it was given to Roger de

* I have given a more detailed account of these tombs, illustrated with wood cuts, in the *Archæological Journal* for September, 1817.

Curelle, then being only of half that value; at his death William Rufus bestowed it on Hugh de Montfort, whose name it retained until its purchase by Sir Thomas Hungerford, in 1383, in whose family it remained 300 years; when Sir Edward, the spendthrift, sold it to the Bayntons, from whom it came to the Houltons, its present owners. It is situated on the river Frome, seven miles from Bath, partly in Somerset and partly in Wilts, in the Frome union. In 1841 its population was 154, and its poor's rates average £67 per annum.

The church, dedicated to St. Leonard, is a neat edifice, consisting of a tower with four bells, a nave, and chancel. Over the south porch is a semicircular stone, having a roughly incised cross, and the following inscription, rudely cut in letters partly Saxon and partly Roman capitals:—

MUNIAT HOC TEMPLUM CRUCE GLORIFICANS MICROCOSMUM
QUÆ GENUIT CHRISTUM MISERIS PRECE FIAT ASYLUM.

In Taylor's description of Farley castle, this is said to be far older than any part of the church; its translation has puzzled many antiquaries. Some think it refers to an ancient asylum—he says it is ambiguous and obscure—Collinson does not mention it—Warner gives no translation—and Britton, in his "Beauties of Wiltshire," dismisses the church in four lines. I have seen two or three translations; among others, Sir R. Colt Hoare's, as follows:—

"May the man who gloried in the cross protect this temple!

May she who gave birth to Christ render it by prayer an
asylum to the wretched!"

Now, although I dislike to put myself in array against authorities, I must deny its supposed antiquity ; it bears evident marks of having been erected when Sir Thomas Hungerford built the church, in 1383. In his time the Saxon alphabet was not superseded ; indeed, Wiclif, in the century after, uses one of its letters in the translation of the Bible. I offer a reading of the inscription which I think correct :—

May she who bore Christ, glorifying the world by the cross,
Protect this temple, that it may become by prayer an asylum
to the wretched !

The interior of the building is chaste and simple, more particularly the chancel. The altar-rails, of carved oak, represent the shewbread, seven-branched candlestick, and other Jewish emblems, and were brought from the Continent by the late Col. Houlton. The east window is of ancient stained glass, having on either side a scriptural picture. One window contains, in almost every pane, the early crest of the Hungerfords, the sickle, and a square containing two triangles with a man's face, an ancient symbol of the Trinity ; while in another is the patron saint, and a beautiful portrait of the founder, closely resembling his recumbent effigy in the chapel of the castle. In the chancel are four freestone monuments of the Houlton family ; the architectural features of the church are early English.

FARLEY CASTLE is seated on a rocky terrace, sloping on its northern aspect ; on the south, the hill rises higher than the castle, and commands it. In its

most perfect state it consisted of two wards, surrounded by a moat; its entrances were due east and west. The former was defended by a drawbridge, and an embattled gatehouse, of which a great portion still stands, bearing the arms and initials of Edward Hungerford; this led to the outer ward, in which were the offices, stables, guard-house, &c. Another gateway led into an inner court-yard, which was flanked by four round towers, 60 feet high. Here were situated the state apartments, the great hall hung with tapestry, and spoils from Cressy, Poitiers, and Agincourt, with time-honoured suits of armour, each of which had been in some deed of prowess. It was esteemed the most magnificent baronial seat in England. Leland says, there was a common saying that one of the family built this part of the castle with the "prayer of the Duke of Orleans," whom he had taken prisoner. In the lower ward were four round towers, connected by various apartments; at the south-west angle, and in the centre of the south wall, were two other towers. All these are now in ruins, the only entire portion being the chapel, with St. Anne's chantry attached to it, founded by lady Joanna Hungerford, in 1412, whose altar-tomb is placed beneath the arch dividing the chapel from the chantry, and bears on it the recumbent effigies of herself and her husband, Sir Thomas, who was the first speaker of the House of Commons, and died in 1396. In the centre of the chantry is the magnificent white marble tomb of Sir Edward and Lady Margaret Hungerford, containing their effigies, beautifully carved. He is in armour, girt



FARLEY CASTLE.

with a sword, with a wheatsheaf at his feet ; she in a loose robe, her feet supported by a demi-lion, bearing an anchor. At the west end is a shield, emblazoning fifteen coats of arms ; the date of this very beautiful specimen of sculpture is 1648. It is supported by black marble steps, and the figures are placed on a slab of the same material, eight feet long. Attached to the north wall is an altar-tomb of freestone, to the memory of another Sir Edward, who died in 1607. There is a similar tomb, without inscription, against the west wall of the chapel, having the figures of a lady and her family kneeling ; over which is the mural slab to the memory of the "right noble and virtuous" Mrs. M. Shaa, the daughter of Walter Lord Hungerford ; she died in 1613. At the south-east angle is a large altar-tomb, with the following inscription, "Time tryeth truth, quoth Walter Hungerford, who lieth here, and Edward, his son, to God's mercy, in whom he trusteth for ever. A.D., 1585, the vi. of Desr." On the floor, near the west door, is the sculptured grave-stone of Sir Giles Hungerford, who, with Lord Burghersh, one of the first knights of the garter, enriched the castle with the spoils taken by them at Cressy. The altar is of granite, on which is displayed a black-letter bible ; above which is a fresco of St. George and the dragon. The ceiling retains some vestiges of an old painting of the Resurrection, with portraits of the Apostles. The pulpit still remains ; and the chapel contains a large quantity of ancient armour. Many of the obliterated coats of arms have been restored. On the outside,

over the door, is the crest of the Hungerfords—a wheatsheaf between two sickles; under the chantry is the family vault, in which are eight curious leaden coffins, tightly fitting the bodies, having the features of the face in bold relief. It is not my purpose to relate the history of this once celebrated family, since the works containing it are of easy access. Margaret Plantagenet, daughter of George, duke of Clarence, and brother to king Edward IV., was born in the castle, created countess of Salisbury by Henry VIII.; she married Sir Richard Pole, and was the mother of the celebrated cardinal. She became involved in the politics of the day, and was beheaded in the Tower of London, in 1541. Her eldest son, Lord Montague, suffered the same fate in 1538. The Houltons have, for many years, carefully preserved the ruins from further decay, and they have been freely opened to the public; but I would advise the visitor to arrange the charge previously to entering the chapel.

About half a mile from the church is situated the family mansion of the Houltons, an elegant castellated building.

The house, erected for the chantry priests of St. Anne's, is now a dairy farm, on the east side of the chapel.

In the field below, we find a pathway leading to the hamlet of Iford, along the borders of the Frome, which we there cross by a bridge, near which is the friary, now the property of the Gaisfords. The ecclesiastical buildings have been destroyed, and the chapel converted

into a greenhouse. This manor, at the Conquest, was given to earl Morton, being then worth thirty shillings, and was a portion of the lands given to the neighbouring abbey of Hinton, by Ela, countess of Salisbury, on its foundation.

A walk of about half a mile along the road brings us to the village of

Freshford,

A large parish, four miles from Bath, the Avon and the Frome, which form the county boundary, passing through its rich valley, wherein are several woollen factories. The village is most picturesquely situate on the declivity of a hill; its various views are strikingly romantic. At the Conquest it consisted of four manors, Iford, Freshford, divided into two, and *Undewiche*, or Woodwick. In the latter there was formerly a parish church, and tombstones are occasionally found in a place called Church field; but in 1448, Thomas Halle, of Bradford, the patron of the two livings, conjoined them, and Woodwick church was allowed to decay. The two manors of Freshford were given to Hinton abbey when it was founded, in whose possession it remained until the dissolution; it then passed through the families of Stringer, Davison, Ford, and Ash, into the possession of the Methuens, of Corsham.

The church, dedicated to St. Peter, has an embattled Perpendicular tower, 44 feet high, containing a clock and four bells. The body is of the eighteenth century, and contains nothing remarkable.

Freshford is in the hundred of Bathforum, and Union of Bradford. In 1841 its population was 645, and its poor rates now average £362 per annum.

The Kennet and Avon Canal.

ONE of our most delightful excursions is by the canal-boat, from the bridge behind Sydney-gardens to the old manufacturing town of Bradford, which stands on the Avon, seven miles from Bath. The canal keeps in company with the river all the way; and though, after our descriptions of much of the scenery, we may be accused of repeating a thrice-told tale, the views are so very beautiful, that we must be pardoned for naming them in panoramic detail.

We keep the same line as the Great Western railway to Bathampton church, and have above us the Hampton rocks and the new Warminster road; on the northern side of the river, Batheaston, with the fosse-way over Banner-down; then, at an angle we look on Bathford, with Farleigh-down rising beyond, along which the Bradford road descends to its junction with the Via Badonia; a little further on, the stone wharf, now disused, connected with Hampton rocks by the ruined railroad; then some rich meadow scenery and Claverton bridge, from which there is a pathway to the Strawberry gardens, the Water works, and the Warley ferry.

Warley is an ancient manor in the parish of Bathford, and was occupied by Roman villas. In the year 1691, a hypocaust was discovered here, which was de-

scribed by Vertue as "consisting of pillars meeting in arches, the bottom inlaid with mosaic." At the same period two Roman altars and an urn filled with coins were found, and, towards the close of the last century, the capital of a column similar to those of the Bath temple of Minerva, and also a coin of Allectus. The manor is mentioned in Domesday Book under the name of *Herlei*, and has been for centuries the property of the Skrine family, who have an elegant castellated mansion enveloped in trees, which forms a beautiful object as we pass along to the Aqueduct hotel, where the towing path is changed. The views here are very beautiful: we have the picturesque village of Conkwell, peeping amidst the trees on the down above; the viaduct, with Monkton Combe, and the new Warminster road, ascending to the church of Limpley Stoke; while from the aqueduct we have the Avon winding along the valley on either hand; then we pass the villages of Limpley Stoke and Freshford to Avon-cliff, where we have another aqueduct and a most beautiful sylvan prospect, embracing Turley, Belcombe, and the approach to Bradford. The natural features of this view are bold and romantic; a considerable portion of the town stands on the declivity of a rock, in some degree resembling the modern town of Torquay.

Bradford

Is a town of great antiquity, deriving its name from the Saxon *Braden Ford*. There was a monastery here,

which Tanner, in his *Notitia Monastica*, says was founded by St. Aldhelm, bishop of Winchester, in 705, and given to Shaftesbury abbey, by king Ethelred, in 1001, since which period its records are lost. In 954, Saint Dunstan was elected bishop of Woreester at a synod held here. In the reign of king Edward I., the town was privileged to send two members to parliament, which it did only on one occasion; it seems never to have had a charter of incorporation. Its history until the Reformation is obscure, for although the monastery was destroyed, the manor and parsonage remained in the hands of Shaftesbury abbey. At the dissolution the living was given by the king to the dean and chapter of Bristol, when that see was founded; he reserved the manor to himself. Queen Elizabeth bestowed it on her celebrated minister, Walsingham, and Lord Methuen is now the lord of the manor.

On our approach two objects claim our attention,—an old bridge of four arches, and a fine ecclesiastical barn near the banks of the Canal, remarkable for its roof and peculiar hipknobs. We then pass over the canal-bridge into the suburbs. At the western entrance to the town is an almshouse founded by John Hall, the last member of a family whose ancestors had resided here since the reign of Edward I.; there are also in the town another almshouse, and a charity school. Bradford bridge is an ancient structure, having nine ribbed arches, and on one of the piers the foundation of the old chapel of St. Lawrence, now converted into a lock-up house.

Some of the streets contain ancient houses scattered here and there, particularly in that leading to the church; one near the churchyard, is described by Leland as "Horton's house," and was built in the fifteenth century.

The parish church is a fine old building, mutilated by repairs effected during the eighteenth century. It consists of a tower, with a steeple at the west end; a nave, chancel, north chapel; and a recess on the south, in which is the pew of the Kingston family, having an elaborate screen of black and gold carving, surmounted by a coat of arms. The western doorway under the tower is used as a vestry-room, which formerly, I have no doubt, occupied the southern recess. The arms of Charles II. are painted above a gallery on the arch dividing the nave from the chancel. Near the pulpit is a Perpendicular window with stained glass, presented by Mr. Ferret in 1770; who also glazed the portion of the east window then allowed to remain, the lower part being obliterated by a modern altar-piece. In Horton's aisle I saw the sepulchral brass, requiring those who pass by to pray for the founder's soul, evidently placed there by himself, spaces being left for the dates. Near it is a square panelled recess retaining marks of coloring, now partially boarded up, resembling those altar-tombs without dates, whereon was preserved the warrior's helmet and armour. The font—an octangular one—is also in this aisle; it is of the late early English period, having various ornaments in its panels. Near the Kingston pew is a sepulchral

brass, dated 1601, representing Anne Yewe, in the dress of the period. In the chancel is a double-pointed decorated arch, with the heads of a king and a bishop forming the corbels, containing the life-size effigy of a knight templar. Against the wall is fastened a monumental effigy of the thirteenth century, and on the opposite side is a curious recess containing the mutilated effigy of a lady of the fourteenth century; near which is a monument to the memory of Chas. Steward, with a whole-length erect figure in white marble, and a pompous epitaph.

There are many large houses and woollen factories in Bradford, its manufacture of cloth having been celebrated for several centuries. To the eastward is the fine old Elizabethan house, formerly the residence of the duke of Kingston, now going rapidly to decay. The parties who now show the mansion are lovers of the marvellous. They will tell you that the house is haunted, nay, one of them says he saw the ghost one moonlight night; that it was built 500 years before the church; and in the ladies' bower will show you two recesses where the "papishes" kept their crucifixes and holy water. If there is one thing that perpetuates errors more than another, it is the listening to these would-be knowing guides: we told him to hold his tongue and show us the mansion. Its records are few and scanty. Its glory has departed; it is now quite uninhabited, and any person who had the spirit to repair it, would have a fine baronial mansion. It is a pity it should go to ruin, with its tapestried chambers

and finely panelled halls, its rich chimney pieces and beautiful terraces ; it is still habitable, and a portion of it is occupied by the offices of the railway, which will soon supersede the more agreeable transit of the canal. In the first room which we were shown is an elaborate chimney-piece, surmounted by that mockery of human greatness, the numerously-quartered shield of an extinct family ; here also are busts of the unfortunate king Charles I. and his licentious son, the second of that name. Passing on, we came to the staircase leading to a beautifully-panelled room, called the Duke's bed-room, with a bay window ; then the tapestried drawing-room, wherein we saw some faded flowers and candle ends, the remains of a club revel ! and in a recess the ladies' bower, having a splendid view from its bay window. But we need not proceed in detail. There is a little room in which the tapestry is perfect, though much of that in the drawing-room has been wantonly destroyed, and here and there are some beautiful ceilings and panelled work. The aspect of the house would lead me to suppose that it was built about 1585, judging from its resemblance to houses of that period.

The parish of Bradford contains six hamlets, each of which has a church, and on the hill is an elegant modern chapel of ease with a beautiful spire. The population of the whole parish is 10,588, its average poor's-rates for three years, £7,281 per annum.

Crossing the canal, a walk of about two miles brings us to

Westwood,

An ancient village on the top of a hill, two miles from Freshford and Farley castle, having a church with a beautiful Perpendicular tower, with various odd-shaped monsters forming the drip corbels, the stair turret being surmounted by a beautiful pinnacle. It has a nave, north aisle and chancel, containing a carved altar railing. The crucifixion, in ancient stained glass, is in the east window, with the various instruments used in the torture of our Lord, and some heads of saints in it and a window on the south side, with verses of the Apostles' Creed in Latin, on old English scrolls. The seats and roof in the north aisle have ornamental carved work. There is a piscina, of a rare kind, with a peculiar chevron moulding, near the altar; the font is a plain Norman one, of an octagonal shape. The church is interesting, and worthy a visit. Near it is an ancient manor house, which bears marks of having been, in former times, one of the ecclesiastical buildings attached to the great abbey of Shaftesbury. It belongs at the present time to the dean of Winchester, with much of the adjacent land.

The living is a vicarage attached to the vicarage of Bradford. The population of Westwood, with Iford, is 631; its poor's-rates amount, on the average, to £209 per annum.

A walk of a mile and a half from Bradford, on the opposite side of the Avon, past Belcombe-brook house, conducts us to the hamlet of



LIMPLEY STOKE BRIDGE.

Turley,

Once noted for its woollen manufactory, there having been forty handlooms at work during the last century. Turley house, now the residence of Dr. Morgan, was the summer retreat of Edmund Burke, and the spot where Romaine wrote his "Walk of Faith." Attached to it is a chapel founded by the late Mrs. Attwood. In the garden Dr. Morgan shewed us six colossal heads, of which there was no account. Their general style is Roman; but from a short inspection we are unable to decide as to whether they are ancient or modern: we incline to the former opinion.

About half a mile from Turley is the church of Winsley, one of the chapelries in the parish of Bradford, rebuilt in 1841, with the exception of the tower, which is a handsome one, of early English foundation, having a peculiar stair turret.

A pleasant walk will lead us to Avon-cliff, or Stoke bridge, at either of which places we can take the canal boat to Bath.

RAILWAY EXCURSIONS.

HOWEVER convenient the railway may be for travelling, it certainly has done away with much of its poetry. What can be more delightful than a drive on the now

almost-forgotten stage, behind four high-bred horses, through the village scenery of England? But the train will not wait, so we must defer our romance until we have a hole drilled in our return ticket.

After leaving the Bath station, we cross St. James's bridge, passing below Bathwick hill to the Sydney gardens, then along the Hampton valley, which geologically consists of blue marl upon lias, the rock under the inferior oolite. In this part of our journey we have a beautiful view, Grosvenor and Batheaston, with Bathampton and Bathford, whose bridge of three arches we cross, thence near the entrance of Middlehill tunnel, 210 feet long, to Box station, where we descend after ten minutes' ride. The Box tunnel is 3,195 yards long, and is ventilated by six shafts. From its centre the sun may be seen to rise and set on the 21st of June. We shall never forget our visit to it during its formation. We descended in the workmen's "skid," covered with mud: immense blocks of stone lay in confused heaps; water dropped around; swarthy men were employed, some in laying the masonry, others in hewing the rocks; trucks lay in confused heaps, picturesquely lit by here and there a candle; while immense discharges, as of artillery reverberated around. The only idea left is of the immense labour required to carry out the gigantic projects of an engineer, to whose energy the solid rock proved no obstacle. This work was performed by Mr. Thomas Lewis, of Bath, under the superintendence of Mr. Glennie, to whom Mr. Brunel confided its execution.

The tunnel traverses the following geological strata from above downwards: the great oolite, fuller's earth,

lesser oolite, blue marl, marl stone, and lias. These are, in fact, the Bath strata; the Abbey and lower portions are on lias, while the streets ascend to the other strata in regular succession, the great oolite terminating the heights. The district bears no marks of disturbance, all its valleys are those of excavation, uniform in their dip, and the various strata appear in regular succession.

Box is an interesting village; its situation is picturesque in the extreme. Its vale consists of fine meadow land, watered by Box brook, and bounded by undulating hills, chequered with hamlets, villas, and plantations; here and there we see the peculiar farm-houses of the seventeenth century, which give to the valleys about Bath much of their picturesque beauty; and its freestone quarries are rich in cryptogamic plants.

The church is a large building, with a central tower surmounted by a late Perpendicular spire, presenting, in its general character, many remains of the early English period. Its font is octagonal, with centre ornaments in the panels. The roof of the nave is ornamented with bosses of the Decorated era; the arches dividing it from the north aisle have a peculiar running moulding, without corbels. At the end of the north aisle is a chapel, with a groined arch. Between the nave and chancel are early English arches, supporting the tower. The south aisle is modern. The arms of queen Anne are painted between the nave and chancel; the church has been much injured in its architectural character by alterations effected during her reign. Near the west window, on the outside, are two

early Norman stone coffins. In a garden near the church is a Roman pavement, now covered over.

From Box we can take several interesting rambles. Crossing the brook, let us walk to the Spa at **Middlehill**, a pretty hamlet, with two mineral springs, now but little used, at which we greatly wonder, for the locality is very beautiful, and many a pretty ramble may be enjoyed in its vicinity. One of them is an aperient chalybeate, the other sulphureous, containing a large proportion of carbonic acid.

A short distance to the north, are two fine old mansions, Cheyney court, near the site of a Roman villa, discovered in 1813, and Coles's farm. The latter, containing some good chimney pieces, is a gable-roofed building, belonging to the family of Webb, whose ancestor built it in 1645; it is now let as summer lodgings. The former erected, I believe towards the close of Elizabeth's or early period of James's reign, presents in its chimney-pieces, which are finely carved, marks of transition from the Tudor to the Roman—that heavy style which is seen in the monuments of the seventeenth century. It is divided into two residences.

Near it is a gem of ancient days—the picturesque and beautiful village church of **Ditteridge**, anciently *Ditchbridge*. Here, indeed, we may recal our romantic feelings, and let our sportive fancy wander uncontrolled.

This church, upon a gently rising slope,
Has charms which sweet simplicity bestows,
To hallow, 'midst the worship of the heart,
That heart itself cast down, which prays with zeal.



DITTERIDGE CHURCH.

There is—there must be—something in the fane
Which, far from busy towns, with solemn chime
Calls forth to worship men whose worldly cares
Enshroud the hopes and promises of heaven.

The church itself consists but of a nave and chancel, surmounted by a primitive bell, yet it contains undoubted Saxon remains, particularly the font, which is bowl-shaped. Let us get the key. A nice old woman, from the cottage, brings it, anticipating our wish. With her we enter; respectful is she, and proud of her office. Its porch—through which the ivy creeps—discloses to us a rare Saxon doorway, its plain arch supported by grotesque heads and nondescript figures of animals. The arch between the nave and chancel is early English. On the floor of the latter are some curious ancient inscriptions; and on its south side a piscina with the credence table.

“There is,” said a man, interrupting us, “a finer church on the top of the hill;” so, risking our train, we walked up to **Colerne**, or *Cold-horn*, a name which, in winter, it well deserves. The church consists of a nave, chancel, and side aisles, with a desecrated north chapel. The tower is of the embattled Perpendicular order. Its font is octagonal; the roof of the north aisle is supported by heads forming corbels, that of the nave by early English arches, supported by beautifully wreathed capitals and Norman columns. The chancel is separated from the nave by a decorated screen, above which is a beautiful arch; in it are three decorated sedilia, with two early English piscinæ.

The church was thoroughly repaired in the year 1839. The village is interesting, containing many picturesque houses, and a ruined building resembling a castle keep, formerly a malthouse, which, if covered with ivy, would form a fine object. Near it is the village-green, with a noble elm; and there is a curious hip-knob and campanile on the gable of one of its farms.

We can return to Bath by the high road which joins the fosse-way at Hunter's hall, near which, at the end of the fir plantation of the Roeks estate, are the three shire stones; thence over Bannerdown, with its ancient British earthworks and modern sheep-tracks, traditionally said to receive its name of "holy hill" from its having been the spot where St. Augustine met the British priests before Christian England had submitted to the Papal supremacy, for he only converted their Saxon masters, and coerced them into subjection to the holy city. Here, too, we can, while thinking of the mighty changes which have since occurred, look over as bright and beautiful a view as is to be found within the land of merry England, diversified with village spires, and rising uplands, with a distant prospect of the city of Bath.

There is a beautiful and romantic walk, through another valley, to the picturesquely situated old mill at Slaughterford; westward of which is Bury wood, where there is an intrenchment, believed to be of Danish construction, not far from the village of Colerne.

A walk of a mile, to the north-east of Box, conducts us to Haselbury house—a fine Elizabethan mansion,

much disfigured by alterations necessary for modern comfort. Early in the present century several stone coffins were ploughed up on the site of its ancient church, long since destroyed; where, upon the induction of a new vicar, a portion of the mould is placed in his hand, and he reads himself into the living, in a room in the mansion. The great hall, which has been converted into rooms, has two fine arches. There are some good panelled wainscots, and one of the rooms has some painted canvas, in imitation of tapestry—the intermediate fashion between it and the modern paper for rooms. This house, with the one formerly appropriated to the steward, is a good specimen of the old English manorial residence, and, from the avenue of trees through which we proceed to Chapel Plaster, has a subdued and beautiful effect.

Chapel Plaster, or *Plas-trew*—"the chapel in the woody place"—is one of the desecrated chapels erected for the convenience of pilgrims to the abbey of Glastonbury. It is situated in the deanery of Malmesbury; and, although long disused, has a vicar, with a stipend of £10 a year, payable by Mr. Northey, the lord of the manor of Haselbury, who is bound to keep the roof in repair. This interesting structure is in a sad state: its altar is now an oven, bean stalks occupy its chancel, and fowls roost in the loft; which, during the early part of the last century, formed the hiding place of the notorious highwayman, John Baxter, who was executed for robbing Dr. Hancock, of Salisbury, on Claverton down. The architecture of this chapel is Perpendicular.

It consists of a porch, intended for kneeling in, when pilgrims passed during the period when no service was going on, for there is an elegant and curious niche, in which, a few years ago, was a statue of the Virgin, now destroyed, above an entrance door, having, in its spandrels, blank Tudor shields projecting in the centre. The nave and chancel together are 29 feet long, by 9 feet wide. At the western gable there is a bell turret. What would at first sight appear to be a north transept, is, more probably, the priest's room, or cell, as they were called before the Reformation, he being sent to officiate from one of the neighbouring convents. The records of these chapels are exceedingly scanty. This relic of our ancestors is now an outhouse to a beer shop, and its graveyard a kitchen garden!

Our next point is Wormwood farm, a gable-roofed building of the seventeenth century, occupied by Mr. William Brown, who also farms the broad lands of Haselbury; a short distance from which is one of the gems of our rambles, **South Wraxhall** Manor house, interesting from its perfect state, and clearly shewing the transition from the strength of the fifteenth to the comfort and elegance of the sixteenth century. The hall is really magnificent, even in its desolation. It was erected about the early period of the fifteenth century, by Robert Long, esquire to Lord Hungerford. Its windows, according to Aubrey, were profusely decorated with stained glass, of which no vestige now remains. The springs of the arches terminate in coats of arms. The chimney piece bears the date 1596, with

an escutcheon and the marshal's fetterlock ;—the Long family, holding the manor of Draycot Cerne in petty serjeanty by being marshal at the king's coronation, bear the fetterlock as a badge. The drawing room is an Elizabethan addition : it is panelled, and has a beautiful ceiling ; and an elaborate chimney piece, enriched with caryatides, and figures of Prudence and Justice, Arithmetic and Geometry, with various carved work. In this room is a projection, in which are seat recesses, with beautiful shell scrolls. In every room we see something to admire : old oak panelling, peculiar windows, or chimney pieces, the porter's lodge with its oriel, the old bed-rooms, the very cellars have each some object of interest. A few years ago it was occupied as an academy ; and I saw many pencilled records of the visits of those who returned to it after years of absence, and felt a pleasure in reading the evanescent memorials which spoke of the delight felt in revisiting spots hallowed by the recollection of hours

Gilt with unheeded joys long since pass'd by !

Some years since the mansion was surrounded by a grove of oaks. These are now gone ; it looks bare and mournful ; its "glory has departed." It is now untenanted. The following anecdote is related by Aubrey :—" Sir Walter Long's widow made him a solemn promise that she would not marry after his decease. Not long after, one Fox, a beautiful young gentleman, did win her love, and she married him at South Wraxhall, where the picture of Sir Walter hung

over the parlour door. As Fox led his bride into the parlour, the picture fell on her shoulder, and cracked in the fall."

South Wraxhall church has a very peculiar tower, which, at a little distance, looks like two joined together. The church has been lately re-built. Attached to it is the Long chantry, containing an altar tomb, with the mutilated recumbent effigy of a lady, without inscription, but with arms and the fetterlock badge. It now lies blocking up two beautiful piscinæ, having head corbels and canopics. It was formerly in the centre of the chantry, which was separated from the nave by an oak screen. This monument is probably of the early period of the sixteenth century, as is the font, an octangular one. The manor was granted by Agnes, abbess of Shaftesbury, with the consent of her nuns, to the monks of Farleigh, in 1252, it having previously formed a portion of the great manor of Bradford. It came into the possession of the Longs in the fifteenth century, in whose family it is still vested.

A beautiful walk, through an avenue of beech trees, brings us to **Monkton Farleigh**, anciently called *Fern Leigh*, where there is a mansion, the seat of Wade Brown, esq., formerly of the dukes of Somerset, erected on the site of the ancient priory, of which Tanner gives the following account in his *Notitia*:—"Humphrey de Bohun gave the church to the Cluniac priory of Lewes, an order founded, in 927, by Odo, abbot of Cluny, whose rules were very severe. They founded a convent here, in 1125, which they dedicated

to the glory of God and the Magdalene. At the dissolution, there were a prior and twelve monks, whose revenue was £152. King Henry gave it to Seymour, viscount Beauchamp. Several tombs and other vestiges of the old priory are occasionally dug up here."

The church was rebuilt in 1844, with the exception of the early English tower; the Anglo-Norman north door and font have also been preserved. The population was, in 1841, 435; the poor's rates are £216 per annum.

Leaving the village, we see the beautiful clump called the Farleigh beeches, the views, as we walk over the down, extending to the Wiltshire hills. A short distance from the village we cross a stile on the left into the county of Somerset, and descend the pathway through the Warley quarries to **Bathford**—a village beautifully situate in the declivity, from whence we obtain delightful prospects of the valley of the Avon, with the Hampton rocks; "a landscape," says Collinson, "enchancing and most beautifully varied."

The church of Bathford was rebuilt during the last century; its tower is more modern, but more in character with an ecclesiastical building, and was erected from a design of Mr. Thomas Lewis, of Bath. The east window of this edifice was formerly adorned with painted glass, the work of the celebrated Cornelius Jansen; this was mysteriously stolen some years ago, and has been replaced by the descent from the Cross, formerly in the possession of Mr. Wiltshire, of Shockerwick.

At the boundary between Batheaston and Bathford, where three roads meet, is "Canning's grave," so called by local tradition. Between Bathford and Shoekerwick are some fields belonging to Capt. Chapman, wherein thirty years since some sepulchral barrows were destroyed by the plough, and, on the down above, a tumulus, with remains of an earthwork.

Bathford is in the hundred of Bathforum, and union of Bath. In 1791, it contained a population of 460; in 1841, 1,099. Its poors' rates were £98 in 1771; previous to the formation of the union they averaged £304, they are now £268, on an area of 1,823 statute aeres, paying a net rental of £4,041. The living is a vicarage consolidated with Bathampton, and, until the Reformation, belonged to Bath abbey, after which it was given to the dean and chapter of Bristol who are the patrons.

Shockerwick, at the Conquest, belonged to the bishop of Bath; in 1166, it gave name to a family who held it under the bishop, and it afterwards became the property of the Husseys, when it was called Hussey's court. In 1330, it was the property of Sir Walter de Creyke, from whom it came to the Briens, lords of Batheaston, with which manor it became blended.

In the grounds near "our lady's well," are some traces of an ecclesiastical building, which tradition points out as the parish church.

The mansion, a noble modern building, was erected by Palmer, and is the seat of John Wiltshire, esq. It is beautifully situate, commanding extensive views, and

was, during the last century, the resort of many men eminent in the world of letters. Here Anstey had a beech tree, Gainsborough an elm, and Quin an arm-chair; while Fielding, Allen, and their hospitable host, enjoyed the shadow of its delightful sylvan woods.

Here, amidst other valuable pictures, are four exquisite productions of Gainsborough's pencil, two of which are portraits, one of Quin, the other of the parish clerk of Bradford—both such beautiful pictures, that the portrait is forgotten; the clerk, indeed, conveys the most sublime ideas of abstract piety, while Quin is one of the most speaking and natural portraits that ever was painted. One of the landscapes is the celebrated "Harvest Waggon," which has been finely engraved by Edward Finden: of it the following anecdote is related: during Gainsborough's visits to Shockerwick, he became attached to a rough grey pony, which he would often mount, and when engaged sketching, allow quietly to graze at his side. He wished to buy it, but Mr. Wiltshire refusing to sell it, gave it to the painter, who, as an acknowledgment, sent him this picture, in which he introduced his two daughters and the pony, with the following note:—"Because I think this one of my best compositions, I send it to a gentleman who has vastly contributed to my happiness."

Thomas Gainsborough was born at Sudbury, in Suffolk, in 1727. He early evinced a love for art, was always sketching as a child, and at twelve years old was a painter. His education was deficient; yet he had the power of shrewd observation. At the age of fourteen,

he removed to London, to study his art; his genius, and its invariable accompaniment, a modest deportment, gained him many friends. There he remained four years. Returning home, he wooed and won Margaret Burr, and, after a short courtship, married, and removed to Ipswich, where he became acquainted with Thicknesse, the governor of Landguard fort, by whose advice he removed to Bath, in 1758, dividing his time between painting and music, excelling in both. Removing to London, in 1774, he took the house in Pall Mall, built by the duke of Schomberg, which he inhabited until his death, in 1788. His last words were to Sir Joshua Reynolds, "We are all going to heaven, and Vandyke is of the company." Gainsborough was eminently handsome, his disposition benevolent, his conversation winning and attractive, and his friendships warm; his works will live among the brightest of the English school for their great truthfulness, and apparent want of art; they may, indeed, be said to have transferred nature to canvas, uniting the pathos of a poem to the beauty of a painting.

Christopher Anstey's satire, "the New Bath Guide," the work of an unknown hand, at once raised its author to celebrity, and procured him the posthumous honour of poets' corner. Witty in its matter, and smooth in its versification, it is tainted by indelicacies, and disfigured by grossness; remarkable for its vivacity, and a certain degree of freshness, it will ever maintain its place in company with the writings so ably depicting the manners and customs of society with which it was

contemporary. Anstey lived in the Royal-crescent, and, dying in Bath, at an advanced age, was buried in Walcot church. In society he was taciturn and dignified, seeming rather to delight in watching the folly of the hour than in contributing to its gaiety; so that those who in the morning had been amused with his wit, as displayed in his book, were, in the evening, disappointed with his taciturnity and retiring manners. Such a character presents strange inconsistencies. It is not an uncommon one, and offers to the contemplation of the philosopher an enigma which yet requires a solution.

Stanton Drewe.

IN order to reach Stanton Drewe, it will be necessary for us to proceed by railway to the Keynsham station, seven miles from Bath. The cuttings are in the lias. The tunnel at Twerton traverses the new red sandstone, which overlays the pennant rock; the Saltford cutting is a section of the lias which, at Keynsham, meets with a line of fault, on the western side of which the coal strata appear. The views here are rich but subdued, and we pass through some beautiful meadow scenery watered by the Avon.

The interesting pavement discovered at Newton, in 1837, is preserved at the Keynsham station. The Rev. W. L. Nicholls, in the introduction to his poem, called "*Horæ Romanæ*," gives us the following description of the remains when first discovered:—"They are the

remains of two buildings, the walls constructed of the rough lias found in the neighbourhood. The lower and more important structure measured 102 feet by 55, but had been cut through by the high road which bounds it on the north. The entrance was on the eastern side, leading to a corridor communicating with the various apartments, beautifully paved, a large portion of the pattern remaining. Close to the road are the remains of a *hypocaust*; adjoining it a *sudatorium*, in the centre of which is a large pillar of stone. The *triclinium* measures 17 feet by 15, but seems to have been united to an adjoining room, of similar dimensions, by an *aulæum*, or curtain. The floor of the triclinium is ornamented with a tessellated pavement, in the centre of which is a circular compartment, bordered by a *guilloche* (an ornament like the curb-chain of a bridle; within, a male figure, playing with the hand on a lyre-shaped instrument of music, with a dog fawning on him. In a concentric circle, of larger dimensions, are a stag, bull, leopard, panther, and lion, a tree being placed between each figure: architectural frets of various kinds complete the plan, forming a very elegant and tasteful design. The central figure has been supposed to be Orpheus, but with more probability Apollo, as the beasts are in a separate compartment; and it is well known that the *triclinium* was sometimes named the Apollo. The pavements of the adjoining rooms are of a less elaborate character, and have been indented by the fall of the roof. The *tesserae* are of five different colours, all from materials found in the

immediate vicinity ; red, of burnt tile, white and blue, from the neighbouring lias, the brown is the pennant grit, and green, I believe, a species of lias marl, which occurs in abundance at Cully hall, in Bitton parish. It is remarkable that the pavements were found carefully covered with lias slabs. Numerous fragments of pottery, with relics of domestic life, pieces of the frescoes which adorned the walls, and glass, were dug from the ruins, with several coins, a denarius of Macrinus, an aureus of Honorius, and brass coins of Constans and Valentinian. The villa was probably occupied until the Romans finally withdrew from Britain." The following beautiful lines open Mr. Nicholls's poem,

“ Fragment of classic ground ! that dost recal
 Visions of other days, and other men,
 Once rulers of the world ! the past, stern teacher,
 Speaks from yon relics : thrones have pass'd away,
 Nations have perish'd, languages have chang'd,
 And old imperial Rome hath sunk to dust
 Since last the light of day shone on your walls.
 Memento of man's nothingness ! ye bear
 Inscribed upon your ruins, *Vanity*—
 A nation's epitaph—yet leave half-told
 Your story, for in vain we ask—who was
 Your short-liv'd master ? whose the taste that plann'd
 His summer dwelling here on Avon side,
 Chamber, and corridor, and hypocaust, and whose
 The feet that fourteen hundred years ago
 Trod yonder pavements, mazes intricate
 Of dædal wreaths, and rich mosaic match'd
 So curiously elaborate stone with stone ? ”

The remains preserved at the station are the pavement of the trielinium, which has been carefully relaid.

The town of **Keynsham**, once celebrated for its abbey, of which not a stone can now be discovered,—whose possessions extended over much of the neighbouring country, so that we can scarcely walk a mile without meeting with a village church,—need not detain us long. Its church, dedicated to St. John, is in a sadly neglected state; threatening, indeed, its speedy ruin. Its chancel is of early English architecture; the Brydges family have here some fine monuments of the sixteenth century. The tower was rebuilt in 1612, by brief, at a cost of £230; it is of the Perpendicular style. The west end of the south aisle contains a stair-turret; the south porch is ruinous.

Near the church there was an elegant house, formed out of the ruins of the abbey, belonging to the duke of Chandos; which, with the exception of a building now used as a barn, was pulled down in 1776. There was also an abbey church, which stood south-east of the present parish church. The abbey was founded by William, earl of Gloucester, in 1170, for Black canons, and was endowed with the whole manor and hundred of Keynsham. At the Reformation the king gave the manor to queen Catherine Parr, who died in 1548; in 1552, king Edward granted it to Thomas Brydges, whose representative, the duke of Buckingham, now possesses it. The royalties of the parish were granted by king James I., in 1613, to Mrs. Whitmore, from whose descendants they came by purchase to the family of Lyne.

In the main street is an interesting relic of the abbey—an hostelry for pilgrims, the bay window of which is supported by two half-length figures in ancient costume.

Keynsham derives its name from one of those saintly virgins who, devoting their time to fasting and prayer, were said to possess miraculous gifts. St. Keyn, it is said, converted all the snakes in the neighbourhood into stones;—the whole parish being full of the ammonite, no doubt, gave rise to the tradition.

Keynsham contains a population of 2,307, on an area of 4,171 acres; its poors' rates average £800 per annum.

Queen Charlton is a village, two miles from Keynsham, having a church of Norman foundation, and very interesting. Near it is a Norman chevron-arched gateway, formerly leading to the abbot of Keynsham's court house. This place, having been a portion of the manor of Keynsham, is not mentioned in Domesday Book, and at the Reformation formed a portion of the lands given to queen Catharine Parr. When the plague raged in Bristol, in 1574, houses were fitted up here for the reception of the fugitives; about which time queen Elizabeth visited it, granting a charter for a fair on the 20th of July annually.

Queen Charlton is in the Keynsham union. Its area is 952 acres; its population, 190; its average poors' rates, £80.

Publowlow, the next village, is traversed by the ancient Wansdyke, of which few or no traces remain here. It is not mentioned in Domesday Book. It was anciently

a portion of the honor of Gloucester, under whom it was held in succession by the families of St. Loe, Bottreux, Hungerford, Hastings, and Huntingdon; and now belongs to the family of Popham. Its church, dedicated to All Saints, stands near the river Chew, in a damp situation. It is dirtily kept; several of its windows are blocked up. Its font is Norman; its tower is a handsome Perpendicular one, containing six musical bells. The chancel is remarkable for having no pews at its west end. Publow is in the Clutton union, containing a population of 641. Its poors' rates, in 1839, were £335; in 1843, £26 14s.; in the year ending Lady-day, 1846, they were increased to £571 19s. 7d., including all charges on the poors' rate.

Pensford is an ancient market town, bearing evident marks of decay; and divided from Publow by the river Chew. When Leland visited it, "it was a praty market townlet, occupied with clothinge; Browne, of London, yn Limestrete, was owner of it." Collinson says, "it has dreadfully decayed; bereft of trade, many of the houses are in ruins." The church has a square ancient tower, attached to one of those miserable barn-like buildings which were called churches in the eighteenth century. It is in the same union; its population is 560. Its poors' rates were £127 in 1829, and now average £140, including all charges.

A pleasant rural walk of one mile through the meadows conducts us to Stanton Drewe—**The Stone Town of the Druids.**

In the high road to Chew Magna is an immense

stone, called Hautville's quoit, said by tradition to have been thrown from Maes Knoll by the redoubtable champion, Sir John Hautville, whose effigy, in Irish oak, I lately disinterred from a heap of rubbish in a corner of Chew Magna church, where it had been thrown during repairs going on in that structure. This stone is computed by Collinson to have originally weighed thirty tons, who says it has for many ages supplied the road with fragments for its repair; it is now carefully preserved, as all the others are, persons being forbidden to injure them. The largest circle is 100 yards south of the Chew, having a rude amphitheatre between it and the river; scarcely two authors agree in its admeasurement. "Its greatest diameter," says Phelps, "is 126 yards from north to south; its lesser, 115 from east to west. Fourteen stones are visible, five stand, eight are recumbent, and eleven buried under the surface, whose situation may be seen in dry summers." Authors, too, have differed as to their number, thus confirming the popular tradition of the impossibility of counting them. Musgrave, in the year 1718, makes them thirty-two; Wood, in 1740, thirty; Collinson, fourteen; and, Sayer, twenty-seven. Phelps conceives Wood to be correct. Within the circle is the great altar-stone, as at Stonehenge, placed towards the east; the entrance is on the eastern side, where there are two stones eighteen feet apart, in advance of which are five stones, forming a portion of two rows in the line of approach. On the north-east at a distance of about forty yards, is the second circle

of eight stones, thirty-two yards in diameter. Four stand, the others are on the ground ; one of them is nine feet high, twenty-two feet in diameter, and is computed to weigh fifteen tons. Its entrance was a semicircular avenue, of which seven stones remain. In the orchard south of the church is the circle consisting of twelve stones, called by Dr. Stukeley the Lunar temple. These are rude and irregular ; the diameter is 120 feet, situate 150 yards from the largest circle ; ten stones may still be seen. To the south-west of the church are three immense stones—of which one is recumbent—which originally formed a square recess called the Cove ; the fallen one is fourteen feet long by ten wide. The tradition in the village is, that a woman was going to be married, when she and all her attendants were converted into stones ; from which circumstance these remains are called the Wedding. Northwest from the cove are two flat stones, in a field called Lower Tynning. That this temple was erected by the Britons, under the superintendence of the Druids, there can be no doubt, and such was the opinion of the Saxons when they gave the place its name, which it still retains. Near it are Maes Knoll, Stantonbury hill, Englisheombe, Camerton, and other British towns, with the important Wansdyke, and a village called Belgetown at the Norman conquest, now Belluton. Sir Richard Colt Hoare conceives them to be more ancient than Stonehenge, and the Rev. J. B. Deane, F.S.A., in the 25th vol. of the *Archæologia*, says, they are a *dracontium*, or serpent temple ; remarking, that

wherever there was a serpent temple, there was a legend similar to that related of the holy virgin St. Keyn. But, unfortunately for this hypothesis, there are "snake stones" at Keyneham amply sufficient for that legend, had Stanton Drewe never existed.

These circles are classed with the remains at Avebury and Carnac. The Rev. W. L. Bowles has referred their origin to the worship of Teut, an astronomer, great grandson of Noah, who first divided the year into 365 days, the first representation of whom was a stone on a mound. Fourteen miles from these remains, on a vast natural mound, is situated a stone called to this day Cleeve Teut, and the various Chews are supposed to be corruptions of his name. There can be no doubt that this place was the centre of an important district, where the people assembled together, received their laws, their punishments, and their religious, moral, and political instruction. The ancient nations possessed some knowledge of astronomy; their habits would lead them to observe the heavenly bodies, whose exactness must have struck a poetical nation, as all wandering ones are, more or less: and if, in modern times, we hold parish meetings in our churches, and instruct our young in buildings attached to them, we shall not wander far from probability in supposing that these British temples were used both for secular and religious purposes.

The church is between the cove and the tynning. Its square embattled tower is on the north side, and has a porch and a beautiful decorated archway, above which

is a canopied niche. It contains, among others, the tomb of Sir Michael Foster, one of the justices of the Court of King's Bench, who died in 1763. The font is one of those plain bowl-shaped ones hewn from a solid stone, without ornament, and which are undoubtedly Saxon. This church was partially rebuilt, and thoroughly repaired in 1847. The parsonage-house is an interesting relic of the middle ages. Here is a window, having curious grotesque heads forming the corbels, and the arms of bishop Beekington cut in stone, with another shield.

The parish is in the hundred of Keynsham and union of Clutton. It contains a population of 631, its poor-rates were £225 in 1839, and now average £400, including all payments from the poor-rates.

The whole distance from Keynsham to Stanton Drewe is delightful. The botanist will find many specimens of rare plants; the ornithologist be delighted with the music of the song birds, who appear to have chosen the meadows for their own; the geologist will meet with several varieties of strata; while the antiquary may speculate on the history of this remarkable spot, and he who rambles for his own amusement find various objects of interest and delight.

APPENDIX.

For the following information I am indebted to Mr. Christian Brown, Superintendant Registrar of Bath, whose accounts are kept in that concise and valuable form, that were the practice general, statistical enquiries would be much facilitated.

THE CENSUS OF 1841.

Houses inhabited, 7,429. Vacant, 749. Building, 26.

	Population.		
	Males.	Females.	Total.
St. James	2,788....	3,406....	6,194
— Michael.....	1,456....	1,879....	3,335
— Peter and St. Paul	1,177....	1,397....	2,574
Walcot	10,447....	15,766....	26,213
Lyncombe and Widcombe,	4,589....	5,331....	9,920
Bathwick	1,882....	3,091....	4,973
	<hr/> 22,339	<hr/> 30,870	<hr/> 53,209

Proportion of males to females, 100 to 138. Proportion of female servants, 10.1 per cent. Male servants, 1.7.

Number of Births, Marriages, and Deaths registered:—

	Births.	Deaths.	Marriages.
1840.....	1,424	1,604	579
1841.....	1,460	1,419	601
1842.....	1,361	1,302	564
1843.....	1,426	1,292	555
1844.....	1,459	1,364	570
1845.....	1,415	1,308	605
1846.....	1,504	1,250	520

The area of the borough is 3,745 statute acres; its poor-rates, under the old law, averaged £15,181. They now amount to £10,283, including all charges on the poor-rate, on a net rental of £255,489. The number of paupers relieved in the year ending March 25th, 1846, was 8,853.

The constituency was 2,822 at the election of 1847, on which occasion 2,380 votes were recorded.

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MAP
of the Environs of the
CITY OF BATH.
H. F. COTTERELL & SON,
Land Surveyors &c, BATH.





